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EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

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MEN in general pay so little attention to their own structure and organism that it is not strange they neglect those of the lower animals. It is not our intention, however, to obtrude on our readers facts which may be found in any elementary treatise on human physiology, further than to make some observations, in passing, on the benefits we should derive from, and the evils we should guard against by

devoting even a small portion of our study to ourselves. It is all the more remarkable that this is not done from the fact that no wonders are greater, no phenomena more interesting, than those of the human body; even the science of the heavens as elucidated by Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, and Galileo, is not better calculated to inspire us with admiration of the Divine wisdom.

Discarding all selfish motives and regarding the subject solely in a scientific point of view, what other study reveals so many marvels, or affords such convincing proofs of omniscient design and benificence? But it also appeals to our self-love; it teaches us to preserve our health and puts us on our guard against the most dangerous of imposters. The principal reason why quackery flourishes as it does in this country is, that we pay so little attention to physiology; for just in proportion as the latter is studied anywhere is the former shunned as worse than any of the innumerable maladies which it pretends to cure.

There is but little hope of a better state of things, however, as long as physiology is neglected as it is in our schools; it is by no means sufficient that it be taught to some extent at our leading colleges and high schools. It should form a prominent study at all schools worthy of the name. Instead of this being remembered, however, there are but few teachers who know anything about it; and this is much more to be deplored than the most intelligent might suppose at first view, for it is a source of incalculable evil. Even those who are honestly proud of the progress of their pupils often err grievously, while they have no other intention than to do good. If they only made themselves acquainted with the delicate structure of the brain and its extreme susceptibility to injury, they would understand that in causing a child to learn as much as possible, they often do mischief rather than good. If the brain be too much excited in youth, it will be sure to be permanently injured in one way or other, if, indeed, it does not cause premature death. The experience of the world shows that the mind of the child whose faculties are thus precociously taxed, either becomes exhausted in a short time, and reduced to mediocrity, or the brain is attacked with inflammation or dropsy, which either destroys life or produces insanity.

Thousands of parents are brought in sorrow to the grave by this means, though the real cause of it occurs only to a few of them; were it otherwise, we should regard the brain of the

adult as capable of enduring more than that of the child, although no one is so strong and mature but he will suffer from the overtaxing of his intellectual powers. Nor will any motive, however good, justify it. "If by gaining knowledge we destroy health," says Locke, "we labor for a thing that will be *useless in our hands;* and if, by harrassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful) we *deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities* of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, *we rob God of so much service and our neighbor of all that help* which in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. *He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver, and precious stones,* will give its owner but an ill account of his voyage." Who that reasons for a moment will deny the truth of this? and can we expect weak children to bear without injury what renders strong men useless to themselves and others?

Fathers and mothers, as well as teachers, would prefer physiological knowledge to any other kind, if they could only realize its value; it would save the former much more in doctors' bills than would requite them for the trouble of learning it, and no bills could contribute more to the intellectual and physical well-being of their children. The mother who understands the importance of a free action of the chest to a proper performance of the functions of the heart and lungs will not be disposed to bind down the ribs of her daughters as if they were the hoops of an overloaded cask, which might burst if it were not properly taken care of; in other words, if she knew that such a course, if persevered in, would sooner or later render them consumptive, she would set fashion at defiance rather than encourage the evil.

But without interfering with the dictates of fashion in this respect, which we fear would be hopeless, there is still sufficient to render physiology a valuable study. The adage "Prevention is better than cure" is justly regarded by all nations as a truism; then, let us remember that prevention represents physiology and cure the healing art. Hence, if the adage is true, it follows that, good as the healing art is—and none value it more highly than we—physiology is better.

At first view many would refuse to concur in this: but

the most thoughtful and intelligent would do so on reflection. They would remember that the doctors themselves are good, bad, or indifferent in proportion as they have combined the study of physiology with that of physic; on a little further reflection they would admit that the best doctors are those who give their patients least drugs; that is, those who rely most on the universal medicines of nature—medicines which require neither druggist nor chemist to prepare them. Comparing the present with the past, it would occur to them that the Greeks and Romans spent centuries of their palmiest days without any other physicians than those who took charge of their baths and of their gymnasia; and that it was only when they became degenerated that the apothecary's shop and the patent specific were numbered among their institutions and commodities. When they finally had doctors, the best of them, including Hypocrates and Celsius, held that the best medicines were water, pure air, and exercise. And is not the same true at the present day?

Before we condemn the ancients as ignorant and barbarous because they had as much confidence in the efficacy of the bath as we have in the strongest drug, let us see whether there is anything in our nature or composition which bears them out in their views. On examination we shall find that there is a good deal. To prove this it would be almost sufficient to remark that water composes more than two-thirds of the animal body, more than three-fourths of the whole mass of our blood, more than seven-eighths of that of the brain, and more than nine-tenths of the various colorless fluids and secretions.*

From these undeniable facts it is easy to understand that if we were deprived of even one-third of the water of which we are composed we could not exist for a moment. Still less could we exist without air; and there are none so ignorant but they have some idea of the importance of exercise in a hygienic point of view. Is it, then, any serious imputation on the intelligence or civilization of the ancients that they relied so much on water and air, and so little on doctors and apothecaries? Nay, must we not admit the contrary? Do not the facts show that if they had no faith in drugs, whether, animal, vegetable, or mineral, they had a knowledge of their own nature and the laws by which it is governed which we cannot equal at the present day, however much

* Mann's Physiology, p. 347.

we may boast of the progress we have made? For both Hippocrates and Celsius bear testimony that the leading principles by which they were guided in eschewing drugs and confining themselves to the universal medicines were no idle notions, but truths demonstrated by science and confirmed by experience. Accordingly, those illustrious physicians have recommended the same principles to their disciples. Hippocrates has declared, in his great work, which is still received as an authority by the most learned of the faculty in all parts of the world, that in cases of pneumonia "the bath soothes the pain in the side, chest, and back, concocts the sputa, promotes expectoration, improves the respiration, and allays lassitude." Celsius recommends the use of the bath as the best cure for various diseases, including fevers, hysterical and hypocondriacal affections, weak vision, indigestion, &c., prescribing the cold, tepid, or warm bath according to the nature of the malady and the character of the symptoms. Galen, an authority scarcely less illustrious, has left on record the following confirmation of the enlightened intelligence of those who, unlike most people of the present day, had more faith in nature than in quack doctors: "Cold water," he says, "quickens the actions of the bowels, provided there be no constrictions from spasms, when warm water is to be used. Cold drink stops hemorrhages and sometimes brings back heat. Cold drinks are good in continued and ardent fevers. They discharge the peccant and redundant humors by stool, or by vomiting, or by sweat."*

If we inquire which of the celebrated physicians of modern times were best acquainted with the human frame and the chief functions of its organs, we shall find that it was they who had most respect for the ancient system Thus, Boerhaave excelled as a physician, chemist, and physiologist. His whole life was devoted to the study of nature and of her laws; and the emphatic testimony he has left on record is that "No remedy can more effectually secure health and prevent disease than pure water."

The Arabian physicians of greatest celebrity depended more on the bath than on all other remedies; and when Mahomet enjoined on his followers daily ablutions, he was influenced much more by their known effects on the body

* "Thirst is nature's indication," says Mann, "that a fresh supply of water is needed in the blood."—*Ib.*

in preserving it from disease than by any faith he had in their influence on the future condition of the soul, a remark which, but slightly modified, is equally applicable to the Christian adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

If we regard water as merely a means of cleansing the body, even then we must admit that it is a preventive of disease, or otherwise be very inconsistent with ourselves, since it is universally admitted by the medical faculty, as well as by all other enlightened men, that the most effectual means of protecting any city or town from epidemics is to keep it clean. If it is true that cleanliness protects five thousand men from disease, it follows that it would also protect one man under similar circumstances.

But how has it been discovered that cleanliness is productive of so salutary an effect on the public health? Is it by the study of drugs and their operation on the human system? Is it not by the study of the human system itself and of its organs? Thus, for example, before any physician in Europe or America had ever seen a case of Asiatic cholera, or had any idea of the manner in which it ought to be treated, it was well known that the surest protection against the spread of its ravages was cleanliness, and that nothing had a stronger attraction for it than filth. And this knowledge was physiological, not medical; it was acquired from those who studied the functions of life more than the drugs which are supposed to produce such magic effects upon those functions. That it has greatly benefited the world in this respect as well as in others cannot be denied. It has saved thousands and afforded an additional proof of the truth of the adage that "Prevention is better than cure;" for when the disease has once appeared, the individuals attacked by it have seldom been saved by medical skill.

A slight knowledge of physiology would put the thousands who die annually from consumption and kindred diseases on their guard against the predisposing causes of those maladies. It is incredible how many come to a premature death, according to the best authorities, merely because they pay little or no attention to the sudden changes of temperature which take place to a greater or less extent at all seasons, but especially in spring and autumn. They forget that a temperature which is wholesome at one time may prove fatally unwholesome at another; and that, accordingly, they should adapt their clothing to the change. The common notion is, that we become used to heat or cold, as the case

may be, and that therefore it does not injure us. We have often heard respectable physicians make this remark; but it is not the less erroneous on this account. If we are more or is less influenced by heat or cold at one time than another, it not without a more rational cause than that we have become used to it. Nature does not perform her work so capriciously as this would imply. Physiology teaches us that if we feel the cold or the heat at one time more than another it is because in the interval we have undergone a physical change; we learn from it that during summer the circulating fluids of the body are generally diffused throughout its capillary system, a large proportion of them remaining in the vessels *at the surface;* whereas in winter the external cold contracts the capillary vessels of the surface, and consequently causes the blood to accumulate in the *internal organs;* so that in the warm season the circulation is essentially external, and in the winter it is essentially internal for the opposite reason. And it is evident that these phenomena are by no means accidental; the great mass of the blood is sheltered from the cold of winter by being collected in the interior of the body; and it is obvious that whatever cold it is subjected to in this state, it cannot lose its heat as rapidly as it would did it present *so large a surface*, or approach the surface so much as it does in summer. When the blood has not time to recede gradually—that is, when there is a sudden change from heat to cold—it rapidly loses its heat, and in this altered state there is a sudden revulsion of it to the internal organs. The latter being unprepared for the shock, diseases become prevalent at once, including inflammation, catarrhs, fevers, &c.

These are no mere hypotheses, but facts established by experiments. It has also been abundantly demonstrated that children and persons of adult age are very differently affected by heat and cold, especially by the latter. Thousands of children die annually because mothers, or their advisers, have not yet learned the fact that an infant is killed by a degree of cold which is only sufficient to invigorate an adult. As experiments endangering life cannot be tried on human subjects, except in the case of criminals, the lower animals have to be operated upon for that purpose, the law of which we are speaking being as applicable to the latter as it is to the former. Most people are aware that as long as a new-born animal is in contact with its mother, its temperature is nearly, if not quite, the same as hers; but no sooner is it exposed even to a summer atmosphere than its temperature falls

rapidly, until it sinks even below that of the surrounding atmosphere.

Some experiments made by Professor Smith, of London University, afford interesting illustrations of this fact. A young bird, whose temperature was 97° F., was taken from its nest and exposed to the air at a temperature of 63°, under the direction of the professor. In one hour its temperature had fallen to 67°, so that in that brief space it sank thirty degrees. Adult birds of the same species were next tried; and in order to see whether they could be made to part with their heat so rapidly as their young, they were stripped of their feathers. They were then exposed to an atmosphere of the same temperature in which the young birds lost so much; but after an hour's exposure it was found that they had not lost half a degree, although thirty-six degrees higher than the atmosphere around them. Of fifty experiments made by the same physiologist on birds, young and old, of different species, the results were pretty much the same. He next proceeded to ascertain the relative effects of temperature on young and adult birds at different seasons, his object being to test the truth of the alleged fact that the adult of all animals, including man, differs from himself in different seasons as much as he does in all seasons from the young.

In the month of July he placed four adult birds in air whose temperature was reduced to zero. In one hour they had lost upwards of six degrees, and at the end of three hours they had lost eleven degrees. The Professor found that, according as the weather became cooler, the birds were less affected by being exposed to cold. Thus, towards the close of August, the above experiment was repeated on six birds of the same species, but with very different results; during the first hour they lost only four degrees, instead of six, and they had only lost two degrees more at the end of the fourth hour. The results obtained in winter were still more remarkable. In February, four adult birds were placed in air at the temperature of 32°; at the end of an hour the mean loss of their heat was less than one degree; two of them experienced no diminution of temperature whatever, although they belonged to the same species, and had been fed on the same food, and brought up in the same climate as the others that had suffered such a great and rapid diminution of heat.

Because the effects of the cold bath and other cold applications on the human body have been found, as we have

seen, to be decidedly beneficial, many carry their use to excess, and kill, instead of curing, themselves and others. It is forgotten that in this as well as other cases what is wholesome and good in moderation becomes positively deleterious in excess. Those acquainted with physiology understand this, and are, therefore, in no danger; they understand, also, how it is that intelligent "cold-water doctors," as the hydropathists are called, do much good, while those of a different character do immense evil. The latter undoubtedly kill more than they cure. In order to comprehend this it will be necessary to remember certain sensations and other effects produced by cold under certain circumstances. We will therefore mention some facts which are not without interest in themselves, altogether independently of their physiological value.

While it is perfectly true, as we have said, that the application of cold cures many diseases, it is equally true that it produces many diseases. Because it has been recommended in certain cases by the most illustrious physicians, and because nearly all are conscious of having profited more or less by it, in most countries of the temperate zone it has become a popular opinion that cold winters are the most healthy, and that, upon the other hand, winters without frost are peculiarly unhealthy. In the British islands, especially, this belief is so deep-rooted in the public mind that several physiologists and physicians have taken the pains to investigate the whole subject fully. No one has done so more intelligently or more faithfully than Dr. Fothergill; and he has also tested the truth, or rather the error, of the kindred notion that a moist winter is so deleterious. It is proper to add, however, that the question is now regarded by the physiologists of Europe as settled. No work on the subject has been written for a long time, but those to which we allude are quoted as standard authorities. "As far as the bills of mortality may be depended on," says Dr. Fothergill, "it is demonstrated that an excess of wet with moderate warmth, is not so injurious to our constitutions as a severe cold season."* Elsewhere the same eminent physiologist remarks that "no weather is in common so little productive of acute and fatal diseases as the warm and moist; *nor any so dangerous in these respects as the opposite.*"

Dr. Fothergill is an excellent authority; but we are not obliged to rely either on his intelligence or veracity in this

* Observations on Weather and Diseases, November, 1751. London.

case; his views are corroborated by several other physiologists and physicians of distinction. Dr. Heberden has carefully noted the health of the city of London for two successive winters (1794–95), one of which was the coldest and the other the warmest of which any regular record had been kept; and although he was never a believer in the popular theory, was astonished at the results. "For five weeks," he says, "between the 31st of December, 1794, and the 3d of February, 1795, the whole number of burials amounted to 2,823; and in an equal period of five weeks, between the 30th of December, 1795, and the 2d of February, 1796, it was 1,471; so that the excess of the mortality *in the cold season* above that of the mild season was not less than 1,352 persons; a number sufficient surely to awaken the attention of the most prejudiced admirer of a frosty winter."*

In commenting on the effects of cold on persons of different ages, the same writer remarks that "it is curious to observe among those who were said in the bills to die above sixty, how regularly the tide of mortality follows the influence of this prevailing cause; so that a person used to such inquiries may form no contemptible judgment of the severity of any of our winter months merely by attending to this circumstance. Thus, their number in January, 1796, was not much above *one-fifth* of that in 1795." The testimony of French physiologists to the same phenomena are, if possible, still more decisive.†

Physiology teaches us that we ought to expect just such effects, good and bad, from the application of cold as those we have mentioned. We know from experience that its first action on the human body is to diminish the action of the blood-vessels, especially of those near or at the surface; the latter then become unable to transmit the blood in the usual quantity through the integuments; and there are none who have lived for any time in a northern climate who are not more or less familiar at least with the effects of this obstructed circulation on the feet, hands, and other parts that are farthest from the heart. But that organ suffers itself from the same cause; it becomes weak together with the whole arterial system. It is this diminished action of the arterial system which causes that bluish, or livid color of the fingers, ears and other projecting points, which is observed in any that

* Philosophical Transactions for 1799.

† "L'air froid et humide," says Dr. Mark Andral, "exerce sur l'économie une influence encore plus facheuse que l'aire humide et chaud," &c.

remain too long in cold water. This, however, seldom does much harm; but if the cold application is long continued, the circulation is interrupted altogether and death ensues.

The experience of early navigators and discoverers furnishes abundant evidence of the deleterious effects of cold on the human system. The case of Captain Monck, a Dane, is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. In 1619 he wintered in Hudson's Bay, latitude 63° 20′, with the crews of two ships well provided twenty with necessaries; the crews amounted to sixty-four persons, all of whom, except the Captain and two men, perished. Several of the Dutch navigators bear testimony to similar results. In 1633 the Dutch government sent an expedition to the North for the purpose of establishing watering-places at Spitzbergen and another point on the coast of Greenland Seven colonists were left at each place amply provided with all that seemed in any way necessary as a means of protecting them from the intensity of the cold; they were allowed not only flannels in abundance, but also furs, together with various kinds of liquors. But when the ships returned in the spring not one of the fourteen was alive; all were found dead within their tents or near them!

We might easily multiply instances of this kind; but it it not necessary. Without one at all it would be sufficiently evident to any intelligent person that continued cold is deleterious. It is too well known that as we approach nearer the north pole, not only animals, but also vegetables, become more and more stunted. The diminutive size of the Laplanders and the barrenness of their soil are familiar to all; and the same observation will apply to the Siberian tribes, the Kamtshadales, and the Samoyedes. All are dwarfish in size; and in the same regions the intellect is equally dwarfed.

But we need not have gone to the polar regions in order to show that the action of cold has a stunting effect both on animals and vegetables. The fact is sufficiently proved by the Andes mountains, which have not a trace of vegetation nor a living animal above a certain elevation, in which the cold becomes intense, even within the tropics, from the rarity of the atmosphere.

It is from physiology, aided by experience, that we have also learned what kinds of food and clothing are suitable for us in health and in sickness. On these subjects, too, the popular opinion and that of the quacks in whom they have most faith differ very widely from the teachings of science.

We need not remind our readers that there are certain theorists who maintain that the simpler our food is and the more we confine ourselves to one article or two, the better shall be our health, both physically and mentally. It is true, indeed, that those who have been in the habit from their infancy of confining themselves to a few simple substances often enjoy good health and long life; but even these are greatly improved by a more generous diet. Of all who have devoted attention to this subject none have investigated it more fully than the late Dr. Stark, of Vienna, who, in fact, sacrificed his life to it for the benefit of science. He proclaimed on his death-bed, as the result of his long and painful experience, that "simple substances when used as articles of food for a long space of time invariably bring the body into a state of extreme debility, and that there is not a single article of food, not even the most nutritious, that is capable of sustaining the vigor of the body, or even of sustaining life itself, for any considerable period."

The doctor had first been a vegetarian; but without confining himself to any one, two, or three vegetables; it appears that as long as he pursued this course he did very well. But having heard many statements of persons said to have enjoyed long life as well as good health by the simplest food taken in small quantities, he resolved to make the experiment on himself. First he tried bread and water; the result, as might be supposed, was not very strongly in favor of that diet. He therefore added sugar, but did not find himself improve much by it; nor had he a better report to make when he added, in turn, oil of olives and milk. Having now felt himself considerably debilitated, he resolved to try beef once more; he had the lean stewed; but took only gravy and water with it. He soon found that he was not likely to make any improvement under this diet; but he was determined never to yield until he discovered the right simple food, if it was possible. It occurred to him that flour was highly nutritious, and he resolved to try it with the addition of water and salt; after the flour he tried the yolks of eggs; and thus did he proceed from one experiment to another until finally he could eat nothing!

In commenting on this, in his excellent work on Animal Physiology, Dr. Smith mentions several interesting experiments made on the lower animals in order to test the justness of the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Stark. "A dog," he says, "fed exclusively upon white sugar and water appeared for

seven or eight days to thrive well upon these substances; he was lively, and he ate and drank with avidity. Towards the second week, however, he began to lose his flesh, though his appetite continued good. In the third week he lost his liveliness and appetite. An ulcer formed in the middle of each cornea, which perforated it, and the humor of the eye escaped; the animal became more and more feeble and died on the thirty-second day of the experiment. Results nearly similar ensued with dogs fed upon olive oil and distilled water; but no ulceration of the cornea took place, and analagous effects were observed in dogs fed upon gum and upon butter. A dog fed with white bread made from pure wheat with water died at the expiration of fifty days. Another fed exclusively on military biscuits suffered no alteration in his health. Rabbits and guinea-pigs fed upon one substance only, as corn, hay, barley, cabbage, carrots, and so on, die, with all the marks of inanition, generally in the first fortnight, and sometimes sooner. An ass fed upon boiled rice died in fifteen days, having latterly refused its nourishment. Dogs fed exclusively with cheese or with hard eggs are found to live a considerable period; but become feeble, meagre, and lose their hair. When a certain degree of emaciation has been produced by feeding an animal for some time upon one substance, as, for instance, upon white bread during forty days, the animal will eat with avidity different kinds of food offered to it at that period; but it does not regain its strength. It continues to waste, and dies about the same time at which its death would have happened had the exclusive diet been continued; the digestive organs are irreparably injured, and the due stimulus, though applied to them, cannot now restore them."*

The physiologists of France and Germany have advanced some curious theories in order to account for these phenomena. M. Magendie has concluded from the above experiments, several of which he conducted himself, that the reason why animals cannot live for any length of time on pure sugar is because such substances are destitute of nitrogen. But a much more satisfactory reason is given by Dr. Smith in the work already quoted. "The stomach," he says, "like other organs, can be excited to the due performance of its functions only by supplying it with an appropriate stimulus. By a long and uninterrupted continuance of one and

* Smith's Animal Physiology, p. 48.

the same alimentary substance, that substance probably loses its stimulating power; and thus, though it may abound with nutritive properties, the stomach is incapable of acting upon it."*

We may remark, parenthetically, that these facts are of much greater importance than the casual observer would be likely to suppose; for they concern all ranks and conditions of life, the young as well as the old, and they have attracted earnest attention accordingly; it was they, in fact, which led Dickens to denounce the English boarding-school keepers, who kept the children intrusted to their charge so cold in winter and so hungry at all seasons that a large proportion of them permanently lost their health, many becoming insane; and not a few died from no other cause than this bad treatment at the hands of those who pretended to represent their parents. And need we say that the same course is pursued to a considerable extent, at the present day, in our own country, by the same class of persons; that is, persons who have no higher motive in undertaking the business of teaching than to make all the money they can?

This is one of the strongest reasons why we have long been of opinion that those who care for the education of their children and for their physical and intellectual well-being should select for them seminaries which are conducted by men or women known to be religious as well as learned, and who devote themselves to the training of youth partly because they love education for its own sake, and partly because they think that, at least in their hands, it is favorable to religion.

There is no danger that the pupils of persons of this class will suffer any privation that would injure them either physically or mentally; whereas students of the best intellects can seldom make much progress under the most learned instructors if they are exposed to any considerable extent to the privations alluded to. We are not peculiar in believing that many a promising youth is thus injured permanently by being intrusted to boarding-school speculators, even though those persons sometimes call their institutions seminaries, high schools, institutes, and even colleges; the same views are entertained by all thinking men who have devoted any attention to the subject. Thus, for example, Mr. Stuart Mills, the well-known writer on political

* Animal Physiology, p. 51.

economy and education, has deemed it of sufficient importance to give its earnest discussion a prominent place in his excellent essay on education, contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica":

"It is easy to see a great number of ways in which deficient quantity of food operates unfavorably upon the moral temper of the mind. As people are ready to sacrifice everything to the obtaining of a sufficient quantity of food, the want of it implies the most dreadful poverty; that state in which there is scarcely any source of pleasure and in which almost every moment is subject to pain. It is found by a very general experience that a human being, almost constantly in pain, hardly visited by a single pleasure, and almost shut out from hope, loses, by degrees, all sympathy with his fellow-creatures; contracts even a jealousy of their pleasures, and at last a hatred; and would like to see all the rest of mankind as wretched as himself. If he is habitually wretched and rarely permitted to taste a pleasure, he snatches it with an avidity and indulges himself with an intemperance almost unknown to any other man. The evil of insufficient food acts with an influence not less malignant *upon the intellectual than upon the moral part of the human mind.* The physiologists account for its influence in this manner: They say that the signs by which the living energy is manifested may be included generally under the term exciteability, or the power of being put in action by stimulants. It is not necessary for us to be very particular in explaining these terms; a general conception will, for the present, suffice. A certain degree of this exciteability seems necessary to the proper state, or rather the very existence, of the animal functions. A succession of stimulants of a certain degree of frequency and strength is necessary to preserve that exciteability. The most important by far of all the stimulants applied to the living organs is *food.* If this stimulant is applied in less than a sufficient degree, the exciteability is diminished in proportion, and all those manifestations of the living energy which depend upon it, mental as well as corporal, are impaired; the mind *loses a corresponding part of its force.* We must refer to the philosophical writers on medicine for illustrations and facts, which we have not room to adduce, but which it will not be difficult to collect. Dr. Crichton places poor diet at the head of a list of causes which 'weaken attention, and consequently *debilitate the whole faculties of the mind.*' From this fact, about which *there is no dispute*, the most important consequences arise. It follows that when we deliberate about the means of introducing intellectual and moral excellence into the minds of the principal portion of the people, one of the first things which we are bound to provide for is a generous and animating diet. The physical causes must go along with the moral; and Nature herself forbids that you shall make a wise and virtuous people out of a starving one. Men must be happy themselves before they can rejoice in the happiness of others; they must have a certain vigor of mind before they can, in the midst of habitual suffering, resist pleasures. Their own lives and means of well-being must be worth something before they can value, so as to respect, the life or well-being of any other person. This or that individual may be an extraordinary individual, and exhibit mental excellence in the midst of wretchedness, but a wretched and excellent people never yet has been seen on the face of the earth. Though far from fond of paradoxical expressions, we are tempted to say that a good diet *is a necessary part of a good education*, for in one very important sense it is emphatically true. In the great body of the people all education is impotent without it."

These facts will account for certain phenomena exhibited at some of our colleges. Parents and guardians say, with apparently good logic, "Several of the professors are learned men; they are at least sufficiently qualified for their positions; then it must be the fault of the boys themselves if they don't learn." It is not often, indeed, that this can be said of the class of institutions alluded to; those who would cheat their students out of their food are not likely to pay liberal salaries to professors; they take as much pains to get the latter cheap as they do to get cheap meat, cheap flour, cheap potatoes, &c., and a cheap professor will improve the mind very nearly as little as cheap meat or cheap potatoes will improve the body.

Parents and guardians also say, "Boys are liable to be sick and lose their health anywhere. Where could there be a more healthy place than —— College? They must have been consumptive before they went, although they seemed the very picture of health." In reasoning on the subject in this way it never occurs to them that the well-being of the mind as well as of the body requires a certain amount of wholesome food at all seasons, and in the winter a certain degree of warmth, besides that afforded by day or night clothing. Accordingly, the boys lose their health, and a large proportion of them die; but because they are generally from different parts of the country—always more or less distant from each other—their ill-health or death attracts no attention beyond the circle of their own friends; and thus does the work of destruction go on from year to year.

It is evident, then, that the parent or guardian should not merely inform himself as to the qualifications of the teachers or professors; nor is it difficult to ascertain the other facts. Visiting some institutions, without the least idea of ill-treatment of the students, one is often puzzled to understand how so many can be fed and kept warm where so little materials for food or fuel are visible; especially if he has visited any of those known to be amply provided in these respects; for those who have charge of the latter could hardly conceal, even if so disposed, the large stores which they lay in for the support and comfort of those committed to their charge.

It may be seen from these remarks that in noting the effects of cold and certain kinds of food on young and old our object was not merely to gratify curiosity, or to mention facts that are merely interesting. Although this, by itself,

would have been a legitimate one, we had something more utilitarian in view; and if we succeed in combining what is interesting with what is useful in seeking to call attention to the importance of physiology, we shall feel that we have the better reason to congratulate ourselves. In reference to the observations which we have just made many may say that while it is doubtless very true that in European countries students are cheated and permanently injured in the manner indicated, it is not likely, for various reasons, that any similar course is pursued in this country to any serious extent. But there is no sufficient reason for this incredulity; whereas there are many reasons for the contrary, one or two of which we may mention briefly in passing. There are at least three times as many colleges in this country, in proportion to the population, as there are in any of the principal countries of Europe. The European colleges generally get large grants from government; yet scarcely any of them have a penny to spare. Our colleges have but seldom any such aid; yet those who have charge of them often make money—that is, when their main object is to do so, and not to propagate their own views or convictions.

It is evident that they could not do so if they treated their students fairly or honestly. In short, in order to do the latter without failing in the attempt they must regard pecuniary compensation as a secondary object, desiring nothing more for themselves than what is merely sufficient to support and clothe them as a judicious care for health requires. It would be all different, however, if it were true that any sort of food is good enough for students, and that the less they eat the better, or if it would do as well to lay out one hundred dollars for their use as five hundred dollars. But physiology teaches us, as we have seen, that students require to be fed and kept warm as well as those who are not students, and that instead of the young being less liable to suffer from insufficient or inferior food, or from cold, than the adult, the reverse is the fact. It is true that the student does not require to eat so large a quantity as the boy of the same age and temperament who is engaged in manual labor; but the food of the former should be at least as nutritive and wholesome as that of the latter. Indeed, what one could digest with comparative ease might prove fatal to the other, owing to the different effects of physical and mental labor on the digestive system. And still more strongly marked are the different effects produced by cold on the boy who

works with his hands in the open air and him who works with his mind in the class-room or dormitory? It is well known that the temperature which would be invigorating to the former would scarcely be endurable to the latter, and that if he were long exposed to it his health would infallibly suffer.

If it be admitted that knowledge is power, it must also be acknowledged that there is no power more valuable than that which we may learn to exercise over ourselves. Surely none can underrate what teaches us to take care of both mind and body, and preserve them from disease, and that physiology does so is the concurrent opinion of the greatest thinkers of ancient and modern times.

At the same time, no other science or study is so well calculated to demonstrate the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity. With this view alone it has been treated by various writers of eminence in all enlightened countries. Dr. Roget tells us, in his excellent work on physiology,* that its object "is to enforce the great truths of natural theology, by adducing those evidences of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God which are manifested in the living creation. The scientific knowledge, he adds, of the phenomena of life as they are exhibited under the infinitely varied forms of organization constitutes what is termed Physiology, a science of vast and almost boundless extent, since it comprehends within its range all the animal and vegetable beings on the globe." It follows, then, that whether it be our object to acquire useful and important knowledge in regard to ourselves, or the innumerable beings that surround us, to realize more fully the gratitude which we owe the Creator, to refute the theories of the atheists and prove their absurdity, or simply to interest ourselves with what is wonderful, beautiful, or sublime, there is no other subject more worthy of our attention.

The truth is, that those who devote even a small portion of their time to the study of animated nature find it as attractive as an Eastern tale; especially if they avail themselves of the use of the microscope, which reveals to us an immense world of its own. But without any artificial aid there is much in animal life to excite our wonder; much, indeed, that is so wonderful as to seem utterly incredible to those who have not seen it for themselves. Thus, for ex-

* Animal and Vegetable Physiology, &c., by Peter Mark Roget, M. D., Secretary to the Royal Society. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

ample, does it not seem difficult to believe that while the ventricle of the human heart does not contain more than an ounce of blood, it contracts at least seventy times in a minute, so that more than three hundred (300) pounds of blood pass through this organ every hour we live. In illustration of the prodigious force with which the blood is drawn into the aorta, Dr. Roget mentions that "when we sit cross-legged the pulsation of the artery in the ham which is pressed upon the knee of the other leg is sufficiently strong to raise the whole leg and foot at each beat of the pulse."

We become so familiar with phenomena of this kind that we take no account of the causes which produce them; and in proportion as animals of any kind are large and strong, this force of the blood is great in proportion. It is necessary not only to bear this in mind, but also to have some knowledge of physiology in order to believe statements like that of Paley, namely, that "the aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than *the main pipe of the water-works of London Bridge*, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe *is inferior in its impetus and velocity to the blood gushing through the whale's heart.*" It is, if possible, a still more remarkable fact that while such an immense quantity of water is constantly passing through this monster of the deep, animals one-twentieth part of its size have larger receptacles for the reception of water; the reason obviously is, that the fluid is so constantly within its reach in the element in which it lives that the Creator, who never does anything in vain has simply omitted what was not needed. We have at least circumstantial proof of this in the large receptacles furnished other animals, such as are often placed in circumstances in which they are likely to need them. As instances we need only mention the camel, the elephant, and the horse. These animals are intended to perform journeys, or at least to perform a large amount of work, under circumstances in which it might not be always possible for them to get water that they could drink; accordingly, each has been provided with a stomach which is used solely as a reservoir for water. In proportion as one was more likely to be used for long journeys, where water was scarce, than the others, his stomach is more capacious and better calculated to preserve the water in a fresh, wholesome state than those of the others. In commenting on these facts Dr. Roget describes the stomach of the camel and the analagous cavity in the elephant:

"The remarkable provision above alluded to in the *camel*, an animal which nature has evidently intended as the inhabitant of the sterile and arid regions of the East, is that of reservoirs of water, which, when once filled, retain their contents for a very long time, and may minister not only to the wants of the animal that possesses it, but also to those of man. The second stomach of the camel has a separate compartment, to which is attached a series of cellular appendages; in those the water is retained by strong muscular bands, which close the orifices of the cells, while the other portions of the stomach are performing their usual functions. By the relaxation of these muscles the water is gradually allowed to mix with the contents of the stomach, and thus the camel is enabled to support long marches across the desert without receiving any fresh supply. The Arabs who traverse these extensive plains, accompanied by these useful animals, are, it is said, sometimes obliged, when faint and in danger of perishing from thirst, to kill one of their camels for the sake of the water contained in these reservoirs, which they always find to be pure and wholesome. It is stated by those who have traveled in Egypt that camels, when accustomed to go journeys during which they are for a long time deprived of water, acquire the power of dilating the cells, so as to make them contain a more than ordinary quantity, as a supply for their journey.

"When the elephant, while traveling in very hot weather, is tormented by insects, it has been observed to throw out from its proboscis, directly upon the part on which the flies fix themselves, a quantity of water with such force as to dislodge them. The quantity of water thrown out is in proportion to the distance of the part attacked, and is commonly half a pint at a time; and this Mr. Pierard, who resided many years in India, has known the elephant to repeat eight or ten times within an hour. The quantity of water at the animal's command for this purpose, observes Sir E. Home, cannot therefore be less than six quarts. This water is not only ejected immediately after drinking, but six or eight hours afterwards. Upon receiving this information Sir E. Home examined the structure of the stomach of that animal, and found in it a cavity like that of the camel, perfectly well adapted to afford this occasional supply of water, which may at other times be employed in moistening dry food for the purposes of digestion."

These, it is true, are the largest animals now known to exist; but the organs and general structure of the smallest are not less interesting than theirs; they are often much more so; they exhibit more wonderful strength in proportion to their size, and more perfect mechanical skill. This is true even of animalculæ, that never see the light, but come to life and die within the tissues of other animals, and which are so small that they can only be observed by means of a powerful microscope.

Professor Ehrenberg has proved that there are nomads not larger than the twenty-four thousandth part of an inch, and that they are so thickly crowded in water—often in the blood—as to leave intervals not greater than their own diameter. From this that eminent physiologist calculates that a single drop of water may contain five thousand

millions of nomads; a number equal to all the human beings on our globe. Yet he has satisfactorily proved that these minute animalcules possess internal cavities for the reception and digestion of their food. The species of infusoria known as the *Rotifera* are not much larger than the nomads; but by the aid of a powerful telescope Professor Ehrenberg has discovered in them traces of a *muscular, a nervous, and even a vascular system.* He informs us that with a magnifying power of three hundred and eighty he has distinctly seen muscular bands running in pairs in this species between the two layers of transparent membrane which envelop the body. "When the animalcule," he says, "throws itself into violent lateral contortions these fibrous bands are observed to become broader and thicker, as well as shorter, on the side towards which the contractions take place. There can, therefore, be no doubt that these are muscular organs, and that they are the real agents by which the motions witnessed are effected. These Rotifera or wheel animalcules, are so named from their being provided with an apparatus for creating a perpetual eddy or circular current in the surrounding fluid. The remarkable organs by which this effect is produced are generally two in number, and are situated on the head, but do not surround the opening of the mouth, as is the case with the tentaculæ of polypes. They consist of circular discs, the margins of which are fringed with rows of cilia, bearing a great resemblance to a crown wheel. This wheel appears to be incessantly revolving and generally in one constant direction, giving to the fluid a rotary impulse which carries it round in a constant vortex. The constancy of this motion would seem to indicate that it is related to some function of vital importance, such as respiration."*

If we turn from the infusoria to the zoophytes, or animated plants, as described by any competent physiologist or naturalist, we shall find a new source of interest, instruction, and wonder. Professor Grant, of the London University, has paid more attention to this branch of natural history than perhaps any other naturalist of the present day. He shows us how they are found in the sheltered recesses of the deep, forming a covering to naked rocks, lining the walls of submarine caverns, and hanging in stalactites from their roof. Most of the views of Professor Grant have been verified by Dr. Roget. The latter gives a very graphic and interest-

* Animal and Vegetable Physiology, &c. By Dr. Roget. Vol. ii, p. 118.

ing description of the manner in which the materials necessary for the subsistence of the *sponge* are all conveyed with the water into its interior. He informs us, also, that although adult sponges are permanently attached to rocks and other bodies, the young *are provided with the power of locomotion*, in order that they may *seek* a habitation at some distance from their birthplace. "The parts of the *spongia panicea*," he says, "which are naturally transparent, contain at certain seasons a multitude of opaque yellow spots, visible to the naked eye, and which, when examined by means of a microscope, are found to consist of groups of ova, or more properly gemmules, since we cannot discover that they are covered with any envelope. In the course of a few months these gemmules enlarge in size, each assuming an oval or pearl-like shape, and are then seen projecting from the sides of the internal canals of the parent to which they adhere by their narrow extremities. In process of time they become detached, one after the other, and are swept along by the currents of fluid which are rapidly passing out of the larger orifices. When thus set at liberty, they do not sink by their gravity to the bottom of the water, as would have happened had they been devoid of life; but they continue to *swim* by their own *spontaneous motions* for two or three days after their separation from the parent. In their progression through the fluid they are always observed to carry their rounded, broad extremity forwards. On examining this part with the microscope we find that it is covered with short filaments or *cilia*, which are in constant and rapid vibration. Finally, when the body is attached by its tail or narrow end to some fixed object, the motion of the cilia on the fore part of the body determines a current of fluid to pass in a direction backwards, or towards the tail; but when they are floating in the water the same motion propels them forward in an opposite direction, that is, with the broad, ciliated extremity foremost. About two or three days after these gemmules have quitted the body of the parent they are observed to fix themselves on the sides or bottom of the vessel in which they are contained, and some of them are found spread out, like a thin circular membrane, on the surface of the water. In the former case they adhere firmly by their narrow extremity, which is seen gradually to expand itself laterally, so as to form a broad base of attachment. While this is going on the cilia are still kept in rapid motion on the upper part, scattering the opaque particles

which may happen to be in the fluid to a certain distance around. But these motions soon become languid, and, in the course of a few hours, cease; and the cilia, being no longer wanted, disappear." *

These are but a few of the characteristics of the sponge; but they show how much is to be learned from an object apparently so simple. The lessons which it teaches us will be much enhanced in value and interest if we compare it to other animated beings. Thus, for example, while so many other beings have scarcely any motion at their birth, but acquire animation and vivacity in proportion to their age until they reach a certain period, the sponge has most animation the first days of its existence, and when it attains what may be regarded as its adult age, it ceases to have any animation that is perceptible. There is no animal whose young is so helpless after birth, or so little capable of doing anything for itself as man, nor is there any animal on whose young time has a greater effect in the development of all its faculties. But we have illustrations enough of the same characteristics among the lower animals, quite sufficient even among the insect tribe. Thus, the insects known as the *Indus* and *Scoloperdra* have not the trace of a foot when they are hatched, but legs make their appearance in succession according to their age, as teeth make their appearance in children, until, finally, they have quite a number. Other species of the same insects have a few feet at birth, and they acquire many more as they advance in life. This is the case with the *Indus terrestris*, which has six feet at its birth and eight segments, but finally acquires about *two hundred feet and fifty segments*. The manner in which these and similar changes take place in the insect tribe are well described by Dr. Roget in the following passages:

"The progress of the metamorphoses of insects is most strikingly displayed in the history of the *Lepidopterus*, or butterfly and moth tribe. The egg which is deposited by the butterfly gives birth to a caterpillar, an animal which, in outward shape, bears not the slightest resemblance to its parent, or to the form it is itself afterwards to assume. It has, in fact, both the external appearance and the mechanical structure of a worm. The same elongated cylindrical shape, the same annular structure of the denser parts of its integument, the same arrangements of longitudinal and oblique muscles connecting these rings, the same apparatus of short feet, with claws, or bristles, or tufts of hairs, for facilitating progression; in short, all the circumstances most characteristic of the vermiform type are equally exemplified in the different tribes of caterpillars, as in the proper Annelida.

* Animal and Vegetable Physiology, &c. By Dr. Roget. Vol. ii, p. 113.

"But these vermiform insects have this peculiarity, that they contain in their interior the rudiments of all the organs of the perfect insect. These organs, however, are concealed from view by a great number of membranous coverings, which successively invest one another like the coats of an onion, and are thrown off one after another, as the internal parts are gradually developed. These external investments, which hide the real form of the future animal, have been compared to a mask; so that the insect while wearing this disguise has been termed *larva*, which is the Latin name for a mask.

"This operose mode of development is rendered necessary in consequence of the greater compactness of the integuments of insects as compared with those of the Annelida. In proportion as they acquire density they are less capable of being further stretched, and at length arrive at the limit of their possible growth. Then it is that they obstruct the dilatation of the internal organs, and must be thrown off to make way for the further growth of the insect. In the meantime a new skin has been preparing underneath, molded on a larger model, and admitting of greater extension than the one which preceeded it. This new skin at first readily yields to the distending force from within, and a new impulse is given to the powers of development, until, becoming itself too rigid to be further stretched, it must, in its turn, be cast off in order to give place to another skin. Such is the process which is repeated periodically, for a great number of times, before the larva has attained its full size. These successive peelings of the skin are but so many steps in preparation for a more important change. A time comes when the whole of the coverings of the body are at once cast off, and the insect assumes the form of a *pupa*, or chrysalis, being wrapt as in a shroud, presenting no appearance of external members and retaining but feeble indications of life. In this condition it remains for a certain period, its internal system continuing in secret the farther consolidation of the organs until the period arrives when it is qualified to emerge into the world, by bursting asunder the fetters which had confined it, and to commence a new career of existence. The worm which so lately crawled with a slow and tedious pace along the surface of the ground now ranks among the sportive inhabitants of the air, and expanding its newly acquired wings, launches forward into the element on which its powers can be freely exerted, and which is to waft it to the objects of its gratification, and to new scenes of pleasure and delight." — *Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology.*

If we turn our attention to the feathered tribe we shall discover a new set of phenomena. In one species of being it is the mechanism of the chief internal organs which interest us or excite our wonder; in another it is the organs of locomotion; in another it is the metamorphoses; in another it is the external covering, &c. Although the organism of birds has many peculiarities, yet it is in general so much like that of other animals that we pass it over in this article in order to leave room for something more interesting, since it would be idle to try to compress into one article details which fill many volumes.

But very few are aware of the admirable mechanism of the feather; still fewer have any idea of the manner

in which the feathers of different kinds of birds are constructed according to the use for which they are intended. It is well known that nothing so perfectly combines lightness with strength as the hollow cylinder forming the horny portion of a quill; but still more wonderful skill is displayed in the construction of the vane, or feathery part. Even in man himself there is no organ or structure that exhibits a stronger proof of design than this feather, which seems so simple to the ordinary observer. None who examine it with the microscope can think there is anything incredible in the expression that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the will of the Creator.

One perfectly competent for the task who has thoroughly examined the vane of a feather tells us that "it is composed of a number of flat threads, or filaments, so arranged as to oppose a much greater resistance to a force striking perpendicularly against their surface, than to one which is directed laterally; that is, in the plane of the stem. They derive this power of resistance from their flattened shape, which allows them to bend less easily in the direction of their flat surface than in any other; in the same way that a slip of card cannot easily be bent by a force acting in its own plane, though it easily yields to one at right angles to it. Now, it is exactly in the direction in which they do not bend that the filaments of the feather have to encounter the resistance and impulse of the air. It is here that strength is wanted, and it is here that strength has been bestowed. On examining the assemblage of these laminated filaments still more minutely, we find that they appear to adhere to one another. As we cannot perceive that they are united by any glutinous matter, it is evident that their connection must be effected by some mechanism invisible to the unassisted eye. By the aid of the microscope the mystery is unravelled, and we discover the presence of a number of minute fibrils arranged along the margin of the laminæ, and fitted to catch upon and clasp one another whenever the laminæ are brought within a certain distance. The fibrils of a feather from the wing of a goose are exceedingly numerous, above a thousand being contained in the space of an inch; and they are of two kinds, each kind having a different form and curvature. Those which arise from the side next to the extremity of the feather are branched or tufted, and bend downwards, while those proceeding from the other side of the lamina, or that nearest the root of the feather, are

shorter and firmer and do not divide into brances, but are hooked at the extremities and are directed upwards. When the two laminæ are brought close to one another the long, curved fibrils of the one being carried over the short and straight fibrils of the other, both sets become entangled together, their crooked ends fastening into one another, just as the latch of a door falls into the cavity of the catch which is fixed in the door-post to receive it. The way in which this takes place will be readily perceived by making a section of the vane of a feather across the laminæ, and examining with a good microscope their cut edges while they are gently separated from one another. This mechanism is repeated over every part of the feather, and constitutes a closely reticulated surface of great extent, admirably calculated to prevent the passage of the air through it, and to create by its motion that degree of resistance which it is intended the wing should encounter. In feathers not intended for flight, as in those of the ostrich, the fibrils are altogether wanting; in those of the peacock's tail the fibrils, although large, have not the construction which fits them for clasping those of the contiguous lamina, and in other instances they do so very imperfectly.*

We might turn to the hair or the wool of animals and find in it equal proof of the adaption of a means to an end, and be forced to admit, if we have any candor or understanding, that no artificer has so perfectly altered his materials and forms in order to suit his work as a whole to the purpose for which it is designed; for, as Cuvier has well remarked, "in all our researches we observe so many kinds of experiments already prepared by nature, who adds or takes away different parts just as we might wish to do in our laboratories, and shows us, at the same time, the various results." But those who are disposed to find fault, or rather those who are ambitious to distinguish themselves by differing from the rest of mankind, will do so when they have an opportunity, no matter how conclusive are the evidences against their theories. In point of fact, there are very few, if any, real atheists; those who write and speak as such are actuated by the vanity alluded to. If most of those who are regarded as atheists are learned men, this is no argument against the fact except it can be shown that learning entirely exempts us from the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. There is no doubt but it has

* Animal and Vegetable Physiology.

great influence in enabling us to control our passions, and to distinguish between right and wrong; but we know from experience that it does not serve all alike. The man who is naturally vicious cannot profit by it as much as the man who is naturally virtuous; accordingly, some use it as an instrument of evil instead of an instrument of good, and are fully aware at the same time of their moral guilt and of the pernicious influence of their conduct.

It is much more likely that the chemist who prepares a liquid in his laboratory, in order that he may be able to destroy the life of his neighbor with impunity, is fully aware that he is doing a grievous wrong than that he believes that the eye was not made to see; that the foot was not made to walk; that the stomach was not made to digest; that the tongue was not made to speak, &c.; but that all were made by chance, and that, having been found suited for the purposes mentioned, they have been used for them. Now the question is whether any man who has had intellect enough to become learned in the proper sense of the term could really believe such as this. Some admit that they do so for no better reason than that the same views were professed by Empedocles, Epicurus, and Lucretius. The doctrine of these celebrities was, however, that all living beings came originally from the bosom of mother earth, after which each produced its like. They also admitted that some of the lower animals, especially insects, were derived from the decayed bodies of other animals. At least this is what we learn from the famous poem of Lucretius on the Nature of Things. We have no ancient prose works on the subject; and experience teaches that in no age have the poets been very accurate in their expositions of doctrines. Those of the ancients who have left us serious works on the subject give very different ideas of the universe and its origin. This is true, for example, of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Seneca; and in modern times also it is the greatest minds and the most learned men that have evinced the strongest faith in the Creator of the universe. A certain class of naturalists still clung to the Epicurean doctrine, until Harvey devoted a considerable portion of his life about the middle of the seventeenth century to the proof of the doctrine "*omne vivum ex ovo*," in which laudable effort he was followed by several other physiologists of eminence, including Spallanzani, Dumas, Redi, Ehrenberg, Doyère, and others.

The researches and experiments of these investigators

have produced very important effects on the public opinion of the world. It is certain that there are not so many now who are anxious to be known as atheists as there were before their time, for the opinion generally entertained among physiologists and naturalists is that one of the characteristics of organized beings, whether animals or plants, by which they are distinguished from insect matter, is the fact that they owe their origin to other beings precisely similar to themselves, and of which they are the true offspring. But none can be convinced against their will. As already observed, those disposed to doubt and deny will always find some excuse to do so. Because there are countless myriads of animalcules so minute that it is impossible to learn, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope, how they are produced, the skeptics maintain the doctrine of spontaneous generation; that is, because they cannot tell how a particular thing originated, they say it originated itself. First, this theory was confined exclusively to insects, and it was held that it could not be disputed, at least in their case, since all know that worms or maggots swarm on the dead carcasses of animals. But Redi, an eminent physiologist, set to work carefully, in the interest of science and truth, and proved by a long series of experiments, conducted in the most philosophical manner, that those maggots or worms are nothing more or less than the larvæ, or immature young of the insects. This, however, was but a part of the good work. He also demonstrated that the larvæ themselves were produced from eggs deposited by flies or other insects, and to all who were willing to be convinced and to devote the necessary attention to his experiments he exhibited the transitions of the insects through all their different stages, from the egg to the fully developed state.

The spontaneous generation of the worms was now abandoned by nearly all; but those disposed to deny their Creator soon found a new excuse to do so. The infusoria brought to notice by the microscope afforded them the opportunity they wanted; it was found from the experiments of Spallanzani, Needham, and others, that during the decomposition of various organic matters, animal as well as vegetable, myriads of microscopic beings made their appearance. Of course no one could tell how these were produced; ergo, it must follow that they had a spontaneous origin. This theory, too, was in due time refuted. Spallanzani explained the production of these animals by supposing ova to

have been present in the fluid, and to be developed by the influence of warmth, water, air, and light; and his explanation was proved to be correct by others. But the objectors had still one plausible pretext left for maintaining their theory; it was found that a numerous race of beings, now known as *Entozoa*, inhabit the interior of all animals. How, it is triumphantly asked, could these have been produced from ova? how could the ova have passed through their tissues? It follows, then, that these at least, are the results of spontaneous generation. Of course no one could prove the contrary; but if we cannot prove or show how a certain being has been produced, it does not follow that he produced himself. This has been the reply of the greatest naturalists and physiologists. "Although the impossibility of spontaneous generation cannot be absolutely demonstaated," says Cuvier, "yet all the efforts of those physiologists who believe in the possibility of it have *not succeeded in showing us a single instance.*"*

Among the physiologists who have confirmed the views of Spallanzani and borne testimony to the general accuracy of his experiments are M. Doyère and Professor Muller. The former devoted so much attention to the subject that he induced the Academy of Sciences of Paris to appoint a Commissioner to investigate it. The main point to which he called the attention of the Commission was that animalcules are capable of being deseccated—deprived of all their moisture—that they may remain in this state for an indefinite time, and then be resuscitated by water. This was proved by experiments. The Commission announced in its report that the deseccation was not effected merely by the natural and spontaneous evaporation of the fluids exposed to the air, but was carried still farther by confining the animals dried on slips of glass, for the space of five days, in the vacuum of an air-pump, over a vessel containing sulphuric acid; others were left thirty days in a Torricellian vacuum dried by chloride of lime; and in every instance he obtained some resuscitations. The Commission reported that M. Doyére had also proved that although animalcules in general are known to perish when their temperature is raised above a certain limit, and that those on which he had experimented, namely, the Rotifers and Tardigrades, formed no exception to

* "Rapport Historique sur les Progrès des Sciences Naturelles depuis, p. 194. Paris 1798.

this law, but perished when the water in which they were was heated to 105° Fahrenheit, the case was altogether different when they had been previously dried.

In an experiment repeated in the presence of the Commission a certain quantity of moss containing *Tardigrada* was placed in a stove and around the bulb of a thermometer, the stem of which extended out of the apparatus. Heat was gradually applied until the thermometer thus placed rose to 248° Fahrenheit. This temperature was maintained for several minutes, and yet some of the animalcules contained in the moss returned to life and appeared in their usual condition after having been placed twenty-four hours in water. The best physiologists of Europe, including French, German, English, and Italian, and several of those who had hitherto been in favor of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, regarded the question as now settled. Among those who first seemed to waver was the celebrated German physiologist, Müller; but no sooner did he become aware of the results of the above experiments than he rejected the doctrine of spontaneous generation as absurd. In commenting on the facts elicited and on certain new attempts made by the advocates of spontaneous generation, he remarks that "the equivocal generation of infusoria is not better proved by the experiments in which boiled organic substances and common water were used; for the water may have contained *the ova* of infusoria, or animalcules themselves, which have afterwards multiplied very rapidly at the expense of the organic matter, in the infusion. The use of perfectly pure distilled water can scarcely be presupposed, for even water distilled five times *may still contain organic particles.* Those who have experimented with fresh organic substances and distilled water, or even artificially prepared gases, *cannot prove* that the ova of animalcules, or animalcules themselves, were not *in some way contained im the organic substance;* the microscopic animalcules, which are known to exist in living tissues, are, indeed, few, and the common globules of the organic fluids, such as those of the blood, have certainly no individual life; but mucus itself contains microscopic animals; the internal mucus of the frog, as well as the semen, contains animalcules. Baer has seen microscopic particles moving spontaneously in different part of mussels. The grain of wheat and some varieties of agrostis often contain vitriones, which, even *after being dried, recover their active life* if moistened. Some Entozoa, also, but still more, some Epizoa, will continue to

live when placed in water.' * These are the animacules hitherto believed to be capable of existing only in the interior of animals; and since it was proved that they could live in water exposed to the atmosphere, as observed by Professor Müller, the principal argument in support of their spontaneous production fell to the ground.

As another reason why we should not be too ready to arrive at conclusions which are at variance alike with reason and analogy, the Professor remarks, further on, that Ehrenberg discovered the real germs of the fungi and algæ or mould. "*The propagation of these organic bodies* was thus established; it was shown that by reason of the *germs, or seeds of the mould, new mould can be produced.*"† Yet, another fact is stated by Müller, which is very important in its bearing on the subject under consideration. "With regard," he says, "to the infusory animalcules, their complicated structure was first discovered by Ehrenberg; he found that the smallest nomad, $\frac{1}{2000}$ of a line in diameter, *has a complicated stomach and organs of motion*, in the form of cilia. In others he *observed the ova and the propagation by ova.* This excited the greatest doubt with regard to those earlier observations in which, the complicated structure of these animalcules *being unknown, they were said to have been seen to originate in particles of the organic substance of the infusion.*"‡

Thus it is that science, properly so called, sooner or later, dispels error; and no science has dispelled graver errors than physiology. But here we need only to allude to one; be it remembered that the principal atheistical works of ancient and modern times are founded on the error above exposed. Baron D'Halbach as well as Lucretius has founded this absurd theory on the assumption that in certain circumstances animalcules, and even larger beings, are produced without germs. Ridiculous though it may appear to those unacquainted with the facts, D'Halbach's System of Nature is based on a story that eels were produced spontaneously. Needham, an English chemist, distinguised much more for his love for the marvelous than for his skill in chemistry, pretended that, having put some rye-meal into well corked bottles, and some boiled mutton gravy into other bottles, each gave birth to eels which in turn produced other eels. Many even of those who called themselves scientific

* Elements of Physiology. By J. Müller, M. D. Vol. i, p. 16. † Ib.
‡ Ib. Vol. i, p. 19.

men believed the story; and having believed that chemistry and nature could make eels, they had little trouble in coming to the conclusion that men were made by a similar process, and consequently that there was no need for a universal Creator.

We have already shown how Spallanzani proved by experiments the absurdity of all such stories as that of the eels, and how the most eminent physiologists and naturalists since his time have confirmed his views. But science is continually affording new refutations of the atheistic doctrine. It is a sufficiently strong argument against the chance theory, that all things that have life have several attributes and characteristics in common; this is true even of vegetables as compared to animals. M. Magendie, one of the most worthy of the disciples of Buffon and Cuvier, tells us in his valuable work that the chief differences between animals and vegetables are the following: "Animals have azote for the base of their composition, while Vegetables have carbon; Vegetables are composed of four or five elements; Animals are often composed of eight or ten; Animals are compelled to act upon their aliment, in order to render it suitable to nourish them, while Vegetables obtain their aliment around them *ready prepared.*"* In discussing the same subject, another eminent physiologist remarks that "it is a great mistake to suppose that there is anything fundamentally different *in the character of the vital operations as performed in* the animal and vegetable structures, or in the simpler and more complicated organisms of either kingdoms." † This does not remain a mere matter of assertion; it is a fact amply proved. Macaire has as fully demonstrated the circulation of the sap in vegetables as Harvey has that of the blood in animals, and the two circulations are precisely analogous in their nature and effects. Dr. Roget has also given us a fine essay on the *food* of plants, which he tells us consists of water, conveying along with it a certain portion of air and carbonic acid gas, and the earthy, saline and metallic ingredients which it holds in solution. He calls our attention to the *absorption* of this nutriment by the spongioles of the roots, and sometimes by every part of the surface of the plant; also the *ascent of this food* or

* *Précis Elémentaire de Physiologie.* Par F. Magendie, Membre de l'Institute de France, &c. p. 15.

† *Carpenter's Principles of General and Comparative Physiology.* Second edition. London. p. 4.

sap in a crude state along the stem and into the leaves, traversing the ligneous substance of the stem chiefly, and in trees the alluvium or recently formed wood, and passing along the intercellular spaces.

But this is not all. We are shown the *exhalation* of the purely aqueous part of the sap, and the stomata or pores of the leaves; the *aeration* of this sap by the action of solar light upon the leaves; then the *return of the sap* highly charged with nutriment along the lobes or innermost layers of bark and the alluvium or outermost layer of wood, depositing the different materials which are necessary for the growth and health of those parts of the plant, the same as the blood makes its deposits in passing through the structures of animals. Macaire has also proved that the vegetable, as well as the animal, is capable of excreting from its circulation such particles as are superfluous or noxious. Nor has that eminent physiologist confined himself to proving that this excretion regularly takes place. He has also proved that when a plant has grown in any particular place so long that the noxious excretion has had time to accumulate, the soil becomes unsuitable for it; and if it is not transplanted to another soil it will decay and die, although the same excretion may be beneficial to other plants. These facts have been fully established by M. Macaire, and they are commented upon as follows by an English physiologist scarcely less eminent:

"The roots of the *Chondrilla muralis* were carefully cleaned, and immersed in filtered rain-water; the water was changed every two days, and the plant continued to flourish and put forth its blossoms; at the end of eight days the water had acquired a yellow tinge, and indicated, both by the smell and taste, the presence of a bitter narcotic substance, analogous to that of opium; a result which was farther confirmed by the application of chemical tests, and by the reddish brown residuum obtained from the water by evaporation. M. Macaire ascertained that neither the roots nor the stems of the same plants, when completely detached and immersed in water, could produce this effect, which he therefore concludes is the result of an exudation from the roots, continually going on while the plant is in a state of healthy vegetation. By comparative experiments on the quantity of matter thus excreted by the roots of the French bean (*Phaseolus vulgaris*) during the night and the day, he found it to be much more considerable at night; an effect which it is natural to ascribe to the interruption in the action of the leaves when they are deprived of light, and when the corresponding absorption by the roots is also suspended. This was confirmed by the result of some experiments he made on the same plants, by placing them, during daytime, in the dark, under which circumstances the excretion from the roots was found to be immediately much augmented; but even when exposed to the light, there is always some exudation, though in small quantity, going on from the roots.

"That plants are able to free themselves by means of this excretory process from noxious materials which they may happen to have imbibed through the roots, was also proved by another set of experiments on the *Mercurialis annua*, the *Senecio vulgaris*, and *Brassica campestris*, or common cabbage. The roots of each specimen, after being thoroughly washed and cleaned, were separated into two bunches, one of which was put into a diluted solution of acetate of lead, and the other into pure water, contained in a separate vessel. After some days, during which the plants continued to vegetate tolerably well, the water in the latter vessel being examined was found to contain a very perceptible quantity of the acetate of lead. The experiment was varied by first allowing the plant to remain with its roots immersed in a similar solution, and then removing it after careful washing, in order to free the roots from any portion of the salt that might have adhered to their surface, into a vessel with rain water; after two days distinct traces of the acetate of lead were afforded by the water. Similar experiments were made with lime water, and with a solution of common salt instead of the acetate of lead, and were attended with the like results. De Candolle has ascertained that certain maritime plants, which yield soda and which flourish in situations very distant from the coast, provided they occasionally receive breezes from the sea, communicate a saline impregnation to the soil in their immediate vicinity, derived from the salt which they doubtless had imbibed by the leaves.

"Although the materials which are thus excreted by the roots are noxious to the plant which rejects them, and would consequently be injurious to other individuals of the same species, it does not therefore follow that they are incapable of supplying salutary nourishment to other kinds of plants; thus, it has been observed that the *Salicaria* flourishes particularly in the vicinity of the willow, and the *Orobanche*, or broomrape, in that of the hemp. This fact has also been established experimentally by M. Macaire, who found that the water in which certain plants had been kept was noxious to other specimens of the same species; while, on the other hand, it produced a more luxuriant vegetation in plants of a different kind."*

But this paper has already grown too long; if, notwithstanding its length, there are many important physiological facts to which we have not been able even to allude, our apology is that we could not be expected to compress into one article details which have been found too numerous by several physiologists for many volumes. Impressed with this at the outset, our purpose has been simply to select from the boundless mass of facts such as seemed best calculated to combine interest with utility, and thus attract the attention of as many as we could to the study of a science with whose fundamental principles, at least, all should be more or less familiar. Trusting that our attempt has not been entirely in vain, it will afford us pleasure to recur to the subject on an early occasion, and consider in a separate article each of those branches which in the present paper have necessarily been only referred to in general terms.

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* Animal and Vegetable Physiology, &c. By Peter Mark Roget, M. D.

ART. II.—1. *Histoire physique, politique, et naturelle de l'île de Cuba.* Par M. RAMON DE LA SAGRA. Paris : 1864.

2. *Apuntes para la Historia de la isla de Cuba.* Por D. J. MARIA DE LA TORRE. Havana : 1857.

3. *Essai politique sur l'île de Cuba.* Par ALEXANDRE DE HUMBOLDT. Avec un Carte et Supplément, &c. Paris.

4. *To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage.* By RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. Boston.

5. *Letters Written in the Interior of Cuba between the Mountains of Arcana, to the East, and of Cuseo to the West, &c.* By the Rev. ABIEL ABBOT, D. D. Boston.

THERE is no charge more frequently preferred against the American Republic than that it is too ambitious, too fond of annexation; at the same time no charge is less just. Both our people and our government have faults enough, but this is not one of them. Many of our European censors may smile at this, and wonder how we can deliberately make such a statement; but it is not the less true on this account. Nor shall we ask anyone to accept our assertion in regard to it any further than we can prove that it is correct. First, let us ask, what neighboring states has the Republic attacked during the whole period of its existence for the purpose of annexing them? The only one that can be pointed to under any pretext is Mexico; but no candid person who has made himself acquainted with the history of our war with that Republic would pretend for a moment that the love of conquest, or of annexation was our motive in engaging in it. If a portion of Mexican territory was annexed to this country at the close of the war, it has been duly paid for. We gave a large sum for it in hard cash—probably more than any other nation would have given at the time. This we would not have done had our disposition as a people been what it is represented; we could have annexed much more Mexican territory than we did without paying a penny for it more than the cost of the war.

Nor would we have been satisfied with this. Were we the grasping, ambitious, filibustering people which it is the fashion in Europe to regard us we could have attacked Canada long since; and had we earnestly done so no statesman or general who has any approximate idea of our resources can doubt what would have been the result. The leading

men of England have admitted more than once that it would be impossible to protect Canada from us if we were really determined on seizing it; it is the consciousness of this fact that has prompted the British government to tell the Canadians that if they felt disposed to dissever their connection with England the latter would make no effort to coerce them. Yet, instead of making any attack on Canada the American government sends national troops and national ships to protect it from naturalized American citizens whose object is, not to annex that country or to conquer its inhabitants, but to secure the liberty of their fellow-countrymen in another part of the world. Now, need we say that this is not the course which ambitious State pursues?

But we have yet another argument to adduce against this charge of undue ambition and inordinate love of annexation. Nor need we do more than mention the name of *Cuba* to remind any thoughtful person that this argument alone would be sufficient to acquit us. That we could have seized it at almost any time within the last ten years few acquainted with the facts will deny; and it will be admitted with equal unanimity that no more valuable prize could tempt the cupidity of a nation. Yet far from making any attempt to appropriate it the American government has frequently frustrated the efforts of private individuals who have sought to get up expeditions in this country for the purpose of wresting the Island from the grasp of Spain. These facts are so notorious that we need only allude to them.

Now, can anything similar be said of the general policy of those states that are known to be ambitious and fond of annexation? Is it usual with Russia, for example, to pay for a territory which she conquers and happens to like? When did the Czar send troops or vessels of war to prevent his subjects from making inroads on the territories of his neighbors? Has he not, on the contrary, seized on more or less of every country within his reach, whether a republic or a despotism? In proof of this we need only refer to the fine provinces formerly belonging to Turkey Persia, China, and Poland, which now form an integral part of the Russian empire.

Similar results are revealed by the history of Austria. Napoleon the First annexed nearly half of Europe to France. And has not England annexed all that she felt able to annex? It is not our object in this article to reproach any nation, or people, any further than is necessary to show that those states that really are ambitious and fond of appropriating the territories of

their neighbors have left us sufficient proofs of their disposition in that respect. England has certainly done so, especially in India; we have never pursued any such course as she has there, and it is to be hoped for our credit's sake that we never shall.

Now, may we not think it very doubtful that if Cuba had been so near any of the nations mentioned that she would still have remained in the hands of Spain? But this question can be better answered after we have devoted some attention to the real character of the Island, its resources and present political and social condition; for, comparatively near as it is to us, our people in general have but very vague ideas of its importance. They know much more about any country in Europe; more about the empire of Brazil, as well as about Mexico, Peru, and Chile, although certain it is that there is no part of the New World of equal extent which is so interesting as the Island of Cuba, and no equal amount of territory beyond the bounds of the United States is so important.

It will be admitted that a country of which this can be truly said ought to be better known than it is, and hence it is that we make Cuba the subject of the present article. We do not do so, however, with any filibustering motives. We hold, on the contrary, that it does not follow that because the American government could easily wrest so rich and important a possession from Spain it ought to do so. To counsel any such course would be to counsel robbery and piracy. That others have done so, and done much worse, is no reason why we should, no matter what charges are made against us by the very parties who would have least scruples in seizing on the Island if they had any decent pretext or opportunity to do so—the parties, in fact, who did seize upon it long since, and would not have parted with it had not circumstances occurred at the time which rendered it advisable not to seem too greedy. Even then the island was restored only in exchange for Florida.

But although we would not interfere with the present condition of affairs in Cuba, or attempt, under any pretence to deprive Spain of a colony to which she may be said to be fairly entitled, at least as long as the colonists themselves make no earnest effort to free themselves from her yoke, this is no reason why we should not look to the future. If we are now on friendly terms with Spain, we do not know how long we may be so; we do not know how long other

nations who would be glad of an opportunity to seize on the Island may be on friendly terms with her; and if no such theory as the Monroe doctrine had ever been heard of, our government would be sadly derelict in its duty if it looked on unconcernedly while it saw the Gem of the Antilles taken possession of by another European power. The moment Spain proves her inability to hold the Island any longer and that another power attempts to seize it, we have a perfect right to seize it for ourselves according to the law of nations, and still more according to the natural law which prompts nations as well as individuals to protect themselves and to oppose whatever has a tendency to injure them.

There are many reasons why the United States could not regard with indifference any change which would place the Island of Cuba in the hands of any of the great maritime powers of Europe. A glance at the map of the New World would show this without any knowledge of the productions of the Island. Not only is it the largest and most fertile of all the West India islands, it is also the nearest of the Antilles to the United States, being only about 130 miles from Florida. Its length is estimated at between 750 and 790 English miles, and a considerable portion of it varies in breadth from 80 to 126 miles, the average breadth being about 55 miles. There is much discrepancy among writers as to its area, but probably the most approximate estimate is that which makes it 44,000 square miles, exclusive of the Isle of Pines which is 810 square miles. Humboldt estimates its extent as nearly equal to that of England exclusive of Wales; but its coast line is much longer than that of England, or any other European nation, being over 2,000 miles. Its population exceeds that of any of the large States of South America, with the exception of Brazil; in 1853 it was nearly a million and a half, according to the census taken under the direction of Don José de la Torre. But none of these figures give any adequate idea of the value or importance of Cuba; these must be estimated, as the tree is, by its fruit.*

It is nothing new for Cuba to be an interesting and attractive country. It was one of the first parts of the New

* L'importance politique de l'île de Cuba n'est pas seulement fondée sur l'étendue de sa surface, qui est de la moitié plus grande que celle d'Haïti, sur l'admirable fertilité de son sol, sur ses établissemens de marine militaire et sur la nature d'une population composée, pour trois cinquièmes, d'hommes libres: elle s'agrandit encore *par les avantages de la position géographique de la Havane.—Essai politique sur l'île de Cuba.* Par Alexandre de Humboldt. Vol. i, p. 1.

World discovered by Columbus, and with its early records are also associated the names of Cortez, De la Cosa, Velasquez, Bernald Diez, Sebastian, Ocampo, &c., all of whom made it their headquarters in fitting up their expeditions against various continental states which they subjugated one after another. All admired it both for its beauty and fertility, describing it in their letters as a new garden of Eden; but none spoke more enthusiastically of it than Columbus, who was prouder of it than any other country he had discovered. "Nothing is more beautiful" he writes, "than this island; its shores present an infinity of excellent ports and of deep rivers; the sea which surrounds it must be always calm, since the vegetation extends to the brink of the water." As he proceeds he compares it to Sicily. "The fresh breezes," he says, "embalm the air throughout the night." In another of his letters he remarks, in the same enthusiastic spirit, that "language is incapable of describing all the wonders of the country." In one of his letters to Ferdinand and Isabella he makes use of the following language in regard to Cuba: "I shall not speak to your highnesses of the *immense advantages which will one day be derived from it; such a country must afford great resources.*"* There is something prophetic in this; and in the same letter the great navigator calls Cuba the Alpha and Omega, so much did he think it superior to every other place he had discovered.

Yet it was not until a comparatively recent period that the Spanish government gave that attention to the Island which its importance claimed. It was otherwise, however, with England, who sought various pretexts to get possession of it; she made offers to the King of Spain at different times, telling him that while it was of little use to him, and was indeed not worth much by itself, its proximity to her North American colonies would render it of great service to her. It seems that the Spanish government regarded this as a pretty correct statement of the facts, and that it refused to cede the Island to England for whatever consideration she offered for it, because it thought such a proceeding beneath its dignity. When England saw that the Island was not to be procured by fair means she openly attacked it in 1762, as intimated above, while the Spanish authorities had no apprehensions of any danger. Havana, thus unprepared, was easily taken, and England retained possession of it for two years.

"* Je ne parlerai pas à vos altesses des immenses avantages qu elles en retireront un jour; une pareille contrée doit offrir bien des ressources."

Although Spain lost much by this invasion and occupation, it was the best occurrence that could have happened to her, for she was now convinced of the importance of Cuba. Accordingly she immediately commenced those fortifications which, even at the present day, when military art has made such progress, rank with the strongest in the world. In the course of five years she expended fifteen million dollars in fortifying the port of Havana alone. She has never since relaxed her attention to Cuba; and every succeeding year has convinced her more and more that the Island has been of more value to her than all her other American colonies together, immense as the latter were in their extent.

But it is not alone its situation and fertility that render Cuba a more desirable country than any of the other Spanish colonies, for be it remembered that scarcely any of the aboriginal inhabitants remained in Cuba after its conquest; all writers on the subject, including the most reliable of the Spanish, agree that if they were not utterly exterminated by cruelty and oppression, very few of them were to be found on the Island twenty years after its subjugation. It seems that as many as were able to escape the condition of servitude in which they were held passed over to Yucatan, or Florida, in their canoes; large numbers committed suicide; a considerable proportion died from being forced to perform labor they were not used to; while the smallpox and other diseases introduced amongst them by their conquerors killed off the remainder.*

It would be foreign to our purpose now to take any particular notice of the treatment which produced such melancholy results; all we have to do with is the simple fact that while in Mexico, Peru, Chile, and other South American States, the large majority of the population are the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, there are scarcely any such in Cuba, except very few who have come to the country from the adjacent islands, or from Yucatan, chiefly within the last quarter of a century. In short, there is so little of this element that it can hardly be said to exercise any appreciable influence on the social, moral, or political condition of the population as a whole; the coolies exercise much more, and the negroes more than either.

* "Quelque activité qu'on veuille supposer aux causes de dissention," says Humboldt, "à la tyrannie des *conquistadores*, à la deraison des gouvernans, aux travaux trop pénibles dans la lavage d'or, à la petite vérole et à la fréquence des suicides, il seroit difficile de concevoir comment, en 30 ou 40 ans, je ne dirois pas un million, mais seulement trois ou quatre cent mille Indiens auroient pu disparoître entèirement."—*Essai politique sur l'Île de Cuba*, tome 1, p. 154.

Thus all the inhabitants of Cuba, save the Africans, may be said to belong to the Spanish race; that this is superior to the mixed races of Mexico, Peru, and Chile, it would be idle to deny; all the intelligent writers of the latter countries admit the fact. Here, then, is a satisfactory, undisputable answer to the question often asked in this country, "How is it that the Cubans are so different from the Mexicans or the Peruvians?" The question is, indeed, a very natural one to those unacquainted with the facts, for no populations could be more different. While the Mexicans or Peruvians are almost constantly engaged in civil war, the Cubans are uniformly peaceable and orderly; while the former are acting the part of brigands, the latter are attending to their business; accordinlgy while on one side we see poverty, wretchedness, and barbarism, on the other we behold wealth, enlightenment, and comfort. Let those who would dispute this bear in mind that the Spaniards at home are, and always have been, an orderly race; not a race prone to insurrections and anarchy, although as ready as any people to resent oppression and rebel against the oppressor. If the Spaniards are not regarded as a great people at the present day, either politically or intellectually, we are bound to remember that they once excelled all Europe in both characteristics. If, then, in addition to the fact that the Cubans are really a Spanish race, and not a mongrel race, such as we find in the other countries mentioned, we bear in mind that nearly all in authority in Cuba, from the highest to the lowest, are natives of old Spain or the descendants of Spaniards who are still living, we shall no longer wonder that they are so different from the Mexicans and from the inhabitants of all the other Spanish American States.

We can only realize the difference, however, as we proceed in our examination; but we cannot extend this comparison. As Mexico and the other continental states mentioned are better known in this country than Cuba—the same as fighting, turbulent men are better known than their peaceable, industrious neighbors—it will be sufficient for us to glance at the chief cities of the Island, the works carried on at them, their commerce; then turn to the plantations with the same view, bearing in mind, as we pass, the literary and scientific institutions of the country, and not forgetting the immense taxes levied on all kinds of industry, or the jealous care taken by the Spanish Government, that the mother country shall profit as much as possible, in one form

or other, from every enterprise involving an outlay of money which is undertaken in Cuba. In passing these various topics in review, and availing ourselves of the latest statistics and of the testimony of men who have had no interest to subserve in giving their opinions but that of truth, we shall be able to form a pretty accurate idea of the present condition of the Island, and at the same time we shall be able to make a pretty fair estimate of the interest which we ourselves, as a republican people, should take in its destiny. We shall thus see that Cuba is interesting to us, first as a rich and fertile country, yielding spontaneously a large proportion of the necessaries of life, carrying on an extensive commerce with all parts of the world, and connected in its associations with events as well as names that have now become classic in spite of the blemishes which tarnish many of them; and, secondly, as a country which may be possessed at no distant day by a power very different from Spain, or which may be possessed by ourselves without any compromise of our national honor.

In an investigation of this kind the capital of the country naturally attracts attention at the outset. Although no city of its age has been oftener described than Havana there is no better general description of it than that given by Humboldt nearly forty years ago:

"The appearance of Havana at the entrance of the port is one of the most lively and most picturesque that can be enjoyed on the shores of equinoxial America to the north of the equator. This situation, celebrated by travellers of all nations, has not the luxuriant vegetation that adorns the banks of the river of Guayaquil, nor the savage grandeur of the rocky coasts of Rio Janeiro, two ports of the southern hemisphere; but the grace which in our climates embellishes the scenes of cultivated nature is here mingled with the majesty of vegetable forms, and the organic vigor that characterizes the torrid zone. In the blending of such delightful impressions, the European forgets the danger which threatens him in the bosom of the populous cities of the Antilles. He seeks to seize at one view the different portions of a vast landscape, to contemplate the strong fortifications that crown the rocks to the east of the port, the internal basin surrounded by villages and farms, the palms that rise to an immense height, the city half concealed by a forest of masts and the sails of vessels. On entering the harbor of Havana you pass between the fortifications of the *Morro* (*Castillo de los Santos Reyes*) and the smaller fort of *San Salvador de la Punta*. The opening is only from 170 to 200 toises in width, and it preserves this breadth about 3-5 of a mile. Issuing from this, after leaving to the north the beautiful castle of *San Carlos de la Cabana*, and the *Casa Blanca*, we reach a basin in the form of the ace of clubs, of which the larger axis from S. S. W. to N. N. E., is 2 1-5 miles long. This basin communicates with three heights, those of Regla, Guanavacoa, and Atarés, at the last of which there are some springs of fresh water. The city of Havana,

surrounded by walls, forms a promontory, bounded to the south by the arsenal, to the north by the fortress *La Punta*. Beyond some sunken ships and the shoal of *La Luz* the depth of water decreases from eight or ten fathoms to five or six. The castles of *Santo Domingo* of *Altarés* and of *San Carlos del Principe* defend the city to the west; they are separate from the inner wall, the one 660 and the other 1,240 toises. The intermediate space is occupied by the suburbs (*Arrabales* or *Barrios extra muros*) of *Horcon*, of *Jesus Maria*, *Guadalupe*, and *Señor de la Salud*, which from year to year encroach on the Champ de Mars (*Campo de Marte*). The great buildings of Havana—the cathedral, the palace of government, the house of the commandant of the marine, the arsenal, the post-office, the manufactory of tobacco—are less remarkable for their beauty than for the solidity of their construction."

Morro Castle has been enlarged and otherwise improved in strength since Humboldt wrote; and the same is true of the Punta. Among the recent improvements to the former is a fixed light 144 feet high. These are the oldest fortresses in Havana; but by far the strongest is La Cabaña, situated a little to the south-east of the Morro; there are three other strongholds to protect the city and harbor, each well garrisoned and mounted with heavy cannon. The harbor is sufficiently deep and spacious to receive one thousand vessels of the largest burden. A great advantage which it has, in a military point of view, is, that the channel leading to it, which is half a mile in length, can only be entered by one vessel at a time; and this has to pass a continuous barrier of fortifications, all of which, as well as the various fortresses mentioned, have to be overpowered before the city can be taken. The latter has been deemed so safe, protected by these various works, that the wall alluded to by Humboldt has been removed as superfluous.

Havana is a much finer capital than those who have not visited it would be likely to suppose. Its charitable institutions are certainly equal to any on this continent; and far from being behind the age in the provision which it made for education, there is not one of our cities—not even the modern Athens—which excells it in that respect.* Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and one or two other American cities, have, indeed better public schools than Havana. They afford better facilities for the education of the poor. But the higher educational institutions of Havana are on an extensive and liberal scale. We must admit, on due examination, that we have no institutions that are equal to their free schools of design

* The principal are the Cuña, or Foundling Hospital; the San Lazaro, a hospital for persons affected with *Kocubœ*—a kind of leprosy peculiar to the West Indies, and believed to be incurable; the Casa Real de Beneficia, which combines the advantages of an hospital, a lunatic asylum, and an infirmary.

and painting or their free school of mathematics. Let those who would deny this remember that the professors in each of these schools have been selected for their superior qualifications in different countries of Europe, a large proportion of them being Germans, French, and Italians. If it still seems incredible that Havana has some educational institutions which are superior to those of Boston or New York, we would ask is the fact more incredible that the same city has a fine botanical garden, in which botany is taught in all its branches by professors who have graduated at the famous Jardin des Plantes in Paris and other similar schools, while we have no botanical garden worthy of the name. The capital of Cuba has also a first-class University, one which may be compared to that of the city of New York, and which has separate chairs for jurisprudence, medicine, chemistry, theology, comparative anatomy, and agricultural botany.

We are well aware of the different impression generally entertained in this country as to the state of education in Havana, although none have spoken in higher terms of its colleges and schools than intelligent Americans. In giving an account of a visit which he paid to the Belen, Mr. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., tells us that "it was first a Franciscan monastery, then a barrack, and now has been given by the Government to the Jesuits. The company of the Jesuits here is composed of a rector and about forty clerical and twenty lay brethren. These perform every office, from the *highest scientific investigations and instruction* down to the lowest menial offices in the care of the children; some serving in costly vestments at the high altar, and others in coarse black garb at the gates. It is only three years since they established themselves in Havana, but in that time they have formed a school of two hundred boarders and one hundred day scholars, built up dormitories for the boarders and a common hall, &c."* After some further remarks to the same effect Mr. Dana adds: "I do not take this account from the Jesuits themselves, but from the regular clergy of other orders, and from Protestants who are opposed to them and their influence. All agree that they are at work with zeal and success." †

So well pleased was Mr. Dana with the good work thus done in Havana by the Jesuits that he was prompted to give quite a comprehensive sketch of the order. First mention-

* *To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1859. † *Ib.*

ing its humble, but zealous and pious founders, he proceeds to say that "from this small beginning, spreading upwards and outwards, it overshadows the earth. Now at the top of success, it is supposed to control half Christendom. Now, his (Loyola's) order proscribed by State and Church alike, and suppressed by the Pope himself, there is not a spot of earth in Catholic Christendom where the Jesuit can place the sole of his foot. In this hour of distress he finds refuge in Russia and in Protestant Prussia. There restored and tolerated the order revives here and there in Europe, with a fitful life; and at length blazes out into a glory of missionary triumphs and martyrdoms in China and in North America; and now, in these latter days, we see it advancing everywhere, to a new epoch of labor and influence. *Thorough in education, perfect in discipline, obsolute in obedience, as yielding, as indestructible, as all-pervading, as water or as air!*" Such is the enthusiasm awakened in a Protestant American in favor of the Jesuits on account of what he had seen in one of the colleges of Havana—one which had been opened only three years previously.

Mr. Dana mentions elsewhere that "education is substantially in the hands of the Government. As an instance," he adds, "of their strictness no man can take a degree at the university unless he makes oath that he does not belong to, has never belonged to, and will not belong to, any society not known to and permitted by the Government."* These remarks are doubtless honestly made by way of showing how gloomy are the prospects of education in Cuba; but we have shown in our last number† that in the most enlightened countries of Europe similar restrictions are placed by government on graduates of the university. It will be admitted that no country can boast nobler institutions than France, but a glance at the article alluded to will show that those who expect to graduate, or prepare themselves for any important office, must show that they have no disposition to rebel against the existing government, let it be monarchical or republican. If it be urged that general education is in a backward state in France, the same charge will hardly be made against Prussia, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, each of which is celebrated for the excellence of its public schools; it is not the less true, however, that there is not one of the

* *To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1859.
† Article "Our Colleges, &c."

colleges of those states—nay, not even one of their public schools—which is not as "substantially in the hands of the government," as any college, seminary, or school in Havana.

The capital of Cuba is more suggestive of historical associations than any other city in the New World, although there are several cities which contain more of the *débris* of the ancient civilizations of this continent. Among the public edifices which possess a classic interest are the cathedral in which the remains of Christopher Columbus were deposited in 1796, having been translated from St. Domingo for that purpose; and the beautiful, though comparatively small, pyramid which Don Francisco Cagigal had erected in 1754, in the place formerly occupied by the enormous ceiba (*eriodendrum anfractuosum*), beneath which Diego Velasquez had caused the first mass to be said. Beside this pyramid is a handsome chapel, which the city has gratefully dedicated to its founder. In our cities we have no such mementos as these; nor have we any square equal to the *Plaza de Armas* of Havana, with its finely paved walks, its statues, fountains, flowers, &c., and which is so well lighted and regulated that it is as pleasant and safe to walk there at certain hours at night as by day. In the same vicinity are the palaces of the Governor and the Intendant, together with the scarcely less princely residences of the nobility*; the *tout ensemble* recalling to the mind of the traveller the most beautiful localities of some of the leading European capitals. In short, that Havana is no vulgar city is the almost unanimous testimony of the most competent judges, French, English, and Americans, as well as Spaniards. M. R. de la Sagra is one of the most recent authors who have visited the Island, and that emiment savant informs his readers that one finds at Havana all the luxury and urbanity of the European cities of the first rank.†

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* Speaking on this subject Mr. Dana remarks: "There are several noblemen who have their estates and titles in Cuba, but are recognized as nobles of Spain; in all, I should say, about fifty or sixty. Some of these have received their titles for civil and military services; but most of them have been raised to their rank on account of their wealth, or have purchased their titles outright. I believe there are but two grades, the Marquis and the Count. Among the titles best known to strangers are Villanueva, Fernandina, and O'Reilly. The number of Irish families who have taken rank in the Spanish service and become connected with Cuba is rather remarkable. Besides O'Reilly, there are O'Donnel, O'Farrel, and O'Lawlor, descendants of Irishmen who entered the Spanish service after the battle of the Boyne.—*To Cuba and Back*, pp. 190-1.

† On trouve à la Havane tout le luxe et l'urbanité des villes européennes du premier ordre; les habitudes et les aisances de la vie y sont les mêmes qu'à Cadix.—*Hist. physique, politique et naturelle de l'île de Cuba*, p. 125.

The most casual observer would infer from the appearance of Havana, without knowing anything of its history or resources, that it is a wealthy city; yet it can hardly be said to represent the wealth of Cuba; it certainly gives no exaggerated idea of that wealth even in those localities which are adorned by the most elegant and sumptuous edifices, public and private.* A glance at the exports of Cuba will fully sustain us in this opinion, especially if it be borne in mind that at least half of these are shipped from Havana. It would lead us too far to give tabular statistics for a series of years of the commerce of the Island; we must confine ourselves to recent statistics, calling the attention of the reader to the fact that every succeeding year exhibits a large increase in the exports of Cuba. It appears from official reports that the value of the exports from the Island in 1851 amounted to $31,341,683. There has been a steady increase every year since; so that one of the leading journals of Havana estimates the exports for 1865 as exceeding $40,000,000. An official synopsis of the receipts of the Treasury for two years exhibits the following results:

Sources.	1856.	1857.	Increase.
Customs	$9,739,524 12	$10,495,858 37	$757,334 25
Taxes	4,022,056 71	5,186,289 72	1,164,233 01
Lottery	1,329,107 37	1,681,410 12	352,302 75
Total	$15,090,688 20	$17,363,558 21	$2,273,870 00

Those most familiar with Cuban affairs are of opinion that the actual receipts were much larger in the years mentioned than they are represented in this table; but would not even these justify the most sanguine predictions of Columbus and others as to the value of Cuba. Do they not

* The principal stores in Havana compare favorably with the similar edifices of the leading cities of Europe. Mr. Dana refers to some he visited as follows:

"Three merchants whom I called upon have palaces for their business. The entrances are wide, the staircases almost as stately as that of Stafford House, the floors of marble, the panels of porcelain tiles, the rails of iron, and the rooms over twenty feet high, with open rafters, the doors and windows colossal, the furniture rich and heavy; and there sits the merchant or banker, in white pantaloons and thin shoes, and loose, white coat and narrow necktie, smoking a succession of cigars, surrounded by tropical luxuries and tropical defences. In the lower story of one of these buildings is an exposition of silks, cotton, and linens, in a room so large that it looked like a part of the great exhibition in Hyde Park."—*Ib.*, p. 44.

show that when the Abbé Raynal prophesied that the Island would one day prove worth a kingdom by itself,* he did not in the least exaggerate its importance.

There are but few of the kingdoms of Europe whose revenue equals that drawn from Cuba. This would be sufficiently evident if we had no other data from which we could deduce conclusions than those relating to the military establishment which Spain has to maintain on the Island. The regular army of Cuba is seldom less than 25,000, but is often more than 30,000. Except a very small portion, this whole number consists of natives of Spain. There is, besides, an organized militia that numbers from 3,500 to 4,000. No troops are better paid than these, for obvious reasons; and even the members of the regular army have, in general to serve only three years. These advantages cause large numbers of Spaniards to emigrate to Cuba to join the army in the hope that in a few brief years they will be able to secure comfortable homes—a hope in which they are seldom disappointed, except it be their own fault. In addition to this land force there are rarely less than thirty Spanish vessels on active service in Cuban waters; these mount about 300 guns, and are manned by about 3,500 men. In view of these figures and facts it is not strange that the government complains that half the revenue of Cuba is absorbed by its military establishment. Large as the acknowledged receipts are, half of them would be insufficient for the support of the army and navy, for one as well as the other of the latter is much more expensive than the official reports pretend, if only on account of the extraordinary inducements held out to the officers to protect against all dangers "*la siempre fiel isla de Cuba.*"

The Spanish Government has an important object in making the exports from Cuba seem much less than they really are. She tells the Cubans that her expense is so enormous in protecting them that she must necessarily lay a tax on everything which ought to yield any revenue, however slight; she tells them at the same time that, as Spaniards, or the descendants of Spaniards, they must naturally wish to trade with Spain as far as possible in preference to all other countries. Inasmuch as both the army and navy is recruited from old Spain, as we have said, this favoritism renders the Government popular rather than otherwise among those whose good-will

* "*Cuba pourra valoir à elle seule un royaume.*"

it most values. But let us see how the principle is carried into practice; one illustration will be sufficient, then *ex uno disce omnes*.

Nothing could be more arbitrary than the Spanish mode of levying taxes in Cuba. It favors Spaniards in every respect; any goods imported from Spain under the national flag, in either Spanish or Cuban vessels, have but a nominal tax levied upon them; the tendency of this is sufficiently obvious; it not only furnishes Spain a good market for her surplus products—a market in which she has to encounter but little competition—it also gives her ships most of the carrying trade of the Island. Thus it is made the interest of the Cubans, whether they are patriotic, or otherwise, to import most of their breadstuffs from Spain. They could import flour and other provisions much cheaper from England or France, not to mention the United States, than from Spain, were it not for the heavy taxes thus imposed on the products and tonnage of other countries. As it is more than two-thirds of their imports for the last five years have been brought under the Spanish flag; previous to that period, since 1829, the proportion averaged five-eighths.

A glance at the manner in which the duties are discriminated will place the facts in a clearer light. Thus, while the Cuban who imports his flour from Spain in a Spanish or Cuban vessel has only to pay $2.50 per barrel, the one who imports it from other countries, though in the same vessel, has to pay $8.50 per barrel; if both the vessel and flour are foreign, then he has to pay $9.50. We need not proceed any further in this direction in order to understand, in connection with the facts already stated, how it is that Spain renders Cuba useful to every class of her citizens, besides drawing from the Island so large a revenue.

If the Cubans would more generally cultivate the soil these restrictions, which have now so important an influence, would not amount to much; for be it remembered that no soil is more fertile than that of Cuba. It is estimated by the best judges that if one-eighth of the available land were cultivated, it would afford abundant support for the whole population. But it seems that, according to the official reports for 1853, not more than one-nineteenth was under cultivation.

Many infer from this that the Cubans are an indolent people; but such is far from being the fact. They do not cultivate wheat or other articles necessary for home con-

sumption, to any considerable extent, simply because they find it more profitable to cultivate sugar, coffee, and tobacco.*

Some of their sugar plantations yield 10,000 boxes of sugar, each box containing 400 lbs.; and at present, there are not fewer than 1,200 of these *ingenios* as the sugar estates are called. The coffee plantations are also numerous and well cultivated. At the beginning of the present century there were but 60 in the whole Island; now there are not fewer than 1,800. The cultivation of tobacco is on a scale almost equally immense, if we take into account the manufacture of cigars for every country of Europe and North America.

These three articles constitute the chief source of their wealth. That no people live better or use more luxuries is sufficiently evident from their imports. The latest official report of imports now within our reach is that of 1849. It shows that during this year the beef and pork imported amounted to nearly $2,000,000; the flour and grain to $4,160,140; other provisions, $1,968,380; linen manufactures, $2,840,980; wines and liquors, $2,732,360. The amount of each of these at the present day is much larger than it was in 1849. It is estimated that the annual consumption of wines, liquors, &c., by the wealthy classes amounts, in round numbers, to 18,000,000 of francs; that the amount of imported butter and cheese consumed amounts to 2,000,000 francs, &c.†

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* "It is certainly true," says Mr. Dana, "that there is such a thing as industry in the tropics. The labor of the tropics goes on. Notwithstanding all we hear and know of the enervating influence of the climate, the white man, if not laborious himself is the cause that labor is in others. With all its social and political discouragements, with the disadvantagements of a duty of about twenty-five per cent. on its sugars laid in the United States, and a duty of full one hundred per cent. on all flour imported from the United States, and after paying heavier taxes than any people on earth pay at this moment, and yielding a revenue which nets, after every deduction and discount, not less than sixteen millions a year—against all these disadvantages this island is still very productive and very rich."—p. 169.

In another part of his book the same traveller remarks:

"That which has been to me, personally, most unexpected, is the industry of the Island. It seems to me that, allowing for the heat of noon and the debilitating effects of the climate, the industry in agriculture and trade is rather striking. The sugar crop is enormous. The annual exportation is about 400,000 tons, or about 2,000,000 boxes, and the amount consumed on the island is very great, not only in coffee and daily cooking, but in the making of preserves and sweetmeats, which are a considerable part of the food of the people. There is also about half a million hogsheads of molasses exported annually. Add to this the coffee, tobacco, and copper, and a general notion may be got *of the industry and productions of the Island.*"—*To Cuba and Back*, p. 263.

† Hist. phys., pol. et naturelle de l'île de Cuba.

If we consider Cuba merely as a place of residence, whether temporary or permanent, we shall find that, altogether independently of its material wealth, it will compare favorably with any other country in the world. Perhaps nowhere else does nature exhibit so large a variety of attractions combined with so little that is noxious. The botanist, the geologist, the natural historian,* and the curious, pleasure-seeking man of the world may go hand-in-hand in Cuba, and with the exception that the wild animals, which are not useful, but otherwise are scarce, all will be equally pleased and interested. There is no traveller who has given his impressions of the Island who does not bear testimony to this fact. Let us turn to any natural feature we may, and we are sure to find ourselves justified in this statement. Nor need we always seek what is useful in order to be thus agreeably affected. Thus, for example, scarcely anything is of less use than the cotton-tree of Cuba; at the same time scarcely any tree is more beautiful. And the more we examine the latter the better we like it—at least the more we are interested with it. If we are at all observant and thoughtful we do not part it without learning a useful lesson; for it teaches us that we ought not to be so selfish as to think that, because a thing is not useful to ourselves, so far as we can see, nature has produced it in vain. No one has described this tree better than the late Rev. Dr. Abiel Abbot, of Massachuseetts:

"As you approach this plantation (La Carolina, in the neighborhood of Matanzas) you discover one of the most beautiful and grand objects that exuberant nature produces in this favored region—a cotton tree. It is not rare; almost every estate reserves one or more of these trees in some favorable situation to gratify the eye; for it answers no other human purpose. It is neither timber nor fuel. The cotton, however, I should not forget, which it yields in a very scanty crop, is sometimes used to stuff a pillow. One on the Santa Anna estate towers a hundred feet towards heaven, sixty-five of which, ascertained by admeasurement, are a smooth cylinder, without a limb or knot; twenty-seven and a half feet in circumference, six feet from the ground; and near the base, where it spreads

* Says M. R. de la Sagra: "Une température élevée, modérée cependant par une évaporation considérable, qui verse dans l'atmosphère un torrent continuel de vapeurs aqueuses, présente les conditions les plus heureuses pour le développement de la végétation, qui, de son côté, contribue à entretenir l'humidité de l'air, base de sa vigoureuse existence. Aussi résulte-t-il que durant toute l'année la verdure couvre les champs et les forêts; mais le commencement de l'été ou de la saison des pluies semble être le moment où la nature tout entière se transforme en fleurs. Une température qui à l'air libre est constamment entre 24 et 40 degrés, une humidité atmosphérique qui n'est pas moindre de 85 degrés de l'hygromètre, et qui fréquemment atteint le maximum, accélèrent l'ascension de la sève et facilitent l'absorption et la développement des plantes d'une manière extraordinaire."—*Histoire physique, politique, et naturelle de l'île de Cuba.*

itself in the direction of its principal roots, like a giant bracing himself against the tempest, the fluted trunk has been measured forty-six feet and a half. Were there nothing to be seen but this noble trunk, with its white, smooth surface, it would excite admiration. But at the height already mentioned it stretches forth its arms of a size, for timber horizontally and symmetrically, and forms a top for width and grandeur worthy of the trunk below. It has been measured and found to cover a diameter of one hundred and sixty feet. This immense tree is a world by itself, and is peopled by its millions. The wild pineapple colonizes its top. Bajuca, or vines, vegetate on its extended limbs and run downwards to the earth, coiling like ropes on the ground, which the thirsty traveller, when water fails him in this land of rare springs, cuts, and the sweet milky juice, proves to him a delightful beverage. These vines, very possibly, answer another purpose of Nature, who regards with tenderness her humblest offspring. The mice and rats, and opossum, who might find it difficult to ascend the plain surface of the trunk, may easily ascend these natural shrouds, and drink out of the cups of the pines, which stretch their leaves to catch and concentrate the rains and dews in those natural reservoirs. I said this tree was peopled by its millions. This is quite within bounds; you may see among its branches the commonwealths of the comajen, or wood-louse. They are not peculiar to this tree. Their large, black cities are attached to the body of some limb, or safely repose in some part of the tree, where they are a Chinese population, innumerable. This insect, about the size of a flea, forms a covered way of a mortar of its own down the trunk to the ground; and as they have different public roads, it is probable that some are for ascending and others for descending, so that the travellers may not incommode each other. This insect is harmless, and their populous nests are carried whole to the poultry yard, where I have seen hundreds, young and old, enjoying the repast with all the glee of turkeys in grasshopper time."—*Letters written in the Interior of Cuba, &c.*, pp. 10–12.

From the same traveller we have a description of another insect which is supposed to be peculiar to Cuba, but which is very different from the inhabitants of the cotton-tree. It is a species of ant called the bibiagua, not more than half the size of our black ant, but from no other living thing does the Cuban planter experience more annoyance or injury. "These little animals, perfectly insignificant, considered individually," says Dr. Abbot, "are powerful and formidable in their congregated or social strength. On the Santa Anna estate I witnessed the attempt to disinter and exterminate a tribe of these enemies. Near the house was planted a hedge of campeachy—it is young and flourishing. One morning Mr. S. discovered signs of a nocturnal incursion. Leaves were dropping across the path, and the busy laborers had stripped the campeachy hedge of every leaf for an extent of ten or twelve feet. The retreating enemies were traced by their path some rods on the surface to their entrance into a covered way. Here commenced the digging, and their passage or arched way was followed to the depth of sometimes two feet, and sometimes one, until it terminated in a

spacious city. This was a collection of cells in which were deposited masses of eggs and astonishing numbers of the common bibiaguas, with a sprinkling of propably queen or mother ants, as we judged them to be from their royal size, with wings an inch and a half long. They were here in no small confusion, as a stout negro had plunged into the very heart of their citadel, and, disregarding their bite, was transferring them, with hand and shovel, to the blazing fire near by, and sometimes kindling husks or quick flames to destroy them in their cells. We should, by stopping here, have but a limited view of this ingenious and populous nation. Its metes and bounds, its geographical limits, it is difficult to ascertain with accuracy, as they are subterranean in their highways, and in a great measure in their dwellings. Several cities and villages have been discovered, and the subterranean passages connecting them in one commonwealth. I should think that from the entrance into the ground to which the marauders of the campeachy were traced, to the last town as yet discovered, may be twenty or thirty rods; and who can tell where we are to ook for their metropolis or frontiers?"*

Although the Cubans are heavily taxed, as we have seen—more heavily than perhaps any other people—yet we cannot agree with those who denounce Spain as an oppressor in the case of Cuba. There is no evidence that she is anything of the kind. She is sometimes compared to England, but the Cubans are very different from the Irish and the Hindoos. The poorer are in no danger of starving for want of the common necessaries of life like the latter. Instead of being the most wretched people on earth, there are none more comfortable than the Cubans—nay, there are none more wealthy; they are much more wealthy, as a people, than the Spaniards at home. Many Cuban planters have more wealth and more princely residences than the cabinet ministers of her Spanish Majesty.

The Cubans in general have intelligence enough to understand this; accordingly they are no revolutionists; they attend to their private business and leave politics to the government. Indeed, they cannot be induced to do otherwise. If they are talked to about self-government, they point to Mexico and other South American states, whose chief business it seems to be to fight among themselves.

* Ibid, pp. 10-12.

When questioned by Americans as to the indifference they evince in regard to politics, they ask in turn how much do we gain morally or politically by exciting ourselves at elections and choosing as representatives men whom we ourselves confess to be ashamed of in a very short time. "Supposing," they say, "we excited ourselves in a similar manner, and, unlike you, were successful in electing reliable men to represent us, is it by any means clear that they would improve our condition? Would they afford us better protection for life and property than we enjoy now? Would they give us richer lands, better crops of sugar, coffee, or tobacco, than we generally realize at present?"

This is undoubtedly the sort of logic used by the more intelligent class of Cubans, although comparatively few in this country will admit it. As already observed, the general impression is, not only that the Cubans are a down-trodden people, but that they regard themselves as such. No opinion, however, could be more erroneous. Nor is it difficult to prove the fact. The Cubans themselves have given us evidence of it in many forms, and in every instance in which their real feelings have been put to the test.

Be it remembered that there is not one of the South American republics which has not offered to aid the Cubans in establishing their independence; but in no instance have the latter accepted their services. They have answered them in substance as follows: "If your condition as citizens of a republic is better than ours as subjects of a monarchy, we congratulate you; but we feel tolerably comfortable, too—in fact, so comfortable that we do not care for any change just now."

This, also, we are aware, may seem incredible; but have the Cubans made us any more satisfactory answer? That a few have does not alter the fact. There never was a people yet but some of them were discontented and anxious for a change. Need we say that disappointment makes many so, even in republics? We need not go to any "down-trodden" country to seek persons who would excite an insurrection and produce a revolution if they could, for no better reason than that their own superior qualifications for important offices have not been appreciated by the existing government. Neither Spaniards nor Cubans are exempt from this weakness. Ocasionally they appear in this country as patriots and lovers of self-government, and tell us, not only that the Cubans are laboring under the most grievous op-

pression, but that they are ready, almost to a man, to strike for freedom; that if there be any exceptions they are to be found only among the pampered minions of the foreign government. These, it will be remembered, were the representations made by Narcisso Lopez. Unhappily many Americans believed him; but what was the result? Two attempts were made to revolutionize the Island; one in May, 1850, and the other in August, 1851; but both utterly failed.

Of the 450 men whom Lopez induced to accompany him from the United States, and who landed on the Island, there was scarcely one who was not either killed in fight or taken prisoner; and even of those captured 50 were shot, and finally Lopez himself was garotted. Not one of the misguided men who suffered in this way could pretend that the Cubans evinced the least sympathy for their "liberators." Even the slaves have little disposition to rebel against the power of Spain, for they know that her laws are always favorable to their emancipation, and afford them protection from cruelty. As for the free negroes of Cuba, the native Spaniards in the Island are scarcely more loyal to Spain, because they understand that they owe their freedom to her. All unprejudiced men who have visited the Island bear testimony to these facts; in short, it must be admitted that whatever faults Spain may have besides—however guilty she may be of having encouraged the slave trade, even after she had pledged herself to suppress it as far as it was in her power to do so—she, of all the slave-holding nations, has been most humane in her treatment of the slaves.*

Nor can a different report be given of the Cuban slaveholders in general without doing them injustice. In addressing the home government, from time to time, on the subject of slavery, the municipality of Havana has often made suggestions and observations which would have done no discredit to those who have distinguished themselves most as abolitionists. So early as 1811, when it was deemed almost a crime in this country to advocate the abolition of the "peculiar institution," Cuban slaveholders did not shrink from giving expression to such sentiments. Humboldt was so well pleased with one of their addresses that he gave a

* Dans aucune partie du monde où règne l'esclavage, les affranchissemens ne sont aussi fréquens que dans l'île de Cuba. La législation espagnole, loin de les empêcher ou de les rendre onéreux, comme font les législations angloises et françoises, favorisent la liberté.—*Essai politique sur l'île de Cuba.* Par M. Humboldt. Vol. i, p. 146.

long extract from it. The following passage from the same will show that he was right:

"In all that relates to changes to be introduced into the condition of the servile class our fears are *less excited as to the diminution of agricultural wealth* than for the safety of the whites, so easily compromised by imprudent measures. Those who elsewhere accuse the Municipality and Consulado of an obstinate resistance forget that from the year 1799 these same authorities have in vain proposed that the state of the blacks in the Island should be taken into consideration. Still more: we are far from adopting maxims which the nations of Europe *that pride themselves most in their civilization* have regarded as irrefragable; for instance, that without slaves there can be no colonies. We declare, on the contrary, that without slaves, and even without blacks, colonies can exist; and that all the difference would be in the amount of profit, in the more or less rapid increase of produce. 'But if such be our firm persuasion, we ought also to remind your Majesty that a social organization into which slavery has been once introduced as a constituent, *cannot be changed with inconsiderate precipitation.* We are far from denying that it was an evil contrary to moral principles to drag slaves from one continent to another; that it was an error in politics not to listen to the complaints which Oband, the Governor of Hispaniola, made against the introduction of so many slaves among a small number of freemen; but, since these evils and these abuses are already inveterate, we ought to avoid rendering our situation and that of our slaves worse by the employment of violent measures. That which we ask, Sire, is conformable to the wish expressed by one of the most ardent protectors of the rights of humanity, by the most decided enemy of slavery; we wish, with him, that *civil laws should deliver us at once from the abuses and the dangers.*"—Vol. i., p. 329-331.

Nor is a different spirit evinced at the present day; the same leniency is still manifested towards the blacks, and it is producing its fruits so rapidly that if slavery could be said to have redeeming features anywhere, or if slaves could be said to have any justice done them, Cuba could be pointed to as the place affording the best illustration of the fact. None more readily admit this than Americans, except such as have a leaning towards slavery themselves, and are therefore uuwilling to make invidious comparisons. Mr. Dana has no scruple of this kind, and he gives his testimony as follows:

"The laws also directly favor emancipation. Every slave has a right to go to a magistrate and have himself valued, and on paying the valuation to receive his free papers. The valuation is made by three assessors of whom the master nominates one and the magistrate the other two. The slave is not obliged to pay the entire valuation at once; but may pay it by instalments of not less than fifty dollars each. These payments are not made as mere advances of money on the security of the master's receipt, but are part purchases. Each payment makes the slave an owner of such a portion of himself, *pro parte indivisâ*, or, as the common law would say, in tenancy-in-common, with his master. If the valuation be one thousand dollars and he pays one hundred dollars, he is owned one-tenth by himself and nine-tenths by his master".—*Ib.*, p. 246.

Another charge urged against Spain by those who are anxious to "liberate" Cuba is that she allows too much power to the Catholic Church, and that in turn the priests make the people submissive by fostering superstition and bigotry, inculcating hatred of Protestantism and Protestant government, &c. For certain reasons nothing is more readily believed among us than this; two-thirds of our people say it must be so; Spain is the country of the Inquisition, and how could she be otherwise than intolerant and bigoted, as well as tyrannical? But it is not necessary to adduce the testimony of any Catholic in order to show that the church has not too much power in Cuba; that, in fact, it has no power at all, and that the Catholic priests of Cuba interfere far less in politics than the Protestant priests of the United States. Enlightened Protestants from all parts of Europe and America who have visited the Island, not to please any political faction or fanatical sect, but to ascertain and proclaim the truth, have called particular attention to the fact that far from being a pampered hierarchy who try to keep the people in ignorance, the Cuban priests are in general poorer than those of any other country, and that if they keep the people in ignorance it is by performing the duties of instructors in every grade of teaching, from that of the most learned university professor down to that of the parochial schoolmaster who teaches the children of the poorer class the rudiments of education. Preferring to adduce American testimony, especially on this subject, we quote again from Mr. Dana:

"But the property of the Church has been sequestrated and confiscated, and the Government now owns all the property once ecclesiastical, including the church edifices, and appoints all the clergy, from the bishop to the humblest country curate. All are salaried officers. And so powerless is the Church that however scandalous may be the life of a parish priest, the bishop cannot remove him. He can only institute proceedings against him before a tribunal over which the Government has large control, with a certainty of long delays and entire uncertainty as to the result. The bishopric of Havana was formerly one of the wealthiest sees in Christendom. Now the salary is hardly sufficient to meet the demands which custom makes in respect of charity, hospitality, and style of living. It may be said, I think with truth, that the Roman Catholic Church has now neither civil nor political power in Cuba."—pp. 237, 238.

We need hardly observe that their influence is not the worse for this, but the better. It is generally admitted by all but bigots that no people are less vicious than the Cubans; they are certainly as little prone to vice as most of our Protestant Anglo-Saxon communities. Mr. Dana is rather cautious in speaking on this subject; he seems as if a little afraid.

of displeasing a certain class of his New England readers. Still his report is in favor of the priests, although in this instance he rather makes an admission than a fearless statement. "Of the moral habits of the clergy," he says, "as well as of the people, at the present time, I am unable to judge. I saw *very little that indicated the existence of any vices whatever among the people. Five minutes* of a street view of London by night, *exhibits more vice*, to the casual observer, *than all Havana for a year.*"* When the people of any country exhibit no vices it is but fair to infer that their clergy have done their duty; at least we are bound to infer that the clergy are not vicious. But as the subject is an important one, and nothing is more unworthy than to malign a class of inoffensive men who do the best they can, we will extract one passage more. This will show that if the Cubans were vicious the priests would have a right to claim that some allowance should be made for the anomalous position in which they are placed, at least in some instances, by the laws:

"Another of the difficulties the Church has to contend with arises out of negro slavery. The Church recognizes the unity of all races, and allows marriage between them. The civil law of Cuba, under the interpretations in force here, prohibits marriage between whites and persons who have any tinge of the black blood. In consequence of this rule, concubinage prevails, to a great extent, between whites and mulattoes or quadroons, often with recognition of the children. If either party to this arrangement comes under the influence of the Church's discipline, the relation must terminate. The Church would allow and advise marriage, but the law prohibits it; and if there should be a separation, there may be no provision for the children. This state of things creates no small obstacle to the influence of the Church over the domestic relations."—p. 242.

It will be seen from our remarks and the testimony we adduce in support of them that we do not speak of the destiny of Cuba on the ground that Spain has no right to the Island; that she is oppressive, or effete, as a power. We repeat that we recognize her right as long as she can maintain it, or as long as the Cubans are willing to submit to her rule. As to her being oppressive her own subjects are the best judges in that respect; and as long as they make no very serious complaint we are bound to believe that they do not suffer very much. But the worst of all would be to speculate on wresting her colony from Spain because she is effete, or may become so in a short time; this would be nothing better than to speculate on plundering an individual man as soon as he becomes so old and infirm as to be

* Ibid, pp. 240, 241.

unable to protect himself any longer. If Spain be effete now, or may become so soon, she was once vigorous, powerful, and great, surpassing in those qualities all other nations of her time.

We speak, then, of her losing Cuba only as one of those possible or probable events which are legitimate subjects of discussion. While it would not be right to deprive Spain of her colony because she is weak, it would be equally wrong to allow that colony to pass into other hands because Spain was once great and illustrious. We do not know how soon that contingency may occur. England and France are equally anxious to secure Cuba at any cost as soon as they have any decent pretext for doing so; and it would be ten times more valuable to us, for certain reasons which we need not now mention, than it would be to either; in short, it would be worth more to us than Mexico and Canada put together, although to many of our readers this will seem a great exaggeration.

But if Spain got her choice to-morrow which would she prefer? Nay, which would England prefer? Does any one believe that if the latter possessed Cuba she would say to the people, as she has said to the Canadians, "If you prefer self-government to my rule and protection, have it by all means; know that I lose more by you than I gain." It would be entirely different in the case of Cuba. England knows from experience how much safer and better is a fertile island than a large continental territory; she perfectly understands that she owes her own greatness more to her insular situation than to any other cause; she knows that it was only this position which saved her from the legions of Napoleon, while his victorious troops occupied almost every capital in Europe.

Now, let us remember that Cuba was not one-tenth as wealthy, nor was it supposed it was one-tenth as productive, when England seized upon it without the least pretext but her cupidity, as it is now. Under all these circumstances it is but right that we should be familiar with the true character and resources of the island; a generation, perhaps two or more, may yet elapse before it passes out of the hands of Spain, but the change may occur in half a generation, or in one decade. We need make no effort to hasten the crisis, but certain it is that we ought to be prepared for it.

ART.—III. *The Works of the Honorable Robert Boyle.* In six vols. 4to. To which is prefixed The Life of the Author. New Edition. Gordon.

2. *History of the Royal Society.* By THOMAS BIRCH, M. A., F. R. S

3. *Funeral Sermon on the Death of Honorable Robert Boyle.* By GILLERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury.

4. *Histoire de la Chimie.* Par M. FRED. HOEFER. Paris.

THOSE who have described Fame as most capricious have not exaggerated the short-sightedness and ingratitude of man in that respect. It seldom happens that those who do the most good get most credit for it, either from their contemporaries or from posterity. This is particularly true of those whose claims to distinction rest more on what they have discovered, or taught others to discover, than on their writings or other productions. The author of a great poem, system of philosophy, or work of art, need not doubt but justice will be done him sooner or later. Thus it is that no caprice or jealousy could exclude Homer, Aristotle, and Phidias from the highest rank in their respective spheres. But it would have been otherwise had they belonged to that class of thinkers who furnish ideas to others which they have not time to develop themselves, or for the appreciation of which the world is not yet prepared. When their suggestions have been acted upon—when the stately structures which they have planned, or whose foundations they have laid, have been built—they are too apt to be forgotten themselves. Nor can it be expected that the architects who have carried out their plans will take pains to remind us that they are indebted to others for their most important ideas, especially if they make improvements in certain details, and correct certain errors from which the most accurate theories are not exempt. If we wish to turn our attention to any science or system of philosophy we naturally select those works on the subject which embrace the largest number of facts and the largest amount of information. And in proportion as we pursue this course we lose sight of the original discoverers and founders. There are many of the latter character, and one of the most illustrious is Robert Boyle, whose philosophical researches, discoveries, and life will form the subject of the present paper.

The history of the Boyle family affords one of the many proofs which may be adduced to show that instead of the English race degenerating by transplantation into Ireland it

is most frequently improved, both mentally and physically. Not one of the old Boyles of England had ever distinguished himself until Richard went to Ireland towards the close of the sixteenth century (1588). He was the first to bring the name into notice; but the distinction which he attained, though honorable enough for the time and circumstances, was very different from that of several members of his posterity who were natives of Ireland and spent most of their lives in that country. The most illustrious of all was Robert, his youngest son, the subject of the present article, who was born at Lismore, in the county of Cork, January 25, 1626, and who, as a philosopher, has been ranked by all competent judges, at home and abroad, with Bacon and Newton. For the reasons already mentioned there are but few who are aware of what Robert Boyle has done for the advancement of science. Chemistry, especially, is largely indebted to him, and the indebtedness is acknowledged with gratitude and admiration by those who have most honorably distinguished themselves in that field since his time. Nor can any intelligent lover of science reflect at the present day on the suggestions which he gave, and the predictions which he made when chemistry, as known to the moderns, was in its infancy, without being actuated by similar sentiments in regard to him. This we shall see as we proceed.

But let us first understand how the family was introduced into Ireland, what has been its leading object, what has it done for the country, and how much has it changed in its sentiments and feelings. Without any disposition to revive prejudices, either religious or ethnological, it is incumbent on us to say that, like most Englishmen of his time, Richard Boyle came into Ireland not to do the Irish any good; but to give all the aid in his power to oppress and persecute them. Nor had he any romantic views in doing so; he admits himself that his sole object was to make his fortune. He did his work well; his treatment of the Irish was such as to satisfy even Elizabeth; and he was rewarded accordingly with riches, titles, and honors. He occupies a prominent niche in British biography as "the great Earl of Cork;" although in the great cyclopædias and biographical works of continental Europe his name is not mentioned except as the father or grandfather of the Boyles born in that country whose people it was his boast to have done so much to crush.* It seems that when

* Even in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*—the most complete work of the kind yet attempted—there is no biography of Richard; although sketches are given of Roger (Earl of Orrery), John, and Charles, as well as of Robert, the philosopher.

Richard went to Ireland his whole wealth amounted to £27 3s.; this is his own account;* but those who knew his circumstances deny that he crossed the Channel with as much as £10.

This, however, would have been no discredit to him, but the contrary, had he acquired his subsequent wealth by fair means. It is not very clear what his occupation was when he first got employment from the government in Ireland; his biographers prefer to speak of this in general terms, as follows: "The business in which he was engaged afforded opportunities of acquiring a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the kingdom and of the state of public affairs, which he did not neglect duly to improve."† Some have alleged that the "business" thus alluded to was not very honorable; but that it was highly profitable we have sufficient evidence. We are told by his admirers that soon after, "by several advantageous purchases at a time when land was *of precarious tenure* and *consequently cheap*, he laid the foundation of his future ample estate." In addition to the lands thus acquired, Mr. Boyle purchased for a nominal price the whole Irish estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, consisting of not less than 12,000 acres, in the counties of Cork and Waterford. To Boyle this by itself was a source of wealth even then, whereas Raleigh was too generous to avail himself of profits obtained under such circumstances. In a short time after his new purchase Mr. Boyle is knighted by his patron, G. Carew, the Lord Deputy of Ireland; the next honor he receives is the office of Privy Counsellor for the province of Munster. He was not slow in proving himself worthy of these honors; but how did he do so? It seems that in all cases he first studied his own interest, and next that of England.

"With a view to both these objects," says his biographer, "he took care to let his estates to *English Protestants only*, and to erect several towns and boroughs as well as some castles for their security." Thus, he would not allow the Irish the privilege of purchasing their own lands, even though they were Protestants. He brought over from England, Scotland, and Wales, persons whose chief recommendations were that they hated the Irish very much and the religion of their own ancestors still more. He is liberally rewarded accordingly; for we are told that "his conduct was so much

* Works of Robert Boyle, vol. i, p. vii.
† Ree's Cyclop., vol. v, art. Richard Boyle.

approved that in 1612 he was promoted to the dignity of Privy Counsellor for the Kingdom of Ireland, and in 1616 to the rank of peerage by the title of Baron of Youghall, and in 1620 to that of Viscount Dungarvan and Earl of Cork."* But it was not alone by fostering the enemies of Ireland on her own soil, with her own money and resources, that Mr. Boyle, of Herfordshire, thus became the Great Earl of Cork. One of his warmest admirers tells us that "in the exercise of the powers with which he was invested he assiduously executed the rigorous laws of Queen Elizabeth *against the Papists; and for the more effectual suppression of the popish religion and worship he shut up several mass-houses both in Dublin and in the country.*"* This, of course, was highly meritorious; but let us hear his biographer a little farther. "He was also active," we are admiringly informed, "in providing a regular and competent subsistence for the army, and in *transplanting a multitude of barbarous Irish "septs," or clans, out of the fertile and well cultivated province of Leinster into the wilds and deserts of the county of Kerry.*"†

We need not give any more particulars to show how Richard Boyle earned the distinction of "the Great Earl of Cork" except to remark that the towns which he was instrumental in building "for the benefit of the English interest and the Protestant religion" were Lismore, Iniskeen, Castletown, Cloghnakilty, and Bandon, each of which bears unmistakable traces to the present day of the anti-Irish and intolerant spirit which actuated their founder. Even Sir Richard Cox, who has written a History of Ireland for the express purpose of showing how admirably that country has been governed by England, does not pretend to make Richard Boyle great on any other ground than that of his efficiency as a British instrument in the subjection of "the sister Island." "The noble Earl of Cork, lord high treasurer," says that astute historian, "was one of the most extraordinary persons either that or any other age hath produced with respect to the great and *just* acquisitions of estate that he made, and the public works that he began and finished *for the advancement of the English interest and the Protestant religion in Ireland*," &c.‡ Thus, he was a great man because he took all he could from the Irish and gave them as little as he could, so that when Cromwell saw what he had done he declared, in a paroxysm of enthusiastic admiration, that "if there

* Ib., p. 9. † Loc. cit.
‡ Introduction to the second volume of Cox's History of Ireland.

had been an Earl of Cork in every province it would have been impossible for the Irish to have raised a rebellion." The Earl himself has left the world his biography, a very curious, verbose, vainglorious document, which has been saved from oblivion only by the just fame of the philosopher in whose life it has been embodied. Some idea may be formed of its character by the first paragraph, which is as follows:

"Sir Richard Boyle, knighted Earl of Corke, his true remembrances: I, Sir Richard Boyle, knighted Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghall, Viscount Dungarvan, Earl of Corke, Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, one of his Majesty's honorable Privy Council, and one of the two Lords Justices for this government of this kingdom, do commend these true remembrances to posterity this 23d day of June, *anno Domini* 1663, having lived in the kingdom of Ireland full forty-four years, and so long after as it shall please Almighty God."—*Works* of Robert Boyle, vol. i., p. vii.

The "true remembrances" are set forth in due course. The editor of Boyle's works makes some comments at the conclusion of the autobiography, commencing thus: "This noble earl continued in great prosperity till the breaking out of the rebellion in Ireland in 1641; and the county of Corke was the last that suffered under the violence of the Papists, being the best inhabited with English of any part of that kingdom by the plantations made by his lordship, and was in a great measure preserved by his generosity and diligence."* Much pains as he had taken it would seem that he had not entirely succeeded in crushing the "Papists," or weakening them so much that they could manifest no resentment. This, however, is all we care to say about him; and our motive in stating the above facts is simply to vindicate the truth of history; because it is said of Robert Boyle, as of Swift, Sterne, Berkeley, Wellington, and others, that he was, indeed, born in Ireland, but of English parentage, the obvious meaning of the phrase being that his native country has no claim upon him, as it was only by accident she produced him—an argument which would apply with equal force to Washington, who, had he not been a rebel, would have been claimed in a similar manner as soon as he had rendered himself illustrious, and attained so high a rank among the benefactors of mankind.

Our object is not to depreciate the character of "the great Earl of Cork," or to represent him in an odious light; we merely want to show that, far from degenerating, the princi-

* Ibid, p. xi.

pal members of his Irish posterity have proved much better men, in every respect, than he. Without mentioning the philosopher at all, the earl's son, Roger, Earl of Orrery, was a much greater man than his father, although he was so much Irish—having been more at Lismore—that he refused to leave the country to finish his education in England, and was accordingly educated in Dublin. He is therefore spoken of by the French historians, not as an Englishman, but as "un guerrier irlandais, frère de Robert Boyle;"* not as the son of the great Earl of Cork, but as the brother of one who was no earl. Roger faithfully served Charles I. to the last; and when it failed him to save his life he lost no time in attempting to secure the throne for Charles II. in opposition to the Parliament. Even Cromwell respected him for his fidelity as much as he esteemed him for his military talents. He knew how valuable an adherent such a man would prove if he could only persuade him to espouse his cause. Accordingly, when it was found that he was preparing to leave the country, ostensibly to visit the Spaw for the good of his health, but really to apply to Charles II. for a commission to raise forces in Ireland for his restoration, the Protector invited him to an interview, assuring him that he would incur no risk by meeting him.

During this interview he was informed that the Committee of State was quite aware of the object of his leaving the kingdom, and that they had determined to make an example of him had not Cromwell interposed to save him. To convince him of this the latter put some of his own letters into his hands. This impressed him so strongly in favor of Cromwell that he agreed at once to serve him faithfully. He was told that no oaths nor engagements would be imposed upon him, but that he would get the command of a general officer. He received the commission and proved as brave as he was faithful. Cromwell liked him so well for the important services he had rendered his cause that as soon as he assumed the protectorate he made him his chief confidential counsellor. Even now he did not forget the exiled king, but tried to unite the two families by a marriage between Charles and Cromwell's daughter, Frances, and only failed because the lady was unwilling. The Irish rebels had no mercy to expect from him; he was their uncompromising enemy as well as his father; but he fought

* Vide Nouvelle Biog. Gén., tome vii, p. 193.

them fairly, like a soldier; did not plunder and persecute them for their religion, like the "Great Earl." He did so well in Ireland that he was offered a commission to govern Scotland for one year; this he agreed to accept on condition that he could carry on the government as he thought proper himself; and the result was that both the Scotch and Cromwell were satisfied with his administration.

And how different was his conduct in all this from that of his father, "the Great Earl!" But he is still more honorably distinguished from the latter. Richard Boyle of Herfordshire was always ready to put powerful rebels out of the way in any way he could; but Roger Boyle of Lismore, county of Cork, preferred to give all a fair chance of vindicating themselves. A noble illustration of this is to be found in his successful opposition to the odious measure introduced by the Puritans to decimate the royal party by cutting off the head of every tenth man. Not only did he serve Cromwell faithfully until his death; he also adhered with equal fidelity to his son, Richard, until the latter dissolved Parliament, and thereby virtually surrendered the government. As the Cromwell family had no longer any claim upon him, he now exercised his influence in favor of Charles II.; and his Majesty was so much pleased with his general character, as well as his talents, that one of his first acts on ascending the throne was to advance him from the dignity of Lord Broghill to that of Earl of Orrery, at the same time appointing him one of the lords justices for Ireland.

Another important feature in his character in which he differed from his father and all his ancestors was his taste for the cultivation of literature. He published many works in prose and verse, including tragedy, comedy, and romance;* if these are no longer read and but seldom alluded to, how many others who were popular authors in their time whose productions have fallen into oblivion in a similar manner?

We will allude to one other member of the Boyle family before we turn our exclusive attention to our chief subject, the philosopher; our object being to show that if the character of Roger exhibits an improvement on that of his father, the former was in turn excelled, both intellectually and physically, by members of the family who were still more Irish than he. This is true, for example, of John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, only son of the fourth Earl of Orrery, whom

* His dramatic works were published in 1742, in two octavo volumes, by his grandson, John, Earl of Cork and Orrery.

his English friends used to call "Irish Jack" in his youth. He was one of the intimate friends of Swift, who esteemed him highly, and whose life he subsequently wrote under the title of "Remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Swift," a work which is still read for its numerous popular anecdotes, as well as for the intimate knowledge of its great subject which it displays. Another work of his which is still read is his "Translation of the Letters of Pliny the Younger, with Observations on each letter and an Essay on Pliny's Life, in two quarto volumes." In addition to these, his "Discourse on the Theatre of the Greeks," "The Parallel of the Theatres," and "The Original of Tragedy," are agreeably remembered by scholars. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a History of Tuscany, in the form of a series of letters, having spent more than two years at Florence collecting materials. He had only twelve letters written when he died; these were published after his death, in 1744; and they are worthy the attention of every student of Tuscan civilization.

The "Great Earl" could have done none of these things; but John excelled that personage in perhaps still more important affairs; while he was at least as good a Christian, he was far more tolerant of the Christianity of others; at least he did not boast of "shutting up mass-houses;" nor of "transplanting a multitude of barbarous Irish septs or clans." Barbarous as the Irish were he learned amongst them that one may be a good Protestant and yet have no hatred to the Pope or his followers; he learned also that one may be sufficiently loyal to his King without oppressing his poor fellow countrymen. These sentiments he has forcibly expressed himself in some verses annexed to his "Translation of Pliny":

> "With native freedom as with courage blest,
> Chains and each mark of thraldom we detest.
> 'Tis Heaven's great gift, 'tis nature's great decree,
> *That none be slaves whom God himself made free.*
> Revere we ought those powers which we entrust,
> *But to ourselves be resolutely just.*"

Thus it is that the English degenerate by transplantation into Ireland. Of course the earl who could give expression to sentiments like these, and at the same time suffer the priest and the mass-house to exist without hanging the one or demolishing the other, could not be regarded in those good old times as having any pretentions to greatness; and accordingly John Boyle, Earl of Cork, is scarcely mentioned

in British biography except as a very vulgar personage, while Richard Earl of Cork is held up even at the present day as a model of all that is great and commendable in an Irish landlord.

But still more "degenerate," is Robert Boyle; if not he is spoken of, not as having anything to do with Ireland, but as an English philosopher. No man could be more unlike another in his sentiments and feelings than this seventh son of Richard was unlike his father; and in nothing did he differ from him more than in the liberality of his views, especially in regard to those who differed with him in religion. We shall presently see that a more pious Christian has seldom, if ever, existed. He was a sincere and conscientious Protestant, but, far from hating the Catholics on this account, he was always in favor of allowing them full liberty. In speaking of his opposition to all severities and persecution on account of religious belief, Bishop Burnet says: "I have seldom observed him to speak with more *heat and indignation* than when that came in his way." Had it been otherwise, indeed he would have had but little claim to the title of a philosopher. But this is not the only sense in which Robert Boyle was liberal and cosmopolitan; he was as free from arrogance and aristocratic pride as he was from religious bigotry and intolerance. If he set any value on the rank and titles of his family, it was as a means of acquiring knowledge and advancing science; but even when considering them in this point of view he took care not to excite prejudice against the humble and ignorant. "A man of mean extraction," he says, "is seldom admitted to the privacy and secrets of great ones promiscuously, and scarce dares pretend to it, for fear of being censured saucy or an intruder; and titular greatness is ever an impediment to the knowledge of many retired truths that *cannot be obtained without familiarity with meaner persons and such other condescensions as fond opinion* in great men disapproves and makes disgraceful." *

This he wrote in his youth, but it is characterized with the wisdom of mature age. Robert Boyle was born the same year that Bacon died. This coincidence has often been referred to as remarkable from the fact that the most ardent desire of Boyle through life was to popularize the experimental philosophy "by which alone," he was wont to say, "we can make the greatest progress in useful knowledge."

* Works, p. xiii.

There is but little in his early life that claims particular attention in an article whose extent is necessarily limited. It is sufficient to remark in general terms that his constitution when a boy became very feeble, and continued so to the end of his life. It was not so much so, however, as to prevent him from acquiring a large store of knowledge. There were few, if any, of his time more learned. In addition to his extensive scientific acquisitions he was acquainted with several languages, ancient and modern, Oriental as well as European. From his childhood he had a veneration for learned men, and his purse was always open to those who needed his assistance. He loved learning for the power which it gave him over the secrets of nature; at the same time no one took more pains to diffuse its benefits. Not only did he contribute largely to the establishing of several libraries, but wherever he stayed he made it a point to bring as many learned men together as possible, so that by their united efforts they might make some addition, however slight, to the general stock of knowledge. Thus it was that he was instrumental in establishing the learned association which has since become so justly celebrated under the title of the Royal Society. Indeed the amount of service which he has done science altogether independently of his own writings would seem incredible were it not attested in a hundred forms; for no one cared less for fame, or was more unwilling to give himself any prominence. All who had any intercourse with him bear testimony to his modesty; the most impartial of his many biographers tell us that in proportion as he became celebrated throughout Europe he became more and more modest.* He not only declined the honors of the peerage; he also declined the office of President of the Royal Society, which he was instrumental in establishing, whereas his great cotemporary and correspondent, Sir Isaac Newton, was glad enough to accept the honor of knighthood and also the presidency of the Royal Society.† So much averse was Boyle to attracting any attention to his own efforts that when his friend Dr. Wallis prepared for publication an account of the principal members of the society, first known as the Invisible College, he caused him to alter it so that he might occupy a

* Le nom de Boyle devint bientôt célèbre dans toute l'Europe, et sa modestie s'accroissait avec sa célébrité. Il refusa les honneurs de la pairie; il refusa même le poste de président de la Société Royale, que personne n'était plus digne que lui d'occuper.—*Nouv. Biog. Gén.*, Tome vii, p. 191.

† See Sprat's History of the Royal Society.

more modest position in it. In its altered state the account stands as follows:

"About the year 1645, while I lived in London, I had the opportunity to be acquainted with divers worthy persons, inquisitive into natural philosophy and other parts of human learning, and particularly of what hath been called the new or experimental philosophy. We did by agreement, divers of us, meet weekly on a certain day, to treat and discourse of such affairs. Of which number were Dr. John Wilkins, afterwards bishop of Chester, Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Dr. George Ent, Dr. Glisson, Dr. Merrit, doctors in physic; Mr. Samuel Foster, then professor of astronomy at Gresham college, Mr. Theodore Haak, a German of the Palatinate, and then resident in London, who, I think, gave the first occasion, and first suggested those meetings, and many others. These meetings were held sometimes at Dr. Goddard's lodging in Wood street (or some convenient place near), on occasion of his keeping an operator in his house, for grinding glasses for telescopes and microscopes; and sometimes at a convenient place in Cheapside; sometimes at Gresham college, or some place near adjoining. Our business was (precluding matters of theology and state-affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical inquiries, and such as related thereunto, as physic, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, statics, magnetics, chemics, mechanics, and natural experiments, with the state of these studies, as then cultivated at home and abroad. About the year 1648, 1649, some of us being removed to Oxford, first Dr. Wilkins, then I, and soon after Dr. Goddard, our company divided. Those in London continued to meet there, as before, and we with them, when we had occasion to be there. And those of us at Oxford, with Dr. Ward, since bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Ralph Bathurst, now president of Trinity college in Oxford, Dr. Petty, since Sir William Petty, Dr. Willis, then an eminent physician in Oxford, and divers others, continued such meetings in Oxford, and brought those studies into fashion there, meeting first at Dr. Petty's lodgings in an apothecary's house, because of the convenience of inspecting drugs, and the like, as there was occasion; and after this remove to Ireland (though not so constantly) at the lodging of Dr. Wilkins, then warden of Wadham college; and after this removal to Trinity college in Cambridge, at the lodgings of the honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, then resident for divers years in Oxford. These meetings in London continued, and after the king's return, in 1660, were increased with the accession of divers worthy and honourable persons, and were afterwards incorporated by the name of the Royal Society, and to continue to this day."—*Boyle's Works*, vol. i., p. 42.

But let us see what was the scientific standing of Robert Boyle, or what has he done for science, for very little is remembered at the present day on the subject. The truth is he has done so much that very few will be willing to believe the facts except those who have already more or less acquaintance with the subject. In order to justify this assertion we must remind the reader that he was the first among the moderns to deny the elementary character of earth, air, water, and fire; the first to deny that there are but four elementary bodies; the first to show the difference between a chemical combination and a mixture of different substances; and the first to prove the elasticity of the air.

None but those who know what wonderful discoveries have been made in chemistry since his time can appreciate this. They must at least be aware that whereas four elements were the most recognized in his time there are now upwards of sixty. There were two leading theories on the subject; one was that of the Peripatetics and their disciples, that there are but four; the other that of the Alchemists who would accept only three, namely, mercury, sulphur, and salt. Those who did not accept one or the other of these were regarded as infidels, at least as persons who had no intelligence. Accordingly Boyle had to write like one who had strong prejudices to contend against; he was anxious to remove error and make it give way to truth; at the same time he wished to avoid giving offence, or putting himself forward as an innovator, although he advocated no important view in any form until he had first subjected it to a series of careful experiments. There is a remarkable similarity between the style and mode of argument of his "Sceptical Chymist" and the principal work of Galileo;* there is, however, this important difference—that Boyle indulges in no sneers at any system of religion or its dignitaries. In a former article we have shown the spirit in which the great Florentine wrote;† we will now glance at that in which Boyle wrote. One as well as the other puts his arguments in the form of a dialogue between two imaginary persons. "Give me leave to add on this occasion," says Eleutherus, "to what we now observed, that as confidently as some chemists and other modern innovators in philosophy are wont to object against the Peripatetics that from the mixture of these four elements there could arise but *an inconsiderable variety of compound bodies*, yet if the Aristotelians were *but half as well versed in the works of nature* as they are in the writings of their master, the proposed objection would not so calmly triumph."‡ A page or two further on Coneades replies at length, adducing strong arguments against the old system, but without openly avowing his want of faith.

"But before I enter any further into this disquisition, I cannot but here take notice that it were to be wished our chemists had clearly informed us what kind of division of bodies by fire must determine the number of the elements; for it is nothing near so easy as many seem to

* Quatuor Dialogi de duobus maximis Mundi Systematibus.
† National Quarterly Review, vol. vi, No. xxiv., art. Galileo.
‡ *Works*, vol. i, p. 467.

think to determine distinctly *the effects of heat*, as I could easily manifest if I had leisure to show them *how much the operations of fire may be diversified by circumstances*. But not wholly to pass by a matter of this importance, I will first take notice to you, that guaiacum, for instance, burnt with an open fire in a chimney, is sequestered into ashes and soot, whereas the same wood distilled in a retort does yield far other heterogeneities (to use the Helmontian expression), and *is resolved into oil, spirit, vinegar, water, and charcoal;* the last of which, to be reduced into ashes, requires, the being *farther calcined than it can be in a close vessel.* Besides, having kindled amber and held a clean silver spoon or some other concave and smooth vessel over the smoke of its flame, I observed the soot into which that fume condensed to be very different from anything that I had observed to proceed from the steam of amber purposely (for that is not usual) distilled *per se* in close vessels. Thus having, for trial's sake, kindled camphire, and catched the smoke that copiously ascended out of the flame, it condensed into a black and unctuous soot, which would not have been guessed by the smell or other properties to have proceeded from camphor: whereas having (as I shall otherwhere more fully declare) exposed a quantity of that fugitive concrete to a gentle heat in a close glass vessel, it sublimed up without seeming to have lost anything of its whiteness, or its nature; both which I retained, though afterwards I so increased the fire as to bring it to fusion. And, besides camphire, there are divers other bodies that I elsewhere name, in which the heat in close vessels is not wont to make any separation of heterogeneities, but only a communication of parts, those that rise first being homogeneal with the others, though subdivided into smaller particles; whence sublimations have been styled, *the Pestles of the Chymists.* But not here to mention what I elsewhere take notice of concerning common brimstone once or twice sublimed, that exposed to a moderate fire in subliming-pots, it rises all into dry and almost tasteless flowers; whereas, being exposed to a naked fire *it affords store of a saline and fretting* liquor; not to mention this, I say I will further observe to you that as it is considerable in the analysis of mixed bodies whether the fire act on them when they are exposed to the open air or shut up in close vessels, *so is the degree of fire by which the analysis is attempted of no small moment.* For a mild balneum will sever unfermented blood, for instance, but into phlegm and *caput mortuum*, the latter whereof (which I have sometimes had), hard, brittle, and of divers colors, transparent almost like tortoise-shell, pressed by a good fire in a retort, yields a spirit, an oil or two, and a volatile salt, besides another *caput mortuum.* It may be also pertinent to our present design to take notice of what happens in the making and distilling of soap; for *by one degree of fire the salt, the water, and the oil or grease whereof that factitious concrete is made up*, being boiled up together, are easily brought to mingle and incorporate into one mass; but by another and further degree of heat *the same mass may be again divided into an oleaginous and aqueous, a saline and an earthy part.* And so we may observe that impure silver and lead being exposed together to a moderate fire will thereby be colliquated into one mass and mingle *per minima*, as they speak; whereas a much vehementer fire will drive or carry off the baser metals (I mean the lead and the copper or other alloy) from the silver, though not, for aught appears, separate them from one another. Besides, when a vegetable abounding in fixed salt is analyzed by a naked fire, as one degree of heat will reduce it into ashes (as the chemists themselves teach us), so by only a further degree of fire those ashes may be vitrified and turned into glass. I will not stay to examine how far a mere chemist might on this occasion demand, if it be

lawful for an Aristotelian to make ashes (which he mistakes for mere earth) *pass for an element*, because by one degree of fire it may be produced, why a chemist may not upon the like principle argue that glass is one of the elements of many bodies, because that also may be obtained from them barely by fire. I will not, I say, lose time to examine this, but observe that by a method of applying the fire such familiar bodies may be obtained from a concrete as *chemists have not been able to separate* either by barely burning it in an open fire or by barely distilling it in close vessels. For to me it seems very considerable, and I wonder that men have taken so little notice of it, that I have not by any of the common ways of distillation in close vessels seen any separation of such a volatile salt as is afforded us by wood when that is first by an open fire divided into ashes and soot, and that soot is afterwards placed in a strong retort, and *compelled by an urgent fire to part with its spirit, oil, and salt.*"—*Works*, vol. 1, pp. 478–9.

This extract, though longer than is convenient for our limited space, can give but a faint idea of the many suggestions made by Boyle in his "Sceptical Chymist," which, when considered at the present day in view of the many discoveries made in chemistry since his time, must be regarded as prophetic. His experiments on the chemical phenomena of the atmosphere are the most ancient known at the present day; if he was not the first who studied those phenomena no one can say who had done so before him. Such views as he has given us on the subject would attract no attention at the present day, as they may be found with but little modification in almost any school-book the same as we find the orbits, sizes, rates of motion, &c., of the different planets of our system, which, with their satellites, were discovered by several astronomers. But Boyle's mode of demonstrating the elasticity of the air is interesting for the same reason that Kepler's mode of demonstrating the correctness of his own great Laws is interesting. If many modern chemists illustrate the phenomena of the air more elegantly than Boyle has done, many astronomers have illustrated Kepler's Laws more elegantly than himself. But what student that has a mind of his own or any respect for genius would not prefer the original, however defective it may be in style, especially when he is in no danger of being deceived by those defects? It is in this spirit that we give a brief extract or two from Boyle's illustrations; that is, we give them because they are curious; at the same time it is but fair to remind the reader that as they are but fragments taken almost at random, here and there, from the philosopher's accounts of his experiments, they cannot be regarded as doing justice to the author. After some general remarks, in a letter to his brother, descriptive of the air-pump, by

means of which the experiments were made, the philosopher proceeds to say :

" Your lordship will easily suppose that the notion I speak of is, that there is a spring or elastical power in the air we live in; by which ἐλατηρ, or spring of the air, that which I mean is this : that our air either consists of, or at least abounds with, parts of such a nature that in case they are bent or compressed by the weight of the incumbent part of the atmosphere, or by any other body, they do endeavor, as much as in them lieth, to free themselves from that pressure by bearing against the contiguous bodies that keep them bent; and as soon as those bodies are removed or reduced to give them way, by presently unbending and stretching out themselves, either quite or so far forth as the contiguous bodies that resist them will permit, and thereby expanding the whole parcel of air these elastical bodies compose.

This notion may perhaps be somewhat further explained by conceiving the air near the earth to be such a heap of little bodies, lying one upon another, as may be resembled to a fleece of wool. For this (to omit other likenesses betwixt them) consists of many slender and flexible hairs, each of which may indeed, like a little spring, be easily bent or rolled up, but will also, like a spring, be still endeavoring to stretch itself out again; for though both these hairs and the aëreal corpuscles to which we liken them do easily yield to external pressures, yet each of them (by virtue of its structure) is endowed with a power or principle of self-dilatation, by virtue whereof, though the hairs may by a man's hand be bent and crowded closer together and into a narrower room than suits best with the nature of the body, yet, whilst the compression lasts, there is in the fleece they compose an endeavour outwards, whereby it continually thrusts against the hand that opposed its expansion; and, upon the removal of the external pressure by opening the hand more or less, the compressed wool doth, as it were, spontaneously expand or display itself towards the recovery of its former more loose and free condition till the fleece hath either regained its former dimensions, or at least approached them as near as the compressing hand (perchance not quite opened) will permit. This power of self-dilatation is somewhat more conspicuous in a dry sponge compressed than in a fleece of wool; but yet we rather chose to employ the latter on this occasion, because it is not, like a sponge, an entre body, but a number of slender and flexible bodies, loosely complicated, as the air itself seems to be.— *Works*, p. 12.

Having placed the elasticity of the air beyond question, his next care is to demonstrate its weight. This too seems very simple at the present day; the idea of the weight of the atmosphere is now almost as familiar to every person of ordinary intelligence as that of the atmosphere itself; but we must remember it was different in the time of Boyle; as little was known about it then as about the law of gravitation demonstrated by Newton.

"But lest you should expect my seconding this reason by experience; and lest you should object, that most of the experiments, that have been proposed to prove the gravity of the air, have been either barely proposed, or perhaps not accurately tried; I am content, before I pass further, to mention here, that I found a dry lamb's bladder containing near about two thirds of a pint, and compressed by a packthread tied about it,

to lose a grain and the eighth part of a grain of its former weight, by the recess of the air upon my having pricked it: and this was with a pair of scales, which, when the full bladder and the correspondent weight were in it, would manifestly turn either way with the 32d part of the grain. And if it be further objected, that the air in the bladder was violently compressed by the packthread and the sides of the bladder, we might probably (to waive prolix answers) be furnished with a reply, by setting down the different weight of our receiver, when emptied, and when full of uncompressed air, if we could here procure scales fit for so nice an experiment; since we are informed, that in the German experiment, commended at the beginning of this letter, the ingenious triers of it found, that their glass vessel, of the capacity of 32 measures, was lighter when the air had been drawn out of it, than before, by no less than one ounce and three-tenths, that is, an ounce and very near a third. But of the gravity of the air, we may elsewhere have occasion to make further mention. Taking it then for granted, that the air is not devoid of weight, it will not be uneasy to conceive, that that part of the atmosphere, wherein we live, being the lower part of it, corpuscles, that compose it, are very much compressed by the weight of all those of the like nature, that are directly over them; that is, of all the particles of air, that being piled up upon them, reach to the top of the atmosphere."—*Works*, p. 13.

We need not refer at any further length to his experiments on the air, or to the results of those experiments, to show how fully he prepared the way for Cavendish, Priestley, Hales, and Mayhew; nor need we assign any more satisfactory reasons for the high respect which the great Newton had for his scientific genius, and which prompted him to give him his views in relation even to gravitation and optics, in order to elicit his opinion on those subjects. Most of the biographers of Newton have been very careful to omit all allusion to this circumstance. If Brewster refers to it in his voluminous work it is in a very ambiguous, obscure way. But one of the letters of Newton, written on the subject to Boyle, is still extant in the great astronomer's own handwriting, and is printed in full in the edition of Boyle's works now before us. The editor tells us that it had never been published before. If it has ever appeared since in any other publication very few are acquainted with it. We will, therefore, extract the introductory part, omitting the philosopher's illustrative diagram and demonstration:

"Honoured Sir—I have so long deferred to send you my thoughts about the physical quantities we speak of, that did I not esteem myself obliged by promise, I think I should be ashamed to send them at all. The truth is, my notions about things of this kind are so indigested, that I am not well satisfied myself in them; and what I am not satisfied in, I can scarce esteem fit to be communicated to others; especially in a natural philosophy, where there is no end to fancying. But *because I am indebted to you*, and yesterday met with a friend, Mr. Manlyverer, who told me he was going to London, and intended to give you the trouble of a visit, I could not forbear to take the opportunity of conveying this to you by him.

"It being only an explication of qualities which you desire of me, I shall set down my apprehensions in the form of suppositions, as follows: And first, I suppose, that there is diffused through all places an ethereal substance, capable of contraction and dilatation, strongly elastic, and, in a word, much like air in all respects, but far more subtile.

"2. I suppose this ether pervades all gross bodies, but yet so as to stand rarer in their pores than in free spaces, and so much the rarer, as their pores are less. And this I suppose (with others) to be the cause why light incident on those bodies is refracted towards the perpendicular; why to well polished metals cohere in a receiver exhausted of air; why stands sometimes up to the top of a glass pipe, though much higher than 30 inches: and one of the main causes, why the parts of all bodies cohere; also the cause of filtration, and of the rising of water in small glass pipes above the surface of the stagnating water they are dipped into: for I suspect the ether may stand rarer, not only in the insensible pores of bodies, but even in the very sensible cavities of those pipes. And the same principle may cause menstruums to pervade with violence the pores of the bodies they dissolve, the surrounding ether, as well as the atmosphere, pressing them together.

"I suppose the rarer ether within bodies, and the denser without them, not to be terminated in a mathematical superficies, but to grow gradually into one another; the external ether beginning to grow rarer, and the internal to grow denser, at some little distance from the superficies of the body, and running through all degrees of density in the intermediate spaces. And this may be the cause why light, in Grimaldo's experiment, passing by the edge of a knife, or other opake body, is turned aside, and as it were refracted, and by that refraction makes several colors."—*Boyle's Works*, vol. i., p. cxii.

It would be vain to attempt to compress into a periodical article even the briefest analysis of miscellaneous works like those of Boyle, which fill six thick quarto volumes; all we undertake, therefore, is to make such observations as occur to us on the portions which have interested us most, and ask our readers, as we proceed, whether their author is not worthy of being remembered. That this is as much as we could pretend to accomplish will be readily admitted, when it is borne in mind that the tables of contents alone of the different volumes would occupy a considerable proportion of the space which we can devote to this article. We cannot make room for all the titles; we must, in general, content ourselves with those of the philosopher's most remarkable productions.

In the first volume we have his "New Experiments Physico-mechanical touching the Spring of the Air and its Effects," and a "Defence of the Doctrine touching the Spring and *Weight* of the Air." We have another defence of the same experiments, because their being new at the time caused them to be attacked by many. Another curious essay bearing on the same subject is that entitled "An Examen of Hobbes's *Dialogus Physicus de Natura Aëris*, &c., with an Appendix

touching Mr. Hobbes's Doctrine of Fluidity and Firmness." We have also "Some Specimens of an Attempt to make Chemical Experiments useful to illustrate the Notions of the Corpuscular Philosophy;" "The Sceptical Chymist; or Chymico-Physical Doubts and Paradoxes touching the Experiments whereby vulgar Spargyrists are wont to endeavor to evince their Salt, Sulphur, and Minerals to be the true Principles of Things;" "Experiments and Considerations touching Colors;" "The Experimental History of Colors," &c.

These are but a few of the topics treated in the first volume, and all were new at the time; in order, therefore, to do justice to the genius of the author, we must take the latter fact into account in examining his works; that is, we must not compare them with works written more than a century later, and which embrace the results of the researches of many investigators. This would not be fair; but no comparison made by an intelligent person would derogate in the least from the credit which is justly due to Boyle for his undoubted originality and foresight, although his modesty is everywhere apparent, even in his titles. He states nothing dogmatically; on the contrary, he lays down his most important propositions as opinions which may be erroneous, rather than as facts which cannot be disputed.

The second volume opens with "Some Considerations touching the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy." This is followed by three essays on the same subject; then we are presented with a fourth essay, which is entitled "Digression concerning those *that would exclude the Deity from intermeddling with Matter.*" We have similar essays on the "Usefulness of Natural Philosophy." In connection with these there are three remarkable essays on the "pathological, demeiotical, and hygienial parts of physic." More curious and interesting still are the "New Experiments and Observations touching *Cold.*" Many who pretend to make great discoveries at the present day and speak like oracles would do well to read these essays carefully. We would particularly recommend to our boards of health such essays as that entitled a "Sceptical Consideration of the Heat of Cellars in Winter and their Coldness in Summer."

Still more philosophical is the third volume. Even at the present day, when the various subjects upon which it treats have exercised the abilities of so many learned and indefatigable investigators, all of whom have flourished

since the time of Boyle, it is instructive as well as interesting. Of this character is the essay on the origin of Forms and Idealities with which the volume opens; that on the New Experiments concerning the relation between Light and Air; New Pneumatical Experiments about Respiration; of doing by Physical Knowledge what is wont to require Manual Skill. Each of these would well repay perusal, even in the present boasted age; and the same remark will apply still more emphatically to the author's admirable papers on the Rarification of the Air; the Pressure of heavy Solids and Fluids; the Perviousness of Glass; Experiments to make fire and flame stable and ponderable.

Of the numerous papers which we have in the fourth volume the most interesting are those on "The Growth of Metals in their Ore;" the "Mechanical origin of Heat and Cold;" "Mechanical production of Odors;" "Natural History of the Human Blood;" "Porosity of Bodies;" "Experimental History of Mineral Waters." Those who carefully examine these and are capable of forming an intelligent estimate of their character will readily admit that, had their author written nothing else, he would have been justly entitled to rank as a philosopher; nay, indeed, there is much in this volume which is singularly prophetic, clearly pointing as it does to facts and phenomena which were then entirely unknown, but which have since rendered many discoverers illustrious.

The most interesting papers in the fifth volume are those which discuss different kinds of motion, the causes of the insalubrity and salubrity of the air, final causes of natural things, hydrostatics applied to the materia medica, &c. The sixth volume is occupied chiefly by the author's extensive correspondence with the most eminent philosopers and scientific men of his time. Many of these letters are highly instructive; they not only show the esteem and even veneration which some of the most learned of his contemporaries had for Boyle; they also embrace scientific facts and suggestions which philosophers of the present day would have the world consider as having never been thought of anterior to their time.

That Boyle has written essays that are not of much value is very true; it is equally true that he was not always correct in his opinions, but that, on the contrary, his views were sometimes visionary. But of what philosopher cannot the same be said? Was the divine Plato himself always right? Was not even the Stagirite sometimes egregiously

wrong? Kepler, the legislator of the heavens, while developing the great Laws which have rendered him immortal, often indulged in the most puerile speculations. How much did Galileo write which he acknowledged himself was of no value, and which is sometimes reprinted in his works only because it is his? Still more emphatically may this be said of the great Newton, who left reams of paper closely written which the most enthusiastic of his admirers could not regard as possessing any intrinsic value; even so much value in any sense as would justify their publication.

It may be admitted that the essays of Boyle on medicine are rather out of place; or at least that the subject was one upon which he was not well qualified to write; and yet they contain many hints and facts which are not without value. A similar remark may be made in reference to his essays on the Origin and Virtues of Gems; the Martyrdom of Theodora and Didymus, his Discourse of Quicksilver growing hot with Gold, and two or three others on kindred subjects. Many have objected to his theological writings; his Meditations have been severally satirized by Swift;* similar attacks have been made on other essays of his written in the same spirit. In our opinion he would have pursued a more judicious course in leaving the treatment of theological subjects to the churchmen. But if we compare his theological writings with those of Newton we shall see that his are at least as good as those of the great astronomer. If it be alleged that they have not exercised much influence, if only for the reason that most persons who study theology prefer to take up the works of professional theologians, the fact may be admitted without any prejudice to the author's fame; but if his researches in this field did not influence others, they exercised a very decided and salutary influence on himself. We have evidence of this in all his writings, for no one has done more to reconcile the teachings of science with those of religion; nor has any divine or pulpit orator made better use of Scripture than Boyle has of science as a means of inspiring suitable ideas of the Deity. A passage or two from his writings will sufficiently illustrate this.

In showing that the study of natural philosophy, far from being injurious to religion, as many pretended in his day as they do now, he says that "The consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies,

* See the Dean's Meditations on a Broomstick, and the note prefixed to it, in Bohn's edition of Swift's works.

the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and, in a word, many ways admirable system of things that we call the world was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer."

Need we say that no professional theologian has uttered a nobler sentiment than this, or one better calculated to do good? But Boyle has uttered better, if such be possible; he has done so in the following brief passages, although the style in which he clothes his ideas is by no means a model in its kind: "But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say that God has couched so many things in his visible works that the clearer light a man has the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things. To be told that the eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer, who, as the Scripture speaks, 'formed the eye.' And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ and the skill of the artificer in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humors, and muscles, of which the exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the laws of optics, how admirable this little organ is fitted

to receive the incident beams of light and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight."

The best feature of the theology of Boyle after all is its unquestionable sincerity. He not only wrote and spoke in favor of Christianity himself, but liberally paid others for doing so. He caused the Gospels to be translated into several languages and sent to different Heathen nations at his own expense; he contributed £300 to their propagation in New England. One less modest than he would have preferred sending his own writings to the Heathen rather than those of others; but he engaged Dr. Pococke, the learned Orientalist, to translate Grotius' treatise "De veritate Christianæ Religionis" into Arabic. It is true that there are many who, while very ready to attend to the spiritual condition of the heathen in distant parts of the world, make no effort to relieve their suffering fellow-countrymen; it was otherwise, however, with Robert Boyle, who, as Bishop Burnet informs us from his own knowledge, devoted £1,000 annually to charities. Not content with all this he inserted a clause in his will establishing an annuity to provide for a series of eight lectures annually in defence of Christianity; or, to use the words of the testator, "for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels—namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans; *not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.*" *

The words we have marked in italics are particularly characteristic of the Philosopher of Lismore; no words he has written do him more honor. Written as they were on one of the last days of his life, they show that he was liberal and benevolent towards those who differed with him in religion, when he could have had no worldly motive in being so. It was his wish that no distinction should be made between Protestant or Catholic, and that one more than the other should not be offended by any of the divines annually chosen to deliver the lectures. At first sight this may seem a matter of little importance, but its effect on the English mind has been very great. Even Bishop Burnet admitted that he was influenced by it himself; a similar admission was made by Dr. Paley more than a century later, and there has been but little bigotry since in the Anglican Church. Here,

* Mr. Elilot, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, used to address him, in 1680, as "charitable, indefatigable, nursing father."—*Boyle's Works*, vol. i, p. ccvii.

too, we may pause for a moment to remind the reader of the "degeneracy" of Boyle of Lismore as compared to Boyle of Herfordshire, "the great Earl of Cork." The influence of each is felt to the present day; that of the philosopher throughout Christendom, but that of the great Lord only in Ireland. And what a contrast in the latter! While the lessons of the father are those of lasting strife and oppression, the lessons of the son are those of liberality, tolerance, and benevolence.

One who has done so much for science as Robert Boyle could not have been otherwise than learned; but he did not devote himself exclusively to the sciences. He spoke several languages, including Latin, French, and Italian. More than one of his biographers tell us that he was acquainted with at least three of the Oriental languages. Be this as it may, his stock of knowledge was immense and multifarious. The most learned men of his time bear willing testimony to this fact. Both Sydenham and Wallis dedicated their greatest works to him.* Nor was he less admired abroad than he was at home; some of the most illustrious foreigners corresponded with him, as with a superior being. The learned Boerhaave admired him as "the ornament of his age and country," and asserted that it was he who "succeeded to the genius and inquiries of Bacon." "Which of Boyle's writings shall I recommend?" says the same philosopher. "All of them," he answers. To this he adds: To him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils; so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of Natural Knowledge."† Francisco Redi, another great thinker of his time, calls him "the greatest man that ever was, and perhaps ever will be, for the discovery of natural causes."‡

In speaking of what he did for chemistry Bishop Burnet remarks that he engaged in that science "with none of those ravenous and ambitious designs that drew many into them. His design was only to find out nature, to see into

*Sydenham, in dedicating to him his *Methodus curandi Febres*, &c., addressed him as illustrissimo et excellentissimo."—*Works*, vol. i, p. lxxxvii. Dr. Needham, another philosopher, dedicated to him his Disquisitio *Anotomica de formato Foetu*, calling him "*nobilissimo, clarissimo*," &c.—*Ib.*

†"Lequel de ses écrits, s'écrie Boerhaave, qui était avec raison un grand admirateur de Boyle, puis-je louer? Tous. Nous lui devons les sécrets du feu, de l'air, de l'eau, des animaux, des végétaux, des fossiles; de sorte que de ses ouvrages peut être deduit le système entier des sciences physiques et naturelles." Nouvelle Biog. Gén., tome vii, p. 191. See Boerhaave's *Methodus discendi medicinam.*

‡Redi's Works, 4to, Florence, 1724.

what principles things might be resolved and of what they were composed."* Dr. Shaw is, if possible, still more emphatic in his admiration. "Here," he says, "was a noble soul; a true philosophical mind, well seasoned with humanity, beneficence, and goodness. After he had led us through all the regions of nature, considered her various productions, showed us their uses and the manner of converting them to our several purposes, convinced us that we live in a world most wisely contrived wherein numberless good designs are at once carried on with unceasing variety and manifested that all the beings and all the bodies we know jointly conspire, as one whole, in bringing about the great ends of nature."* Without further testimony this, we think, ought to satisfy even those unacquainted with the works of Boyle, that no philosopher who has written in the English language has stronger claims on the gratitude of all who value the natural sciences for the service they render mankind. Locke is the only one who can be compared to him in the unsullied lustre of his character. Assuming the author of the Novum Organum to have been innocent of the worst charge preferred against him, yet even his own biographers place Boyle above him in the moral scale; nor do they deny that the philosopher of Lismore has, upon the whole, done quite as much good for mankind as the great Chancellor. The discoveries of Newton are, indeed, grander and more striking than those of Boyle; but are they more useful? have they contributed more to human comfort or to the development of the human mind? If some maintain the affirmative, even these will hardly claim that the philosopher who wrote an elaborate work to prove that the Pope was Antichrist, who put himself to much expense and trouble, and exercised all the influence he possessed in order to prevent a scientific and learned man from receiving an academic degree for no better reason than that his religion differed from his own and from that of his friends—was so wise or philosophical a man, after all, so good a moralist, or so good a statesman, not to mention his religion, as the philosopher who loved no one the less for differing with him in opinion, who regarded religious intolerance as the worst kind of oppression, because its object is to shackle the mind, and who accordingly protested against it with his last breath.

* Preface to Dr. Shaw's Abridgment of Boyle's Philosophical Works. London, 1738.

None set a higher value on the discoveries of Newton than we; none more highly admire his many excellent qualities; we have devoted as much labor and research to the works of Bacon as perhaps any other periodical writer of the present day, so that none whom we could influence should fail to profit by their teachings. There are many other philosophers, ancient and modern, with whom we have taken similar pains; but Boyle is the most admirable character we have met with in the whole range of philosophy, science, and literature; and if instead of being born in Ireland he had been a Hindoo, a Laplander, or an African, we would have sought to do him equal justice, and to prove that wherever his ancestors were born, whether they were persons who threw down mass-houses or "transplanted multitudes of barbarous septs" from their own soil into "the wilds and deserts," he was not a degenerate son, but far nobler than any of his ancestors—vastly superior to any "great Earl" that ever oppressed a generous people.

ART. IV—*Food and its Adulterations, composing the Reports of the Analytic Sanitary Commission of the "Lancet" in the years* 1851 *to* 1854, *inclusive.* By ARTHUR HILL HASSAL, M.D., Chief Analyst of the Commission. London, 1855.

2. *Physiologie du gout; ou Meditations de Gastronomie Transcendante: Ouvrage Chedrique, Histrique et à l'ordre du jour.* Par M. BRILLAT SAVARIN, Membre de plusieurs Societés Savantes. Paris, 1835.

3. *Physiological Chemistry.* By Professor C. G. LEHMANN. Philadelphia, 1866.

4. *Des Falsifications des Substances alimentaires et des Moyens Chimiques de les reconnaitre.* Par JULES GARNIER ET CH. HAREL. Paris.

THOUGH psychologists vary in determining the exact line of demarcation which separates instinct from reason, yet the main differences are so easy to grasp that, practically, no difficulty is experienced in assigning the actions of animals to the operation of the one or the other cause. Thus we set down as the result of instinct the architectural industry of the beaver, for the reason that it exhibits none of the vagueness and fluctuations which mark the progressive tendencies of reason. But, perhaps, in no respect do the essential differences between these faculties appear so strongly as in the selection of those articles of food which nature designed for the sustenance of the various animal tribes.

The brute creation display an unerring accuracy in this choice, not only by the avoidance of articles of a positively noxious sort, but in choosing substances which admit of the speediest assimilation with the tissues of the body. We all know that the herbivora, whose alimentary canal is adapted to slow and elaborate digestion, confine themselves to an herbal dietary, and even this with certain differences according as physiology has proved the suitableness of grass, hay, rice, &c., to the organic and structural condition of the animal. This provision was indeed indispensable, since nothing but an innate discernment could guide unreasoning creatures in the selection of proper food. With man, reason and experience take the place of instinct; nor can we determine the influence an imperfect system of dietetics has exercised in past times over human health and longevity till enlightened experience and sound science demonstrate the entire suitableness of some *regime* to the wants and conditions of the human frame.

We know that the various nations which people the earth exhibit the greatest possible diversity in the quality and preparation of their food; that the Esquimaux lap train oil, and swallow putrid blubber with as much gusto as the veriest gourmand who gorges *truffes* or *patés de foie gras;* that the Muscovites delight in the stale renderings of lard, nor found in the metropolis of France, when they entered as conquerors, anything more seductively appetising than tallow candles! We know that the Chinese luxuriates in quiet enjoyment over his dainty quarter of rat or dog pot-pie, or birds-nest soup; while the spiritual Frenchman has earned from the gross beef-eaters of "Merrie England" the contemptuous appellation of Johnny *Crapaud* because of his pardonable weakness for frog fricassee. The keen relish with which the Teuton gloats over the penetrating flavor of perfumed *Limburger* or the heavy layers of *Sauerkraut* and Bologna with which he lines the coats of his stomach would bring pallor to Milesian cheeks grown ruddy on potatoes and milk.

Thus the stomach of one nation revolts at what is deemed a capital esculent and a dainty dish by another; and in no respect do men verify the dictum of Cicero, *tot sœntenti quot capita*, as in the diversity of their tastes and in their attachment to *cuisineries* as opposite as the poles. This proves that men have been guided in this respect by blind experience, which can adduce no stronger argument in favor of any dish than the mere fact that it does not dis-

agree with the stomach; nor can it be said that instinct has aught to do in the matter, since instinct is uniform in its teachings, and the preference we exhibit for certain dishes is the result of inveterate custom. Before man can therefore be assured that he is in entire conformity with nature in the selection and preparation of his food he must understand its chemical and physical composition and the various processes involved in digestion.

Before Liebig and the modern school of chemists made the first step towards the true solution of the many difficulties which surround those questions, thinking men of all times had busied themselves variously in attempting to explain the mysterious processes by which nature converts food into the living tissues of the body, while the masses, taking their appetite for their sole guide, found full satisfaction in its gratification. Perhaps few chapters in the history of the human mind exhibit in a more marked manner its weaknesses and eccentricities than those which relate to the selection and preparation of food among different nations, and in different ages, and the means by which enervated communities strive to gratify their pampered appetites. The earliest records we have of cooking are those of the Jewish people, and the only item of their dietary it is worth while here to note is that which relates to the eating of swine-flesh and the blood of animals generally. Voltaire and his friends saw in this prohibition a useless ordinance, a distinction founded on no difference, and accordingly derided it as they did the other provisions of the Jewish laws. But in this, as in many other respects, modern science has vindicated the Mosaic record against the sneers of those pseudo-philosophers.

The microscope has demonstrated the existence of an animalcule which especially infests the flesh of the hog and which, when introduced into the human system, produces a lingering and wasting disease. This animalcule is known as the *cysticercus cellulosa*, and the disease has just been ravaging Europe under the name of *trichinæ*. As for blood, it contains but imperfectly the elements of nutrition, and is laden with the refuse matter which it has washed from the parts to which it supplied nutriment. The flesh of kids broiled on embers, and course bread, furnished a *regime* as simple and wholesome as could be desired, and entirely suited to a people who led a wandering life. The other nations of the East were more choice in their food, and sought to coax their

palate by spicy condiments and new combinations. The Egyptian, who detested the lovers of *haut gout* in meat, cooked his beef or goose immediately after it was killed, and ate all but the head, which, as Herodotus says, he held in pious abhorrence. They were very partial to vegetables, which they cooked in the juice of their meat till a superstitious reverence for the products of the garden forbade their use at table. This folly of theirs Juvenal has handed down in the lines—

> " Porrum et cepe nefas violare ac frangere morsu,
> O sanctas gentes quibus hoc nascuntur in hortis.
> Numina."

But the Greeks were the first to elevate cookery from its crude state, and impart to it the elegance and taste which marked the progress of the other arts among them. Hitherto broils were the chief *pièces de resistance*, and were flanked by the humble leek or garlic. The early efforts of even the Greeks shared the same simplicity; and there is reason to suspect that the hard-fighting heroes of Homer had no more dainty viand to coax their appetite, or stay the cravings of hunger than the broiled flesh of bulls and goats; for, as Madame Dacier remarks, we find no mention of boiled meats in any of the Homeric *menus*. Like every art, therefore, which contributes largely to the comfort and happiness of man, cookery progressed slowly, and only reached its zenith in conjunction with the arts of eloquence, sculpture, and painting, which were the ornament and glory of the age of Pericles. The traditions, however, which inform us of the achievements of the Grecian *cuisine* are so vague and uncertain as to cast but the faintest radiance on the subject, and archæophilists have no greater loss to mourn than the missing monograms which revealed the tendencies of the Greek mind with reference to this important and interesting question.

The work most frequently mentioned is a didactic poem by Archestratus, a gastronome of irreproachable taste and the intimate friend of the house of Pericles. Athenæus says that this poem was " a treasure of science—every verse a precept." Indeed, we may not wonder at this, since we have it on the same authority that the writer braved the perils of the sea and cheerfully submitted to the inconveniences of travel to obtain a comparative digest of the gastronomical peculiarities of different nations. Probably the most accomplished feat the culinary art among the Greeks

could boast of was the roast pig of Athens. So much was this viewed in the light of a *chef-d'œuvre* that its crafty devisers were honored by the state; and one cook, being asked to explain how so miraculous a dish was projected, melodramatically swore by the manes of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis that he would not reveal the secret even at the peril of his life. The professors of the art have however given us the benefit of the *recipe*; and though the combination might shock the fastidious palate of a modern epicure, it cannot be denied that it exhibits as much art and ingenuity, and is quite as *outré* as any of the grand *cartes* of Ude and Carême.

After being subjected to a thorough cleansing process the pig was eviscerated slowly, but in such a manner as to leave the integrity of the surface intact. It was then stuffed with thrushes highly spiced, intervals being allowed for the insertion of forced meats, olives, eggs, the meat of nuts, Eubœan apples, Phœnician dates, Corinthian quinces, almonds from Noxos, and other delicacies. One side was enveloped in a thick layer of fat and the other was exposed to the action of a quick fire long enough to cook the meat but not the inserting. After this the fat was stripped from the undone side, which was immersed in a shallow pan filled with water and slowly boiled until the contents were thoroughly cooked. The pig was then dished, and presented to the expectant eye the anomaly of a pig half roasted and half boiled, and yet whole and intact from snout to tail. The uninitiated sought for the line which the cunning hand of the *chef* was supposed to have drawn in order to sever piggy in twain, but not being able to find it marvelled at the consummate art which could illude one sense and entrance another.

We may here remark that the Athenian gastronome looked to effect in appearance as in rapidity, knowing that tempting looks make fruition keener. This is probably but a mere sample of Grecian skill in cookery; and yet how little, apparently, does it differ from the *rôti sans pareil* of De la Reynière. This is considered one of the highest efforts of the art, and has elicited rapturous encomiums from professionals and connoisseurs. This *rôti* consists in the intussusception of fourteen fowls in the following manner: A large olive is stuffed with capers and *jolets d'anchois;* the olive is placed in the body of a fig-pecker; this is inserted into an ortolan, the ortolan into the body of a dissected lark;

the lark is covered with slices of lard and is placed in the body of a thrush similarly dissected; a quail covered with a vine leaf receives the concentric treasure, and is in turn immured in the body of a lapwing, for which a golden plover performs the same service. The plover is placed in a woodcock, the woodcock in a teal, the teal in a guinea-hen, the guinea-hen in a young wild duck, the duck in a chicken, the chicken in a pheasant, the pheasant in a young wild goose, the goose in a small turkey, and the latter in an *outarde*, or wild turkey. This elaborate dish may present to the finely sensitive *papillæ* of an expert's palate a combination of flavors which would be lost on vulgar organs; but we question whether there is not more elegance of conception and neatness of execution in the Athenian dish.

The art continued to flourish in Athens during her days of decline; and when men of letters no longer frequented her streets to learn philosophy from her sons, luxurious barbarians came to taste the excellence of her dishes. From Athens gastronomy, with the other fine arts, emigrated to Rome; and here, as in poetry and statuary, the essential characteristics of both nations were made manifest. There was in Athenian cookery a lightness and grace which sought to please the eye and delight the palate; but the Romans introduced profusion and costliness, and while they kept in sight the main requisites of a meal, they esteemed it in proportion as the viands were rare and *recherchées*. Peacocks from Samos, chickens from Phrygia, kids from Melos, cranes from Ætolia, tunnies from Chalcedon, pikes from Pessinus, oysters from Tarentum, mussels from Chios, and dates from Egypt, often weighed down the boards of the rich. In this unnatural craving after new means for sating their pandered appetites no expense was spared; and Cato once declared that no city could endure in which a fish was sold for more than an ox. Lucullus often expended more than six thousand dollars on a single meal; and Vitellius composed, at an expense of forty thousand dollars, a dish made of the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of nightingales, and the livers of the rarest fishes.

"Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius' meals cost a million."

The Athenian roast pig was an especial favorite among the Romans, by whom it was called Trojan pig, from the wooden horse which it resembled in the number and variety

of its contents. No historian, while investigating the causes which led to the downfall of the Roman empire, can fail to discern incipient decay in the outrageous extravagance and senseless love of splendor which led Varro to construct an aviary for thrushes, and Nero to build his *domus aurea*. Juvenal failed not to lash this wide-spread vice; and in no instance did the venom of his satire flow more freely from his pen than in the description of the scene which took place in the palace at midnight between Domitian and the frightened senators who were convened to discuss the final disposition of a large turbot just brought in from Ischia.

The incursion of the Northern barbarians put an end to ancient cookery; and were it not that happily the *Deipnosophistæ* of Athenæus remained to us, very little would be known of those wonderful extravagances which broke the power of Rome and made the masters of the world the slaves of barbarians. After this it is supposed that gastronomy, with its sister arts, found an asylum in the monasteries; but though there are abundant proofs that some of the medieval monks loved good cheer and grew ruddy and rotund on something besides the testimony of a good conscience, yet the art did not flourish in its refinements.

We come now to the period of modern cookery, and are lost in the diversity of schools which grew out of the vast resources opened to the wondering gastronomes of Europe by the discovery of a new world. We will not linger over the controversies of the rival *chefs* of the Italian, German, and Spanish schools; but, concurring in the universal verdict which has awarded the palm to France, we will glance at French cookery, which has already established a literature of its own, graced by such names as Beauvilliers, Carême, Ude, and especially the humorous and sparkling Brillat Savarin. French genius is wonderfully suited to achieve triumphs in the gastronomic art; for the national quickness of perception would lead the Frenchman to note the evanescent delicacy of a particular flavor, to mark the volatile aroma of a dish, and fix the fleeting tenuity in its flight, while the mind of the Englishman would be engrossed by considerations of national policy, the German would lose himself in the mazes of metaphysics, or the American would be nervously speculating on the fluctuations of the stock market. At once the whole enthusiasm of French nature was aroused, and throbbing brains devised, cunning hands executed, and delicate palates tasted exquisite confections, delicious *patés*

and combinations in which a refined taste and faultless judgment commingled the most savory of meats with the most succulent juices. Gastronomy became an art so much the more prized because, guided by somewhat of a Christian principle, it sought rather to flatter the palate by the airiest of dishes, gossamer preparations, than to overload the stomach like the Roman guzzlers who pined after longer necks or more capacious stomachs that their enjoyment might be protracted. "Dishes have been invented," says M. Brillat Savarin, "so attractive that they unceasingly renew the appetite, and which are at the same time so light that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *nubes esculentas*. We are indeed arrived at such a degree of alimentary progress that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure data for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira and the last glass of punch."

Indeed, in this we see the chief superiority of modern cookery over the ancient, that no professed gastronome can now be a gormandizer, just as no connoisseur in wines can be a tippler; whereas among the ancients it was considered that adequate justice was not done the board till each guest arose purple in the face, stuffed from the pyloric to the cardiac orifice of the stomach, a *satur conviva*. Not unlike in this respect was Roman gastronomy to the postprandial practice of drinking to intoxication which prevailed in Scotland during the last century. So well recognized was the custom, and so highly honored in its observance, that a special *garçon* was in waiting whose duty it was to loose the neckerchief of each whiskey-freighted guest as he dropped under the table. Says M. Brillat Savarin: "Does *gourmandize* become gluttony, voracity, intemperance, it loses its name, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist who will deal with it by his precepts, or the physician who will cure it by his remedies." French gastronomy, therefore, claims above all things to be reasonable, and, like the other arts, to conform to certain principles of beauty and truth. Hence gratification is sought not alone in the delicacy of the viands, the flavor of the sauces, nor the *bouquet* of the wines, but as much in the brilliant wit, the genial humor, and delightful *abandon* of the company, and in the elegance and splendor of the accessories.

This attention to what are ordinarily considered the mere accidentals of a meal is happily treated by Lady Morgan, who attended some of Carême's superb dinners at Baron Rothschild's villa. "The dining-room," she says, "stood apart from the house in the midst of orange trees. It was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams; and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odor that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and the fervor of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eye; porcelain beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility—every plate a picture—consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all." She then enters into an eloquent panegyric of the viands, the sauces, and the manifold odors which thrilled the olfactory and gustatory nerves with delight. "To do justice," she adds, "to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it. Its character, however, was that it was in season; that it was up to its time; that it was in the spirit of the age; that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish, no high-spiced sauces, no dark brown gravies, no flavor of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times—fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews with chemical precision,

"On tepid clouds of rising steam,"

formed the *fond* of all. Every meat presented its own natural aroma, every vegetable its own shade of verdure. The *mayonese* was fried in ice (like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart), and the tempered chill of the bombière (which held the place of the eternal *fondu* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite avalanche which, with the hue and odor of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser odor."*

But French authorities—the creators and perfectors of

* France, vol. ii, p. 414.

this exquisite art—can speak with more *connaissance de cause;* and hence we will present M. Brillat Savarin's twelve tables regulating those accessories which, apart from the inherent quality of the viands, contribute to the zest of table enjoyment and elevate eating from a purely animal action to one which is calculated to stimulate the intellect and call forth the most generous emotions of the heart. "Canon first is:

"Let not the company exceed twelve in number, that the conversation may be constantly general.

"2d. Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous and with such relations between them that the hateful formality of presentation may be dispensed with.

"3d. Let the room be brilliantly illuminated, the cloth scrupulously clean, and the atmosphere from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Reaumur.

"4th. Let the men be spiritual without pretension, the women agreeable without too much coquetry.

"5th. Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the best quantity, each of its sort.

"6th. Let the order be, for the dishes, from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the wines, from the simplest to the most perfumed.

"7th. Let the eating be deliberate, the dinner being the closing business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers bound for the same destination.

"8th. Let the coffee be hot, and the liquors selected by the master.

"9th. Let the saloon be spacious enough for those who wish to take a hand at cards, and not interfere with the table-talk of the others.

"10th. Let the company be detained only by the charm of the society, and sustained by the hope that there is always some enjoyment beyond.

"11th. Let not the tea be too strong; let the butter be carefully spread on the toast and the punch properly prepared.

"12th. Let not the company begin to withdraw before eleven, but let every one be in bed by twelve.

"If any one has been at a party combining these twelve conditions he may boast of having assisted at his own apotheosis."

Surely it must be said that the ethics of eating are but very imperfectly understood by the majority of people, who see in the act of consumption a purely mechanical and physiological process. To what cause we must attribute this blindness to the highly esthetical character of the commonest action of our lives it is difficult to determine. Christianity, with its asceticism, can scarcely be charged with the fault; for there is no doubt that wit and wisdom in their brightest radiance have flashed over a table spread with the homeliest viands, and the simple leek which garnished the refectory-board of a convent has often acquired a new relish from the playful humor, shrewd observations, and witty words of the serge-clad monks who shared it. Moreover, it was no child of Epicurus, no Carême, Ude, or Very, skilled in the niceties and details of the gastronomic art, but one

simple in his habits and accustomed only to the ordinary courses of a domestic table, who uttered this observation, replete with philosophy and redolent of thought and penetration ; that if Nature had not intended the accessory pleasures of the table—genial company, good humor, wit, and pleasantry—to be almost of equal importance with the viands which load it, she would have made eating a thing to be done in secret, apart from the gaze of others, just as we perform other purely physiological actions.

Moreover, it is not the mind alone which is refreshed by the feast of reason, for the body feels the wholesome influence through the intermediary of the soul, and there can be little doubt that the gastric juice flows in greater abundance and of a better quality when the countenance relaxes with a joyous smile, and the eye reveals by its merry twinkle the hilarity that reigns within. For such results we are indebted to the zealous prosecution of gastronomic studies in France. But, alas for the tendency of human reason to extremes! extravagances crept into the legitimate domain of cookery, and many esteemed it no violation of good taste or morality to subject to cruel torment those poor animals which furnished them the means of stimulating their flagging appetites, and this for some trifling advantage. Thus, we all know the *patés de foie gras* of Strasbourg are dearly purchased by the life-long agonies of the noble but much-injured bird whose cackling once saved Rome. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, in uncomfortable proximity to a large fire, and nailed by its feet to a plank, the poor goose must eke out an existence of monotonous suffering till disease has enlarged its liver to an enormous size, and then it must die without the sad consolation of knowing that it is about to fall a martyr in the noble cause of gastronomic science. M. Ude recommends that eels be cast alive into the fire before they are skinned, as thus the unpalatable and indigestible oils may be most effectually removed. Sheep and calves have been allowed to hang for hours in a moribund condition till the last life-drop of their bleeding bodies gave earnest that their flesh was white and their carcasses anemic. How much akin can we not imagine their last earthly meditations to have been to those of the eagle in the noble passage of Byron:

> "So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
> Views his own feather on the fatal dart
> Which winged the shaft that quivers in his heart;
> Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel
> He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

Surely, in one case as in the other, that which should have been an advantage was the fruitful source of death. The poor sheep saw the knife whetted for its throat because it happened to have juicier and whiter flesh than the wolf or the jackal. Later still we had an example of the wrongs heaped on the inoffensive turtle, wrongs which, trumpet-tongued, cried for redress till the law interposed in behalf of the suffering amphibion. But fastidious gastronomes went farther than this and tyrannically encroached on the inherent rights of those who catered to their tastes. All trades and professions of men point to the truthful page of history to prove the greatness and virtues of the men who have ennobled their several avocations. Practitioners in gastronomy can point with pride to some illustrious specimens of their race, and thus resent with stronger sentiments of indignation any attempted curtailment of their natural rights. The name of Vatel is connected in the mind of every right thinking *chef de cuisine* with the rarest magnanimity and most exalted heroism; in him is personified the true chivalry of the spit and the ladle. Madame de Sevigné relates in her own inimitable manner the circumstances which brought the brilliant career of the great Condé's *maître d'hotel* to so sad an end. It seems the King had been invited to a luncheon, the *menu* of which was entrusted to Vatel, and every possible provision was made against a *contretemps*. Some one blundered, however; more guests were invited than there had been covers set for. "This," writes de Sevigné, "affected Vatel. He said several times, 'I am dishonored; this is a disgrace I cannot endure. He said to Gourville, 'My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders.' Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the King, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the Prince; the Prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him: 'Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the King." He replied, "Monsieur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables." "Nothing of the sort," said the prince; "do not distress yourself; all is going on well." Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep; he meets one of the inferior purveyors, who

brought only two packages of sea fish. He asks, "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time. The other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, "Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters. They seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room; they knock; they force open the door; he is found bathed in blood." Thus with trenchant pen does Madame de Sevigné relate the tragical end of this irreproachable knight of the spit, whose name should shine on the calendar of the martyrology. And yet a certain editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, forgetting how he had himself toiled and sweated amid the din of preparation, proposes to reduce to the level of the horse or the ass, and make the passive instruments of man's will, those who can point to Vatel as their fellow-craftsman. But let us hear how the degradation was planned.

The writer in question, after detailing at length the many qualities a good *chef* should possess, discusses the means for preserving intact and unimpaired that most essential one of all —a refined delicacy of palate. He says that this faculty is very liable to suffer deterioration from the constant inhalation of smoke and the numberless vapors which load the atmosphere of a kitchen and the necessity of drinking trashy wine to moisten a parched throat. Some means, therefore, should be adopted to prevent the obtusion of this invaluable sense, lest it become as callous as the conscience of an old judge. "Le seul moyen de lui rendre cette fleur qu'il a perdue, de lui faire reprendre sa souplesse, sa delicatesse, et ses forces, c'est de purger le cuisinier telle résistance qu'il y oppose; car il en est qui, sourds à la voix de la gloire, n'apperçoivent point la nécessité de prendre medicine lorsqu'ils ne se sentent pas malades." As well propose that we employ the same means to make our footmen and coachmen look genteel, and should they rebel tell them that they misapprehend the glory of their calling. These refinements are not in the right direction, but savor of the excesses of gastronomy in the days of Lucullus and Nero.

The cookery of France may, therefore, be viewed as that

which so far made the nearest approach to perfection. But, it may be asked, is it built on scientific principles? does it view the qualities of food in relation with the physiological requirements of the system? or is it guided solely by the appetency of the palate? These are questions which affect the very essence of cookery; for if they are ignored the Hindoo who loves rancid butter in his mess is as good a cook as Very or Carême, since he conforms to the same standard. We do not require that a cook be an accomplished physiologist; indeed, such a claim would be preposterous; but we insist that the broad distinctions which prevail in science and the effects of the various classes of food on the system should be known by him. For this means he should be *en rapport* with men of science, so that whatever discovery the laboratory might give to the world he would be the first to know it, and let men enjoy its benefits practically before the theory had reached them. The cook is our physician while we are in good health; and just as we condemn the doctor who prescribes medicine without understanding its operation on the system, and accuse him of routinery, so we should judge our cooks by what they know of the effects of the various classes of food on our bodies. How astonished a *chef de cuisine* would be were we to tell him that food serves a double purpose in the animal economy, the one to supply to the living tissues needful repair, and the other to generate heat; that it has been divided in view of these functions into calorifacient and nitrogenized or histogenetic (tissue-making); that the former contains hydrogen and carbon in abundance, two highly combustible substances, and the latter nitrogen; that the juices of the mouth digest one group of the former—starch and kindred substances—while the fats and oils of the same class, after their passage through the stomach, are digested by the bile, and that the nitrogenous food is acted on by the secretions of the stomach.

These are simple facts of science, and it is not difficult to see of what great importance they are, practically. Calorification and nutrition are constantly taking place, and materials for both processes must be constantly supplied. But if our cook is not aware of this, what is to prevent him from presenting us with an excess of one class and a dearth of the other? How can he tell the proportion of each the system requires? Many cooks use pork and other fats in the preparation of sauces and rare dishes; and yet we have the authority of the most distinguished chemical physiologists

for stating that fat greatly retards the process of digestion. "It is sufficiently clear," says Professor C. G. Selimann, of Leipsic, "from what has been previously stated that the stomach is not the place where the fat is resorbed, or even where it undergoes any essential changes, but when it is taken in large quantity, either alone or with other food, it usually remains for a long time in the stomach. Thus Beaumont found beef suet in St. Martin's stomach after five and a half hours. It is not only not digested in the stomach, but often exerts an impeding action on the digestion of other substances in that organ, since on the one hand it liquefies in consequence of the high temperature, and encasing, as it were, the individual particles of food, renders them proof against the digestive juices; and since on the other it becomes rancid during its long retention at that temperature, and forms volatile acids, which exert a very deleterious although not duly investigated action on digestion. It must therefore be admitted that much fat is prejudicial to gastric digestion."

Again, gelatin, which forms the basis of all jellies and is so important an item in the kitchen repertory, has been proved to contain little or no nutriment, but merely flatters the palate, while it fails to assimilate with the tissues of the body. Extensive experiments have been made to test the nutritive qualities of this substance, all of which gave the same result. Gelatin has been extracted in large quantity from bones and served in various shapes to prisoners and the inmates of charitable institutions; but those who were thus fed became rapidly emaciated and soon refused their meals with loathing. Yet jellies are deemed indispensable to the integrity of an elaborate *menu*, and often a cook is selected for the skill with which he prepares those illusions of the table. In like manner ignorance of the physiological action of certain vegetables on the system leads the majority of cooks to treat those wholesome esculents in such a manner as to nullify their health-giving properties. How seldom do we see potatoes served whole? Soft as they are they must be crushed to a pulpous mass, and the fibres which stimulate the mucous secretions of the intestin canal and give tone to its muscular coat utterly destroyed. The pestal and mortar should be left to the apothecary, nature having provided ample substituition in sound molars and trituration by the stomach.

Food ought to combine digestibility and nutrition, and whatever mode of preparation ensures the former at the smallest possible expense of the latter is of necessity the

best. Yet we question whether the problem ever presented itself for practical solution in the kitchen. *Paté de foie gras* is to the gastronome's heaven what black-eyed houris are to a Mahometan paradise; but, though liver as well as all unstriped muscular tissue, be-far more digestible than fibrous muscle, it is far from being so nutritious. Under-done meats contain more nutrient matter than those well done, but they tax the digestive power of the stomach to a much greater degree. If these principles be not understood by the cook, how can he strike the happy mean beyond or on this side of which gastronomic orthodoxy cannot exist, how shall he comprehend the value of the golden rule, *in medio tutissimus ibis?*

We had a good practical illustration of the value of these principles in the respective modes of cooking employed by the French and English soldiers during the Crimean war. The English soldier, sterile in devices, took his chunk of raw meat, and, having no more than warmed it on some embers, devoured it in without sauce or seasoning. This mass of raw meat requiring a long time and an abundance of gastric juce for its digestion kept the stomach in a state of undue activity and greatly impaired the tone of that organ. Moreover, the nutriment being present in a concentrated shape, only a portion of the stomach could work much of its inner surface, which is distended by food of proper bulk remaining in folds. On the other hand, the Frenchman, always ready in contrivances, scoured the fields for roots and herbs to boil with his allowance of meat, and, as if by magic, produced from his limited resources a wholesome and savory *potage*. These facts were noticed by the officers of the British army, but the difference could not be helped, since with respect to their men it was the result of a discipline which treated them as irrational automata rather than intelligent beings. Though numberless other proofs might be adduced demonstrating the necessity of making physiology the ground-work of scientific cookery, enough for our purpose has been said. We refer those who are particularly interested in the question to the writings of Liebig, Lehmann and Regnault. Indeed, the question is beginning to be understood in France; and with the rage for improvement which marks the progress of every art, we doubt not that the world will soon see emanate from the laboratory a new system of cookery free from the empiricism and superstitions of the past.

The custom, almost universal in France, of winding up the several courses of a dinner with a little cup of choice Mocha is certainly an advance on the rule which still prevails in many places of washing down with steaming punch, and is entirely conformable with the requirements of the system under the circumstances. Reaction follows the momentary stimulation of the punch, and the habit of indulging in a siesta is thereby engendered which infallibly leads to obesity. On the other hand, the coffee awakens the system from the lethargy caused by the pressure of food on the plexures of nerves in and around the stomach, and evokes a gentle action which dispels somnolency and leaves unimpaired the delightful consciousness of satiety, than which there is no greater purely animal bliss. Moreover, the immunity it affords against drowsiness does no violence to the most delicately strung nerves It is no fretful wakefulness, followed by stupor and torpidity; but a sense of well-being, from which, if needs be, one can pass into the most tranquil slumber and wake up refreshed in mind and body. This advantage is felt more decidedly by persons leading sedentary lives, and whose minds are constantly on the stretch. If experience has not already demonstrated to these the pleasure and advantage to be derived from such use of this invigorating narcotic, we would by all means recommend them to adopt the practice at once.

The practice, too—which is, however, not confined to France—of commingling vegetables and meat in such proportion as to give proper bulk to the food in the stomach is in entire accordance with the facts of physiology. We know that enough nitrogenous food, to which class are referred meat, cheese, and eggs—that is, fibrin, casein, and albumen—cannot be received into the stomach to distend that organ to the required capacity, so that the lighter and less nutrient articles of the calorifacient class, such as bread, vegetables, sugar, and the various condiments of the table, must be added to increase the bulk and allow the stomach to pour its excretions from its entire mucous surface. This proper admixture of both kinds of food is so essential that even instinct teaches its necessity; and in some savage countries where the inhabitants live on meat alone they eat sawdust and clay to give suitable bulk to their food. Moreover, Nature, in the wise distribution of her gifts over the various latitudes of the earth, has shown the proportion of each suited to the requirements of the sytem under the

varying circumstances of temperature and occupation. The barren soil of Labrador yields no fruits, nor do its fields wave in autumn with the golden-eared wheat; but the walrus, the whale, and the white bear afford an abundance of fat and oil. the only alimentary substances which can in those climates support a proper degree of heat in the body. As a consequence, however, of the deficiency of a vegetable diet the people of these latitudes are dwarfed and wizened, and incapable of bearing fatigue. On the other hand, tropical climates abound in every species of fruit and vegetable, offering to the eye and palate a most bountiful and tempting variety; and though the animals are not few in species or number, they dwell for the most part in the swamp, the forest, or the jungle, and seldom fall victims to man's gastronomy. The wisdom of this dispensation can be seen at a glance. In warm latitudes a diet is demanded which will contain just enough nutriment to supply the small amount of waste occasioned by the limited muscular action the heat and langour of the tropics permit, but an abundance of the coolest respiratory food, such as fruits and vegetables. Here we find the result such as we might expect from the deficiency of animal food and the preponderance of carbo-hydrates; the frame is developed to its normal capacity, but indolence and langour replace the excitability which belongs to the consumers of beef and mutton. As we depart from the tropics the disproportion decreases till finally the varying temperature of our climate, now cold, now hot, calls for an equal proportion of heat-generating and life-giving food. In all this Nature has set us an example we can never too closely study, and the dishes of each latitude should be a miniature representation of the favors she has bestowed with sparing or lavish hand in every clime. The Laplander finds in oil or fat, which oxydizes with rapidity in the system, as effectual a protection against the rigors of an Arctic winter as that afforded by the skin of the beaver, the mink, or the sable, but he must suffer the penalty of extremes. As he knows not the beautiful succession of seasons which constitutes the charm of our temperate latitudes, neither can he share their varied products, and his *physique* lacks full development. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same may be said of those who swelter beneath a tropical sun. In temperate climes alone, therefore, manhood has reached the highest point of development; and here alone we find a due proportion of those elements of diet which science and experience have

proclaimed to be best adapted to the requirements of the human system.

In considering the preparation of food for immediate consumption as an art not undeserving man's attention, this conformity to Nature's scheme should be regarded as that immutable principle which must underlie every art and give it a character of its own. Indeed, Nature has employed a rather sharp monitor to remind us of our duty in this respect, and every violation of her ordinances is visited by a special retribution. An excess of the nitrogenous class of substances, especially meat and concentrated nutriments, produces a peculiar liability to gout, calculus, &c., which is due to the imperfect change those highly organized substances have undergone in the system, and their consequent interference with the action of the joints and the kidneys. Of course this tendency is apt to be more prevalent among those of the wealthy, who are gastronomes without discrimination, and who forget that while devouring the most highly nutritive and appetizing dishes they are laying the foundation of future excruciation. Dr. Carpenter* states that previous to the general use of the potato as an element of vegetable diet the gouty class of diseases were far more common than at the present time. Nor need we wonder at this, since, in those days, men lived during the whole winter season on bread, meat, and the various preparations of flour, in all which the nitrogenous element was in undue excess.

The introduction of the potato changed all this, and its universal use has mainly contributed to the marked diminution of the gout. On the other hand, when, in a temperate clime, the system is surcharged with oleaginous food a bilious diathesis is engendered—a fact which may be noticed in the western part of our country, where fat pork is consumed in large quantities. Bilious fevers, congestion of the liver, and the various diseases consequent on the derangement of that organ, are the penalty, therefore, of exclusiveness in this respect. If the farinaceous or starchy group predominate—a circumstance very likely to occur in the dietaries of the poor—a new train of evils arises. The defect of the nitrogenous principle is readily perceived in the imperfect development of the frame in those who are forced to subsist on a purely farinaceous diet, and their great liability to suffer from current diseases, especially epidemics. The starving populations of India are a sad

* Brit. and For. Med. Chir. Review, vol. vi, pp. 76 and 399.

illustration of this truth. The few grains of rice they receive, barely sufficient to support life, leave them an easy prey to the fevers and epidemics which sweep them off by thousands. In China, likewise, fleshless frames covered with unhealthy skin—the constant seat of loathsome diseases—attest the inability of the farinaceous class of food to give vigor to the body and richness to the blood.

Experience teaches us that where the oily group of nutrients is wanting scrofula is the common sequel. The prevalence of this constitutional disorder among the poorer classes may be accounted for by the absence of meat from their tables altogether, or the use of salt meats from which the long action of brine has removed much of the free fat. But science has failed, so far, to account satisfactorily for the necessity of fresh vegetables, at least during that portion of the year when they are in season. We all know that sailors are especially prone to suffer from scurvy, which is as much a vice of the constitution as any of the maladies we have mentioned; and yet it cannot be said that they are deprived of those articles of diet which science has proved to be essential to a sound state of health. They have rice and meat and the various preparations of flour, in which dietary are found albumen, hydrogen, and carbon—those elements which chemical physiologists tell us suffice to maintain the functions of nutrition, respiration, and calorification. Yet scurvy is the inevitable consequence of continued abstinence from a vegetable diet, and its only cure is a liberal allowance of fresh fruit and vegetables in season. So well was this fact known in former days, when sea voyages were much longer than to-day and scurvy consequently a far more common disorder, that an exclusively vegetable diet for some time previous to going to sea was prescribed, and vegetables were commonly known in medicine as anti-scorbutics. All these facts constitute the strongest proof that nature is our surest guide in the selection and due proportionment of the various articles of food which should enter into a well-regulated dietetic scale.

It is not hazardous to say that the dreadful ravages of consumption might be stayed to a far greater extent if some means were adopted to regulate diet in accordance with the principles we have mentioned. It is well known that among the filthy savages who inhabit extreme northern latitudes all the conditions which among us are believed to concur in the development and spread of consumption exist in a greatly exagger-

ated form. Thus the poison of *ochlesis*, or overcrowding, is generated in a more excessive degree and with more virulence where the habitations are under ground and whole families are swarmed into the narrowest quarters. Besides, the habits of the people are exceedingly filthy, no attention being paid to personal cleanliness. Yet, despite these favoring circumstances, consumption is almost unknown among them, and they are free from the disorders of scrofula.* We see no more probable cause to which to attribute this unlooked-for result than the great predominance of oleaginous substances in their diet. Physicians have profited by the lesson, and they now administer cod-liver oil for the purpose of preventing or arresting the deposition of tubercles in the system. The same lesson may be drawn from every page of nature's book, and she even exhibits to us compendious pictures in which are resumed the great principles of her teaching. Of this we have a most remarkable instance in the adaptation of the soil of every climate to the production of wheat—the only article which embraces the three elements we have just seen are essential to the maintenance of the various functions of the system. It contains gluten, which refers it to the albumenous or nitrogenous class, an abundance of starch, and a small proportion of vegetable oil; maize, especially, abounds in the latter. Bread, then, may be well called the staff of life, since it combines in itself the various qualities and conditions which both science and experience have demonstrated to be essential to the support of animal life. The proportion of oleaginous matter is, however, very small, and the addition of some oily substance is necessary that the proper degree of heat may be maintained. This, however, is easily procured, and though, owing to the peculiar laws of commerce in highly civilized communities, good butter may command an unreasonably high price, among those tribes who live in the simplicity of nature this difficulty does not exist. Thus, among the Hindoos, *ghee*, or rancid butter, is the commonest article of diet, and train-oil and blubber abound among the savages of northern latitudes.

These are briefly the results which science and experience have reached in reference to the substances which contribute to raise the standard of human health to the highest point, and in so doing best fit man for the fulfilment

* See Dr. Schleisner's "Island undersögt fra lægevidenskabeligt Synspunct," or Report on the sanitary Condition of Iceland.

of his manifold duties. As we before remarked, it is difficult to determine the influence the diet-scales of different ages and nations may have exercised on their health and longevity, since communities will not conform to the laws reason may have prescribed. However, of this result we are certain, that civilization and refinement, and the intellectual activity which characterizes civilized communities, exist in proportion to the regard men pay to the principles of sound physiology. Coarseness of mind and feature and a general approach to the brute creation may be noticed among those who violate every principle of science and nature in the choice and preparation of their food. Cannibals are but a step from beasts; and even among ourselves how easy it is to detect the evidence of insufficient, ill-chosen, or ill-prepared food among the poor and degraded. Ungainly features, deformities, and repulsive looks, with a strong tendency to indulge every bad passion, are the common attributes of those who live in violation of the rules of hygiene. When revolutions shake the social fabric to its centre, when the laws are set at defiance, and men's passions rule, we then see come forth from their dark hiding-places, the slums and reeking alleys of a city, fiends in human shape, men and women whose base passions are written on their brows; we see them foremost in the work of death and destruction. What has reduced these wretched creatures to this beastly level? The social economist will say corrupt associations and a bad moral training. But surely such influences cannot alone have produced those sinister features, the coarse and brutal appearance, which seem to be bred in the very marrow of their bones.

Incomplete as may be our present knowledge with reference to the best regimen that could be adopted, two circumstances will always probably prevent the good results which might be looked for—want of fresh air and the adulterations so generally practised by those who prepare the different alimentary substances—and defeat the teachings of physiology. In respect to the former circumstance, the poor—at least those who spend the greater part of their lives in the open air—are much better off than the favorites of fortune who constantly breathe an artificial atmosphere and remain carefully housed up many hours each day. It certainly never entered into nature's plan that the air which is so essential to the enrichment of the blood should be robbed of a great portion of its oxygen by being confined within

walls and allowed to circulate very imperfectly. Yet the condition of our social life almost requires this, and few reflect how much they are doing to impair their vigor and shorten their lives when they meet in halls or *salons* for mutual enjoyment and social intercourse. This, however, is a circumstance which the influence of those who are appointed to watch over the public health might do much to modify.

But what power can reach the unscrupulous manufacturer of bread, liquors, tea, coffee, mustard, pickles, preserves, confections, &c., &c.? Ever since Accum wrote his now almost forgotten book "There's Death in the Pot" the public have been aware that the most fraudulent practices are resorted to by manufacturers to deteriorate the quality of their respective wares and so swell their ill-gotten gains. Some years ago a commission was appointed in London to report on the adulterations practised, and the result is truly astounding. It shows that there is scarcely an article we consume which does not contain some poisonous admixture. In Paris the same task was undertaken by M. Chevallier and with the same result. In vain will writers on hygiene demonstrate the necessity of employing certain articles of diet to the exclusion of others when the shops offer for sale this same article envenomed with a ranker poison than the most unhygienic or indigestible trash.

If coffee contained nothing but a little infusion of chicory we should have no reason to complain; but when we find this chicory adulterated with the most disgusting ingredients, we almost feel that the fragrance of our Mocha comes to us laden with poison. Roasted wheat, ground acorns, roasted carrots, scorched beans, roasted parsnips, mangold-wurzel, lupin seeds, red earth, roasted horse-chestnuts, and, *horribile dictu*, baked horses' and bullocks' livers —these are, as we are informed by competent authorities, the ingredients which have been detected in different samples of coffee. "In various parts of London," says Mr. P. G. Simmonds, in a work entitled 'Coffee as it is and as it Ought to be,' "but more especially in the east, are to be found 'liver bakers.' These men take the livers of oxen and horses, bake them, and grind them into a powder which they sell to the low-priced coffee-shop keepers at from 4d. to 6d. per pound, horses' liver coffee being the highest priced. It may be known by allowing the coffee to stand until cold, when a thick pellicle, or skin, would be found on the top. It goes farther than coffee and is generally mixed with chicory and other vegetable imitations of coffee."

We give this as a specimen of the nefarious practices in vogue, though we might fill a volume with half the facts. Tea is a still more common article of consumption than coffee, and so the devices by which substitutions and falsifications are procured are more numerous and ingenious. Of fifty samples of green tea analyzed by Dr. Hassall, all were adulterated. He found in all sand, tea-dust, broken-down portions of other leaves, black-lead, Prussian blue, turmeric, and French chalk. Of this tea about 750,000 pounds are annually imported.

Bakers' bread is the fruitful source of dyspepsia, owing to the astringent properties of the alum, which it contains in excessive quantity. The alum absorbs water freely, and the weight of the bread is thereby much increased. Anyone acquainted with the action of alum on the coats of the stomach will comprehend the pernicious effects which are likely to follow from the ingestion of bread impregnated with this substance. If the truth were known, many cases of chronic dyspepsia might be attributed to this cause.

But it is in pickles and preserves especially that these adulterations have assumed a truly alarming shape. The brightly tinted green of pickled fruits is the result of the free use of verdigris or sulphate of copper, ten grains of which suffice to produce the most violent emesis. This Dr. Hassall proved to the entire satisfaction of those who have looked over the pages of his books. Indeed, anyone may test the matter for himself by taking a bright knitting-needle and allowing it to rest for a short time in the vinegar, and on withdrawing it he will find it coated with a layer of verdigris, thick or thin, according to the amount of the metal present.

Sugar is no freer from the manipulations of unconscientious dealers, and we will briefly give the analysis of some specimens tested by ourselves. Brown sugar contains a very appreciable quantity of wheat flour, slighty embrowned by fire; and, under the microscope, miriads of sugar insects were seen to crowd the field of view. White sugar is clarified by means of the albumen of bullock's blood, and though in the process of manufacture this substance may be closely incorporated with the sugar, it is easily separated by chemical means.

We do no more here than merely advert to a subject which it would require a volume to exhaust, and this for the purpose of showing the many difficulties which on every side beset the efforts of those who wish to rescue the remote and immediate preparation of food from the hands of ignorant em-

pirics and bring it within the domain of science. If this desirable consummation be reached the world will have reason to congratulate itself, and those who would asperse the character of a science which labors for the good of the race will disappear from the army of croakers who are ever ready to predict discomfiture to those who undertake beneficial reforms.

ART. V.—1. *Geschichte der Magyaren* (History of the Magyars). Von JOHANN GRAFEN MAILATH. 5 vols. Wien.

2. *Handbuch der Ungar-Poesie* (Handbook of Hungarian Poetry). FENIERYET TOLDY. 2 vols. Pesth.

3. *Dissertatio de origine Hungrorum* (Dissertation on the Origin of the Hungarians). FISHER.

4. *Poetry of the Magyars, preceded by a Commentary on the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania.* By JOHN BOWRING. London.

5. *Essai historique sur l'origine des Hongrois.* Par AUGUSTE DE GÉRANDO. Paris.

6. A' Magyar Literatura esmérete (Knowledge of the Magyar Literature). IRTA PAPAY SAMUEL. Westprim.

7. *Analyticæ Institutiones Linguæ Hungaricæ.* Budæ.

THE results already accomplished by the recent war between Austria and Prussia are more important than either of the belligerents themselves had anticipated. Prussia was both confident and sanguine, but she admits herself that she has gained much more than she had expected. Austria saw no reason why she should fear Prussia; she thought it possible, indeed, that a portion of her army might not prove faithful in the hour of peril; but she did not regard it as probable in view of certain concessions she had lately made. But she had not fought many battles when she was undeceived on this point, and hence her readiness not only to accede to the most important demands of Prussia, but also to surrender all she had left of Italy.

It was natural enough that Prussia should claim all the honor for herself; it was due, she said, to her needle-gun and to the superior discipline of her troops. Austria thought it as prudent not to dispute the point; and, accordingly, such has been the explanation generally adopted both in Europe and America. It is not the true one, however. As the excitement of the war is passing away and the statis-

tics are bringing the real facts to light it is found that Hungary has had much more to do with the humiliation of Austria than the needle-gun or any superiority on the part of the Prussian troops. For obvious reasons both the belligerents would rather conceal this. Be it remembered that Prussia retains a considerable portion of Poland; she has now parts of other nationalities under her control; and it is clearly not her interest to point out even to the most thoughtless of them what a severe blow they could inflict on her when she was most in need of their aid.

Thus it is that we hear so little either from the Austrians or the Prussians of the course pursued by the Hungarian contingent in all the principal battles. But the occurrences which took place were far too important to be concealed. The reporters of the press might be deceived easily enough as to the result of two or three battles; but there were French, English, and Belgian officers in both armies. These agree almost unanimously in the statement that whole regiments of Hungarians were captured without making any serious effort to defend themselves or their colors; and their testimony is fully confirmed by the official reports on both sides.

As an illustration of this we need only mention that in instances in which the loss of Austria was estimated at from 50,000 to 60,000 in killed, wounded, and missing, a little investigation showed that the missing amounted to more than half the entire number, and that four-fifths of this half were Hungarians. The question is not now whether or not it was right or wrong on the part of the Magyars to desert in this way; suffice it to remark, in passing, that if they voluntarily entered the service of Austria and swore without any compulsion or coercion that they would faithfully aid her against her enemies, no political motives could justify them in acting in the manner indicated. It is but justice to the Magyars, however, to say that, far from volunteering into the Austrian service, three-fourths of them were conscripted; even those who enlisted voluntarily were induced to do so because they were poor and needed what they were offered for their services. There is yet another fact which must not be forgotten. When the Magyars were overpowered and crushed in 1849, they solemnly declared before the world that they would avenge themselves at another time, and do so perhaps before they were entirely in a condition to establish their independence. Further than this we have to

do only with the fact, whether the Magyars deserted in large numbers from the Austrian army; it is estimated that not fewer than 75,000 thus withdrew, in one form or other, when they were most needed, and it is understood that in several instances they did far more mischief than their mere retirement would have caused.

This conduct on the part of the Hungarians and its effect on Austria teach valuable lessons. Russia and England as well as Austria and Prussia may learn from them that irreparable injury may be inflicted upon them, by those on whom they force their yoke, without any insurrection. All know that Hungary has seldom been more "tranquil" than it was during the late war; but it is not the less true that in the midst of this tranquillity she has inflicted a more severe blow on Austria than she did when in open and successful rebellion, threatening to capture Vienna and forcing the Emperor to retire to a place where his person might be more secure.

We do not take up the subject now, however, on account of the moral influence of the Austro-Prussian war on the different Powers mentioned; we do so because the results of that war have revived the hopes and brightened the prospects of the Magyars, and at the same time revived the interest which for various reasons every intelligent person must ever feel in the destinies of that brave and spirited people. If it be urged that the Magyars are not likely to have such an opportunity of securing their independence again for a quarter of a century as they had in 1849, when they were able to bring into the field one of the finest armies that Europe could produce, we think it is a sufficient reply that although Austria was much stronger then than she is now she found herself utterly unable to suppress the rebellion, and that if it was suppressed finally it was only with the aid of a large Russian army. Even with the assistance of the latter she would have found it a difficult task to subdue the Magyars had they not been betrayed by some of their own generals.

The object of the present article, however, is not to discuss the political condition or history of the Magyars; this we have done on a former occasion.* What we chiefly propose to ourselves now is to show that the Magyars have stronger claims on our sympathy and esteem than their being an oppressed people celebrated for their valor and other noble qualities. There are but few, especially in this country, who are aware that they possess an interesting and copious literature as well as a rich and peculiar language.

* See Nat. Q. Rev. for Sept., 1860, art. Hungary Past and Present.

Nothing exhibits the genius of a people or gives a more accurate idea of the degree of civilization to which they have attained better than their poetry; nor is there any better criterion whereby to form an opinion of their political aspirations. We will therefore give as many specimens of Hungarian poetry in this paper as we can make room for; but before doing so we will allude briefly to the ethnological character of the people.

Their own most learned and most patriotic historians admit that the origin both of themselves and their language is doubtful. Others, however, claim that they are descended from the ancient Egyptians;* but the majority of the Magyars themselves claim that they are descended from the Huns. It is somewhat remarkable that they are proud of this origin and place Attila at the head of their list of national heroes under the name Etèla. This is all the more wondered at by foreigners, because the Huns were proverbially ill-looking and repulsive; whereas no people in Europe have finer forms than the Maygars, both their men and women being remarkable for their symmetry and beauty.

It is true that they do not believe that the Huns were so repulsive in person and features as our historians represent them; this they explain by telling us that the terror excited by the prowess of their ancestors caused them to seem in their person the reverse of what they were. But Gibbon was not influenced by terror when he wrote his History; nor was he likely to draw his materials from those who were. He is also as free from the imputation of ethnological prejudice as perhaps any other historian; but the picture he gives of Attila, is nevertheless, sufficiently repulsive. "His features," says Gibbon, "bore the stamp of his national origin; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the *genuine deformity* of a modern Calmuk; a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short, square body of immense strength, though of a disproportionate form."† Nothing can be more different from this than the national portrait of the Magyars; but it is proper to add that if Gibbon represents Attila as deformed in person, he does not deny him some of the characteristics of a great warrior. "The haughty step and demeanor of the King of the Huns," he says, "expressed the consciousness of his *superiority above the rest of mankind;* and he

* Conjecturæ de origine prima sede et lingua Hungarorum.—T. Thomas.

† Decline and Fall of R. E., vol. iii, p. 389.

had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired. Yet this savage hero was not inaccessible to pity; his suppliant enemies might confide in the assurance of peace or pardon; and Attila was considered by his subjects as a just and indulgent master."*

These are the features which please the Hungarians; they say that Attila was brave and generous; that he was a great warrior and a good sovereign, and that it is nothing to them what he was besides. Whatever his real character was, certain it is that his deeds have exercised considerable influence on the poetry of the Magyars; next to female beauty they have proved the most prolific source of inspiration to the Magyar poets; and in this we are bound to believe that they have exercised a corresponding influence on the military characteristics of the people.

Although nothing further is known with certainty of the origin of the Magyar people than that the majority of those who have taken any interest in the investigation claim to have traced them to the Caucasian mountains, patriotic Magyars have at different times travelled through a large part of Asia with no other object than to discover the cradle of the race. Among those who have thus distinguished themselves in our own time are John Charlés de Besse and Csoma de Körös. The former devoted the years 1829 and 1830 to the pious search, confining his inquiries principally to the Caucasus, every inhabited spot of which he visited. Nor did he do so in vain; for he tells us that he found several tribes who not only called themselves Magyars, but stated many facts which showed that they knew from tradition that certain clans of the race had conquered large territories in the heart of Europe, in which they settled with their families. He found that they had also a tradition of a city named Magyara, built by their ancestors, and the ruins of which are still to be seen in the desert to the southeast of Astrakan. Körös extended his researches to India, and spent years in learning several Oriental languages in order that he might be the better qualified to accomplish his self-imposed task. In consulting the historians of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey, he found traces of a people called *Iugur*, *Ougur*, or *Wugur*, who had formerly inhabited some of the central plains of Asia, which are now embraced in Thibet.

We refer to these facts not because we think them of

* Decline and Fall of R. E., vol iii, p. 389.

much value in themselves, but in order to show how much that is romantic—how much that is poetical—there is in the story of the Magyar people. It is true that they are not peculiar in claiming a very high antiquity; the most vulgar tribes of Europe have made similar pretensions. If we are to regard the Magyars as the Huns, as they wish themselves, they established themselves in Pannonia (now Hungary) so early as the beginning of the fifth century, having expelled the Goths; but whether they were the Huns or not, it is beyond question that they had possession of the country at the beginning of the ninth century. It is proper to add that among the historians who deny that they are Huns is Gibbon, who was well aware that they claimed that descent for themselves; his opinion is that they are of Turkish origin, and he is sustained in it by Fessler and others. M. Léon Vaïsse, in discussing the same subject, remarks that to this day the Turks of Constantinople call them bad brothers, because it was they who closed the West against the Ottoman armies. Passing over the theories of Probst and Fejer, who have endeavored to prove that the Magyars are the descendants of the ancient Parthians,* who proved themselves so formidable to the Romans when the latter were at the zenith of their power, we come to consider them briefly as a European people.

We will make an observation or two on this point before we commence our extracts from the poet, because even the modern history of the Magyars is known but to few. The general impression is, that the subject condition of Hungary is but of recent origin, and that the country has been seized upon in some treacherous or unjust way by Austria, the same as Poland has been seized by Russia, Prussia, and Austria; but as our object is not to laud the Magyars or any other people further than their history and character seem to deserve it, we wish to correct those erroneous views. The truth is that so early as the time of Charlemagne Hungary was annexed to the German empire, although soon after the death of that monarch (920) it became an independent kingdom. Even then it was by no means strong. In the middle of the eleventh century it was overrun by the Poles; nearly a century later it suffered still worse from the Tartars, under the sons of Jenghis Khan. Yet they were scarcely treated worse by either than by their own sovereigns.

* See Adelung's *Mithridates*.

On the death of King Louis, in 1376, Hungary presented a more frightful catalogue of crime than any other country of Europe. The heir to the crown is murdered; the queen dowager is drowned to prevent her exercising any influence; and her own daughter Mary is said to have caused her to be thus dealt with. Be this as it may, she secures the throne for herself, and is duly crowned under the title of *King* Mary. The latter marries Sigismund, Marquis of Brandenburg; this gives offence to the Magyars, and in order to punish them the new king indulges in such wholesale slaughters that historians describe his reign by saying that "he caused the rivers of Hungary to flow with blood." The best proof that there are good grounds for this charge is to be found in the fact that the Hungarians implored the assistance of several of the neighboring States in turn; as these happened to have enough to do for themselves, the victims of oppression and cruelty were finally induced to call in the aid of the Turks. Sigismund is defeated in battle by Sultan Bajazet in 1389; but his German allies sympathize with the former, so that instead of losing Hungary he is enabled to conquer Bohemia and secure his election as Emperor of Germany.

Thus a marquis of Brandenburg becomes King of Hungary by marriage with a Hungarian princess; in due time he secures the imperial sceptre, and he is succeeded as King of Hungary by Albert of Austria. The latter becomes sovereign in 1437, and lays the foundation of the Austrian claims on that country, which have never been relinquished to the present day. It is true that it has not always been in the possession of Austria since that date. Its possession has been disputed by Poland and Turkey, each of which has held and oppressed it in turn; and yet it may be doubted whether either has dealt more severely with the people than their own native kings.

Nor have any princes behaved more cruelly to each other than those of Hungary. An instance or two of their conduct will sufficiently illustrate this. Peter I. is deposed by the adherents of Otto, who is killed in battle soon after. Peter again mounts the throne, but is again deposed, and this time his eyes are put out. Andrew is the next heir, but he is assassinated by his own brother Bela. A few years after Solomon is deposed and starved in a dungeon by his own son. Bela II. gives promise of being a good prince, but his uncle Colomon is so anxious to take his place

that he plots against him until he succeeds in putting out his eyes,* and he subsequently treats his son in a similar manner.

This is a gloomy picture; it is certainly not such as to impress the reader with a very exalted idea of the sort of independence enjoyed by Hungary when subject to no foreign yoke; but it is the testimony of the most reliable historians. At the same time we would not convey the impression that all the native Kings of Hungary were of this character. At least two or three of its sovereigns were worthy of comparison with the best that have ruled any country. This is particularly true of Mathias Corvinus. In portraying the character of this prince, Count Mailáth, the ablest and most impartial of the Hungarian historians, tells us that "his justice was so generally known as to have become proverbial. The Magyar says even to the present day 'Mathias is dead and justice is lost.'" In the same chapter the historian adds: "When the war broke out between Hungary and Austria a brave officer accosted Mathias with a request for leave to join the Emperor Frederick, to whom he had pledged himself by oath to return in case of war, be he where he might. The King dismissed him with rich presents, and extolled him highly for having preferred his oath to his own interest and a king's favor."† We are also informed that at another time when the King was told that certain members of his court designed to poison him, and he had reason to regard the information as correct, his reply was: "He who governs justly has neither poison nor dagger to fear, and what is most probable is not always true."

This was the language of a philosopher, and philosophers were scarce at this time among the crowned heads of more enlightened nations than Hungary; but Mathias formed an exception; he was an enthusiastic student as well as a brave man. "His knowledge was great," says the historian; "besides his mother tongue, he was acquainted with German, Slavonian, Latin, and Bulgarian or Turkish. The classics were his favorite study; he was familiar with Frontinus and Vegetius, and on retiring to rest he read Livy, or Quintus Curtius, or some other classic." ‡ We are further informed that Mathias "attended most sedulously to business. He read

* Ce prince altier, vindicatif, feroce, fut le tyran de ses sujets, et le fleau de ses voisins. Son frère Almus lui donna de l'ombrage: il lui fit crever les yeux.—*Essai historique sur l'origine des Hongrois.* Par Aug. de Gérando. Paris: 1851, p. 152.

† Geschichte der Magyaren, von Johann Grafen Mailáth. ‡Ib.

every letter immediately; the answers he generally directed his private secretary to write, but he read them over himself; frequently he wrote or dictated them."*

We have thus been somewhat particular in noting the character of Mathias as portrayed by a Magyar whose writings are highly popular among his countrymen and have been deemed worthy of translation into all the principal languages of Europe. It is not improbable, however, that he has exaggerated both the virtues and abilities of Mathias Corvinus; although all historians—indeed all who have devoted any attention to the political annals of Hungary—admit that he was a good king.† The Hungarians speak of him with reverence, as we have seen, to the present day; and yet this was the very sovereign whom the Magyars tried hardest to get rid of! This fact is at once remarkable and instructive; and it is idle to deny that it is characteristic of the Magyars. Accordingly, it has often afforded a strong argument against the justice of their complaints. Austria has said to them more than once, "You were dissatisfied with your own best king; you tried to dethrone him and put a foreign prince in his place; how can we expect, therefore, that you will not complain of our rule?"

The very historian that has praised Mathias in the manner indicated as an exemplary sovereign informs us in the same work that the Magyars "turned to Casimir, King of Poland, and *asked his second son, Prince Casimir*, for their king. The oldest friends of the house of Hunyadi (that of Mathias), even Vitez, Archbishop of Gran, fell off from Mathias; of the *seventy-five counties* into which Hungary was then divided only *nine*—of the grandees only the Archbishop of Kolocza and the Palatine—remained true to the King." The best proof of the wisdom and ability of Mathias is to be found in the universal opinion at the present day, namely, that the sun of Hungary set with him and that it has yet to rise again.

Prior to the rebellion of 1848–9 Hungary embraced, in addition to the territory properly so called, Sclavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, the Military Frontier, Dalmatia, and what is called the Hungarian Littorale (west coast of the Adriatic),

* Geschichte der Magyaren, von Johann Grafen Mailáth.

† The Apostolic Legate, Castelli, accredited to the Hungarian Court, writes to the Pope as follows: "The King is learned; he speaks with earnestness and majesty, saying nothing but what seems to him worthy of belief. When I consider his talent, eloquence, morals, art, and valor, I find that he surpasses all the princes I know, without a single exception."

the whole containing a population of nearly 16,000,000. All these dependencies, together with three counties of Hungary proper, were detached from the kingdom on the suppression of the war; thus the Hungarians lost nearly half their traditional territory and more than 5,000,000 of population; they were also deprived of their ancient constitution. But they have still territory enough; and it must be remembered that no brazen or impassable walls separate them from their brethren of Transylvania, Dalmatia, Croatia, &c. The latter would fly to their assistance all the readier for having been thus arbitrarily separated from them. All this Austria fully understands. She is now disposed to make important concessions; but she thinks it would be imprudent to hasten in this course, as her sudden kindness might be attributed to her recent humiliation. With this brief sketch of the general characteristics of the Hungarians and their present condition, as an introduction, we may proceed to consider their language and poetry, but only with the understanding that it is impossible to do either justice in the small amount of space which we can devote to them.

The ancient alphabet was Hunno-Scythian according to the most careful investigators. Gyormathi gives a copy of it in his *Leçons de langue hongroise;* it is capable of faithfully rendering all the sounds of the Magyar. He also gives an inscription, written in the thirteenth century, in the same characters; but their use was interdicted centuries ago under severe penalties. So early as 1038 the Latin language was introduced; and it has since been used throughout the the kingdom, except in some remote districts, where the people still clung to the ancient characters until the beginning of the present century. As the Magyar has at least thirty-one phonetic sounds and the Latin only twenty-six, the vowel-sounds of the latter have to be increased by means of accents and different other contrivances, and for a similar purpose the consonants are combined in different ways.

Thus if history had never said a word of the Magyars, their language would have fully vindicated their claim to an Oriental origin; for there is no language in Europe that has any resemblance to it either in its construction, its vowel sounds, or its declensions.

Among the various peculiar properties of the Magyar language is the extensive use which it makes of suffixes. Almost all the modifications of its nouns, verbs, pronouns, and prepo-

sitions are produced by an addition to the termination. The Magyar language has no grammatical gender; the sex is distinguished when necessary by a distinct term, the exact nature of which cannot be indicated by any word in our language. There is, however, some analogy between its definite article and our indefinite article. The former is *az* or *a* according as the substantive to which it relates commences with a vowel or a consonant. Every noun in the accusative or objective case is changed into an adjective by simply substituting *s* for *t*. Thus *haz* (house), the accusative of which is *hazat*, becomes an adjective by changing the *t* into *s*, and *hazas* signifies who has a house, or having a house.

The Magyar abstract nouns have some analogy with those of the Latin in the termination of the nominative singular; but there the resemblance ends. The Maygar abstract termination is *sag* or *seg*. No other language exhibits so much variety in what are called kindred words. Thus *lat*, (he sees,) is *lâtni* (to see) in the present infinitive; changed into *latas* (the view) it becomes a noun; then foreseeing or prophecy, *láto*; *lâttrato* is to be visible; *latatlan* is what cannot be seen; *latatlatlan* is invisible; *lathalosag* is visibility; *lathatatlansag* invisibility, &c.

The personal pronouns are affixed to the verb, as the possessive pronouns are to the nouns. Even the prepositions undergo changes of termination; they become separable or inseparable and change their forms according as they are intended to be placed before or after the noun. Thus, *hazba* means in the house (*ba* being the preposition) *hazbol* out of the house, *hazhoz* at the house, or at home, &c. This is the inseparable form; the separable are such as *haz elè* before the house, *haz elöl* about to leave the house, &c.

Even these few instances would show that the language is exceedingly complicated; nor do they misrepresent it in this respect. Yet it is at once energetic, expressive, and harmonious; few if any languages are more so. The combinations alluded to render it very pithy—capable of expressing much in a small space. A controversy took place in Germany some years ago as to which of the modern languages was most condensed and best calculated for translation. Some eminent scholars claimed the preëminence for German; but scholars as eminent and learned and possessed of as good judgment claimed the same distinction for the Magyar. What was agreed upon for translation, as a test, was that beautiful piece of Arabic poetry which the English reader has so much admired in the translation of Sir William

Jones, although the latter gives but a faint idea of the touching pathos and beauty of the original in lines like the following:

"On nurse's arms a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smil'd;
So live that sinking in thy long, last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep."

Of the several German versions furnished to the committee appointed to decide the point, that which obtained most applause was the following version of Von Hammer:

"Sohn! du weintest am Tag der Geburt; es lachten die Freunde;
Tracht,—dass am Todestag, während sie weinen, du lachst."

This had the recommendation of containing precisely the same number of words in the same measure as the original Arabic. But this did not meet the question. It was claimed that the Hungarian could express all in fewer words; and to prove the fact several of the Magyar poets furnished versions of the Arabic passage. The translation of Valyi-nagy consisted of only eleven words, and ran as follows:

Hogy szültetél sirul nézèid örültenek; úgy èlj
When thou wert born thou weepedst, the lookers-on rejoiced; so live

Hogy holtodkor azok sirjanak és te örülj.
That at thy death these may weep and thou mayst rejoice.

Kacenczy was terser still; he furnished one version which consisted of only eleven words; lest this might not be sufficiently condensed to secure the palm for his beloved Magyar he sent another a few days after which contained only seven words. We transcribe both for the satisfaction of those who take an interest in such linguistic feats.

Sirál midòn levél; azok nevettenek,
Thou weepedst when thou wert, others smiled.
Él̀y hojy vigan halhags òk keserégjenek.
Live—that thou mayst cheerfully die, while they mourn."

Sirva lettel; vígadtanak,
Halj meg vígán, búsúljanak.

Weeping thou wert—they rejoiced;
Die joyfully—they will mourn.

We need make no comment on these versions further than to say that even the savans of Vienna awarded the palm to the Magyar language; those who had been in favor of suppressing it as a source of constant danger to the Austrian empire admitted that it was much more expressive and more

flexible as well as more terse and musical than the dialect of the Fatherland. The best French, English, and Italian linguists have paid it similar compliments. "La langue hongroise ou magyare," says M. Léon Vaïsse, "est douce et harmonieuse"*

There are not many who are aware that the Magyars had a literature before the English; but such is nevertheless the fact. Magyar manuscripts may be seen in the Imperial Library at Vienna which bear the date of 1382. The same institution possesses a Magyar Bible translated into that language by Ladislaw Bathori in 1450. Dem. Csati wrote an epic on the conquest of Hungary by his ancestors so early as 1530. These are the most ancient Magyar works now extant, but much greater had been produced at least a century previously. According to the Magyars themselves they had national epics so early as the beginning of the fifth century; and there is good reason to believe that there is some foundation for the statement. No one is less disposed to exaggerate than Fredrick Schlegel; no one more cautious in drawing conclusions after making the most extensive researches. There is no reason why he should make an exception in favor of the pretensions of the Magyars; and in speaking of their literature he says, "There is *no doubt* that *from the earliest times* they had a *fine collection of epics composed in their own primitive tongue.* The engrossing theme of their poetry was most probably an account of the conquest of the country under the Seven Chiefs. It is tolerably certain that these legends of heathen antiquity were not entirely extinct, *even after the introduction of Christianity*, since the writers of the national chronicles bear testimony to having seen lays of corresponding import with their own eyes. This view is further confirmed by the fact that Bevaj, a celebrated Hungarian scholar, himself assisted in rescuing from oblivion a ballad of this sort; it treats of the immigration of the Magyars into Hungary."†

The same impartial and learned critic fully explains how it is that the fine poems referred to by so many early writers no longer exist. "But whatsoever," he says, "of Hungarian legendary poetry and glorious reminiscence

* Elsewhere the same critic gives the following estimate of it: "Moins riche que l'allemand, le hongrois est, par compensation, plus energique et plus concis, en même temps que plus harmonieux et plus flexible. Il est singulièrement propre à la poésie. La prosodie et le rhythme y sont tels qu'on a pu y introduire avec succès tous les mètres des Romains et des Grecs.

† Schlegel's History of Literature, *Lec.* x, p. 223.

escaped the deadly flow of foreign pseudo refinement, probably *perished altogether* under the devastations of the Turks. Some remains of the national genius for historical epics *lingered in the country and survived her destruction.*" *

We trust that more than the students of ethnology and languages will now understand that the language and literature of Hungary are worthy of a great people. The truth is that a vulgar or mongrel people could not have formed either. Although so much of the ancient literature of the Magyars has perished by various means; although, even in our own time, Austria has done her best not only to discourage but to suppress it, there is still sufficient left to awaken a deep interest in the fate of the people who possess it. Indeed there is sufficient to show that, notwithstanding the political errors and inconsistencies to which we have alluded in passing, we are bound to believe that under favorable circumstances the Magyars are not only capable of attaining a high degree of civilization, but also of securing for themselves a prominent if not a leading position among the great nations of Europe.

For the reasons already mentioned it is almost useless to go farther back in search of specimens of Magyar literature than the middle of the fifteenth century, when Mathias Corvinus distinguished himself as a sovereign, warrior, scholar, and even poet.† In the reign of Ferdinand I. there were also some good poets who were encouraged by the King. This is true both of Paul Kinzi and Stephen Bathin, who were equally renowned for their poetry and their bravery. In 1541 John Erdôsi, better known as Sylvester, published a Magyar version of the New Testament, prefixing to each of the Evangelists a fine poem in pure hexameter verse. Of this curious work there are but three copies extant—one in the library of the Vatican, another in that of Heidelberg University, and the other in the Imperial Library at Paris. It is chiefly remarkable as one of the ablest and most

* Schlegel's History of Literature, *Lec.* x, p, 224.

† There is good reason to believe that the King wrote verses of genuine merit. Ambrose Gerciani, in his historical poem on Corvinus, alludes to the royal strains as follows:

"I hear no minstrel poets sing
As sung our good, our valiant King,
Our ancient noble chief; and yet
His songs—his virtues we forget."

"En nem hallok ollz jó enekszerzöket,
Kik elö hoznak jó fejedelmünket,
Mátyás királzt régi jó vezérnket,
Elfelejtjük mi jol tett emberunket."

early efforts of the moderns to cause the adoption of the ancient prosody. Accordingly, Erdósi is regarded as the founder of the classical school of poetry, not only in Hungary, but throughout Germany. This fact is so fully recognized by learned Germans that to this day they call those verses which are scanned according to the rules of Greek and Latin prosody Erdösian.

Nor has the drama been neglected in Hungary. So early as 1569 Kiradi produced several comedies, two or three of which were translated into French and German; it was this poet who produced the national drama entitled *Balassa Menyhart.* During the seventeenth century, when there was comparatively little intellectual activity in Hungary—the public mind being chiefly occupied with political and religious revolutions—a considerable number of dramas of merit were produced.*

In 1664 Nicholas Zrinyi published an epic in fifteen books entitled *Az Adrdi Tegernek Sirenàga* (the Syren of the Adriatic). We have seen no specimens of this, but Mailáth speaks of it as "possessing great power, characterized by a patriotic and heroic spirit, and written in the purest Magyar." This author was also the founder of a school; it was he who first introduced the accented poetry of the moderns into Hungary, and, accordingly, it has since borne his name. Yet another school was formed by Stephen Gyöngyösi (1622–1704) which is still known in Hungary as the Tordaic, from the place of its author's residence. His principal poem is that entitled *Veselenycas* (the Venus of Murány); it is mainly devoted to a description of the taking of the fortress of Murány by Vesselenye, and the consequent marriage of the poet to Maria Szécsi, a Magyar princess, and its chief peculiarity consists in its structure, being rhymed in the middle of each verse and measured throughout according to the rules of Latin prosody. That it was highly popular in its day is sufficiently proved by the fact that it gained for the author the title of the Prince of Magyar Poets. It bears some resemblance to the *Furioso* of Ariosto in the richness of its imagery and the boldness of its metaphors; and although it can hardly be regarded as worthy of comparison with that great work, as a whole, it is certain that it contains passages which even Ariosto has seldom surpassed.

* "Cependant," says M. Mesnard, "des troops de comédiens ambulants commencèrent dès 1614 à parcourir les villes pour y représenter des drames dont le sujet était puisé dans l'histoire du pays. Le poëme historique obtint alors ses premiers succès."

The first poet of the modern school was the Jesuit Fàludi, who was born in 1704 and died in 1799. During his life he was not known, except to some of the brethren of his order, as a poet; but he gained distinction throughout the Continent as a critic and scholar. He was familiarly acquainted with several foreign languages, from some of which he translated useful and valuable works.* But he did not care for the fame of an author; he rather avoided it; and this will account for the fact that his writings were not published until seven years after his death. We can only give one specimen of his poetry; but apart from its grace and tenderness, this possesses peculiar interest. It seems that in his youth Fàludi was deeply enamored of a beautiful daughter of the Tyrol; but she proved false; and he withdrew from the world and entered a Jesuit novitiate. Here his conduct was so exemplary that he soon became a favorite with the young and old of the brethren. Several of the poems found in his portfolio after his death proved to have been inspired by this lady; that they were no vulgar strains will be readily admitted on a perusal of the following stanzas, the original of which we transcribe at the bottom of the page for the benefit of the student of languages:

"THE FALSE MAID.

I.

"She is born of noble stem,
Fairer than the fairest gem
Which upon her robe doth shine;
Graceful, beautiful, divine.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!

II.

She has eyes like damsons black,
Shining like the comet's track;
Mouth of witchery—lightning glance—
Heaven is in her countenance.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!

III.

Neck of alabaster, lips
Crimson roses to eclipse,
Chin of marble's smoothest glow,
Shoulders pled of purest snow.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!

* Horany's *Memoria Hungarorum*; Conversations-Lexicon, Vienna; &c.

IV.

Fair when distant, fair when near,
Fair her smile and fair her tear,
Fair when bending, fair erect--
Unadorn'd, or gem-bedeck'd.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!" *

As our quotations must necessarily be limited we must pass over the productions of several poets and only notice such as possess somewhat of a representative character. This is the case with the poems of Raday, who was born in 1713 and died in 1792, and whom his countrymen regard as the father of the modern Magyar school. Having inherited a rich patrimony he was in comfortable circumstances, and he freely shared what he could spare with needy literary men, especially with poets making all welcome to his library who wished to avail themselves of the use of the fine collection of books which he secured in his travels through Europe. It is not strange, then, that even those of his contemporaries who might be considered as his rivals speak of him not only with kindness but affection. We are sorry that we can only give one extract from his poems; nor can we say that this does justice to his style; we transcribe it because we have nothing better of his at hand, and because it is somewhat quaint withal:

"WATER, WIND, REPUTATION.

"I was a boy and heard this pretty story:
That Wind and Water play'd with Reputation
At hide-and-seek together.

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* "A' HANRIS LEANY.

I.

"Uri nemzet' eredete, derék, jeles, szép termete,
Gyöngyös, köves, szép ruhája, ruhájánál szebe orczája;
De mit használ, ha hamis,
De mit használ, ha hamis.

II.

Szeme kökény, csillag fénnye, szája csuda épitménye,
Tüzet lobbant pillantása, mint az egek villámlása;
De mit használ, ha hamis. (*Rep.*)

III.

Alabastrom fejér nyaka, piros rózsa nyith ajaka,
Sima márvány pizziny álljea, tiszta hónál tisztább álleja;
De mit használ, ha hamis. (*Rep.*)

IV.

Szép mikor varr, szép mikor ir, szép mikor nevet, szép mikor sír,
Szép mikor öl, szép mikor áll, ha hajt térdet, czifrán sétál;
De mit használ, ha hamis." (*Rep.*)

The water rushed adown the mountain passes,
But was discovered after long pursuing
In the deep valleys.

The wind flew upwards;
But it was followed to the mountain summits,
And soon entrapp'd there.

Then Reputation was to be imprison'd,
And reputation whispered
In a sonorous voice to her companions:
'Know if you lose me—know if once I hide me,
I'm lost forever.'

And so it was—she hid her; all inquiry
Was wasted in the seeking;
Nothing can renovate that perish'd treasure.
If you have lost it—thou hast lost *all* with it."

The next poet who attracts particular attention is Bessenyci, who was born in 1742 and died in 1809. He was the founder of the French school of Magyar poets. He was acquainted with several of the principal languages of Europe, including German, Italian, Spanish, and English, as well as French. He was so familiar with the Anglo-Saxon that he was induced to translate Pope's Essay on Man (*Az ember probájá*), and it is generally admitted that his version is a faithful one. We have a few extracts from his poems before us, but none that would do him justice. His success as a translator prompted Szilágyi to undertake a version of Voltaire's Henriade, which has also become a classic in the Magyar language. Another poet of this period who has deserved well of his country is Kazinczy. His principal original work is a book of epigrams, which is still highly popular among the educated classes of his countrymen. But he claims our attention more as a translator than as a poet; for he has rendered into Magyar Shakespeare's Hamlet, the whole of Ossian, and Sterne's Letters. We have several of his sonnets before us, but the following must suffice for our present purpose:

"My little bark of life is gently speeding
Adown the stream midst rocks, and sands, and eddies,
And gathering storms, and dark'ning clouds—unheeding
Its quiet course thro' waves and winds it steadies;
My love is with me—and my babes—whose kisses
Sweep sorrow's trace from off my brow as fast
As gathering there—and hung upon the mast
Are harp and myrtle flowers, that shed their blisses
On the sweet air. Is darkness on my path?
Then beams bright radiance from a star that hath

Its temple in the heavens. As firm as youth
I urge my onward way—there is no fear
For honest spirits. Even the fates revere
And recompense—love, minstrelsy and truth."

Among the sweetest and most touching poets of Hungary was Anyos (1766–1784). Like Faludi he retired to a convent at an early age, and like the same poet he shunned rather than courted fame. When his desk was opened at his death it was found that he had destroyed his best productions; it seems he would have destroyed all had not some of his brethren and friends prevailed upon him some time previously to lend them a few of his effusions. His elegaic strains were so much admired that some of the best poets of his time addressed long poems to him full of affection and sympathy. It was to him, for example, that the poet-warrior Barcsay addressed that poetical epistle which is more quoted than any other Magyar poem of its time and character, and from which we copy a verse or two:

"Would I could fling aside my wearying shield,
Bury my sword forever in its sheath,
And till the thread of fate is snapp'd by death
Dwell with the smiling muses. See fulfill'd
Those beautiful dreams of hope and boundless joy,
When, the world's slavish fetters broken, peace
Retires on her own thoughts of quietness,
Bliss-giving, bliss-receiving, life's employ."*

Dayka also was, in a certain sense, a monkish poet. He was the son of a poor tailor; but two Cistersian monks, having noticed that he possessed genius, devoted themselves to his education; and there is every reason to believe that they had reason to be satisfied with the result. He, too, was so modest that he left all he wrote unpublished; he died in the prime of life, having doubtless hastened his death by the intense ardor with which he studied philosophy.

Virág has still many admirers among scholars, but his poems are too artificial; there is nothing national in them; very little besides the language that is Hungarian. The author was a professor of the classics at the University of Buda, and all his productions are formed on classical models.

* "Bar én letehetnem fáradt sisakomat,
Kuczikba vethetném rozsdás pallósomat,
'S Muzsaknak szentelvém hannyatló napomat
Lassan nyujtogatnak Párkák fanalomat.
Vallyon mikor érem azt á bôldogsagot,
Hogy letévén minden világi rabságot,
Egyedül miveljem á szent barâts-ágot
Meliz âd nyajassâgert viszvat nyájassagot."

He has so successfully imitated many of the Horatian odes that his admirers still call him the Magyar Horace. His address to the Muses may be regarded as a fair specimen of his classic lyrics:

"TO THE MUSES.

"Where do ye bear me! into what solitude
Midst groves and valleys? Daughters of Helicon!
Have ye awakened new fires in my bosom?
Have ye transported my spirit?

Here in this quiet temple of loneliness
Will I pour out the songs of divinity
To the Hungarian Minerva, and worship
At the immortal one's altar.

Yes! I will read all the deeds of futurity.
Dark-mantled groves, sweet fountains of gentleness,
Have ye not thoughts to overwhelm me with transport
And to upbear me to heaven?

As ye have borne the bright virgins of victory,
Whom with a passionate longing for blessedness
Fain I would follow; and breathing of glory,
Heavenly sisters! I hail ye."

Of a very different cast was the disposition as well as the character of Verseghy (1755—1852). While the Buda professor wished to enrich his native language with Greek and Latin words and constructions, Verseghy wished to reject a large number of words which had been used by his countrymen for centuries. It is almost needless to say that he did not succeed in this; but he was not easily discouraged. Since he could not induce the Magyars to speak in the "pure" manner, which he thought right, he devoted his attention, in turn, to history, romance, theology, music and poetry. His collected poems were published in 1806; those which attracted most attention were satires entitled *Rikoti Matijas* (Matthew Rikoti). These were translated into German and Danish, as were also some of his odes; the latter are, indeed, far more attractive than the former, especially to foreigners, who do not understand the local allusions and personalities of the satires. That his philosophy is rather Epicurean may be seen from the following stanzas:

"TO MY BELOVED.

"Pluck we the roses—let us pluck the roses,
O my sweet maiden! when we find them blooming,
While they are smiling 'midst their thorny branches,
Pluck we the roses.

Bright as they seem, the spirit of perdition
Sweeps them ere morning. Shall we lose the transports
Now pressing round us in the distant dreaming
Future may promise?

All that we have is blended in the present,
Chances and changes trifle with the future;
Oft 'tis its task to mingle in joy's chalice
Drops of dark poison."

It is time now that we should give a specimen or two of the ballad poetry of the Magyars. The national songs of Hungary are, as might be expected, full of spirit and life but few of them are allowed to make their appearance in books without undergoing expurgation at the hands of the censorship. Some of the finest patriotic effusions of the Magyars that appear in print are therefore symbolical, but as such they forcibly remind the thoughtful reader of the passionate exclamation of Juliet:

"Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies
With repetition of my Romeo's name."

Is it any wonder, in view of this restraint, that one of the best of the Magyar critics tells, in speaking of the compositions of his countrymen in general, that "over them all is spread a gloomy tinge—and joy itself seems to find utterance in tones of pathos and melancholy. This character is attached to the national songs and to the national dances, of which it has been remarked that the Magyars dance as if they were weeping."* This is by no means peculiar, however, to the Hungarians. The Magyar songs, in which no symbols are used but the plain, stirring vernacular, must be heard from the mouths of the people. If we do find a war song occasionally in a German or French translation, its tones are considerably subdued. This is true for example, of the following:

"HUSSAR SONG.

Sirtal Anzám egykor érttem.

"Mother! dost weep that thy boy's right hand
Hath taken a sword for his fatherland?
Mother! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery?

Mother! and was it not sad to leave
Mine own sweet maiden alone to grieve?
Julia! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery?

* Introduction to the Regík á Magyar Elő-dőből, p. 12.

Mother! if thou in death wert laid,
Julia! if thou wert a treacherous maid;
Oh, then it were well that the brave should be
In the front ranks of bravery.

Mother! the thought brings heavy tears,
And I looked 'round on my youth's compeers;
They have their griefs and loves like me,
Touching the brave in their bravery.

Mother! my guardian! oh, be still—
Maiden! let hope thy bosom fill;
Kiral and country! how sweet to be
Battling for both in bravery!

Bravery—aye—and victory's hand
Shall wreath my Sáki* with golden band;
And in the camp the shouts shall be,
Oh! how he fought for liberty!"

In portraying the passion of love the Magyar poets give fuller scope to their genius; but these are frequently symbolical. By the "beloved one" is often meant Hungary; at other times love and patriotism are happily blended. This is true of the fine ballad of "Lovely Ilonka," which in its native dress is admired by all classes, and which must be admitted to possess some attraction in the following translation:

"He lingers on the ocean shore,
The seaman in his boat;
The water spirit's music o'er
The ruffled wave doth float.
'Maiden of beauty! counselled be,
'The tempest wakes from out the sea.'

'I may not stay,' the maiden cried,
'Though loud the tempest blow;
'That meadow on the water side—
'That cottage—bids me go.
'That shady grove that murmurs near
'Invites me—he I love is there!

'The wave is high, the storm is loud,
'And dangers rise anon!—
'But Hope sits smiling on the cloud,
'Storms drive the vessel on.
'And joy and sorrow both convey
'Man's mortal bark along its way.'

Into the seaman's boat she stept,
The helm the seaman took;
The storming billows fiercely swept,
And all the horizon shook.
The maiden spoke: 'Ye fears begone!
'The storm-wind drives the vessel on.'

* Military cap.

'O maiden! darker is the sky
'And fiercer is the wind;
'Alas! there is no harbor nigh,
'No refuge can we find.
'A whirlpool is the angry sea,
'It will engulf both thee and me.'

'No, seaman! fortune always shone
'And still will shine on me;
'Soon will the stormy clouds be gone,
'And sunbeams calm the sea,
'And evening bring the promised dove,
'And evening guide me to my love.'

She turned her to the distant strand
(*He* stood upon the spot)—
In sweet delirium stretched her hand
And winds and waves forgot.
So is love's spirit overfraught
With love's intensity of thought.

He stood—a statue on the shore,
A pale ice-hardened form:
The billows battling more and more,
And louder waxed the storm.
Clouds, waves, all mingled—and the boat?
Its scattered planks asunder float.

Where is she? Ask the storm! for he
No single tear has shed;
And he? Go ask the silent sea—
Its echoes answer 'Dead!'
I held communion with its waves,
But could not find the lovers' graves."

The Hussar song is one of the many graceful lyrics of Dobrentei, who was distinguished as a critic as well as a poet, and is nearly as well known in Germany and throughout Scandinavia as in his own country. He has contributed to several of the German periodicals, and is the author of the well written paper in the Leipzig *Conversations-Lexicon* on the literature of his country. No one loved Hungary more than he; but he was one of those who believed that "seditious poetry" does good only at certain times.

The author of "Lovely Lenka" is Kolcsey, who was born in 1790, and only died a few years since. He, too, was an essayist and critic. For fifteen years he was the principal editor of a periodical entitled *Elet és Literatura*. In this capacity he did incalculable service to the literature of his country; and he was aided in the good work by Szemere, another poet, many of whose odes and sonnets have been translated into German, Danish, and Swedish.

No modern poets are more deeply imbued with the

ısic spirit than those of Hungary. We see more or less dence in all their productions of the refining influence of ancient languages; we see that if the use of the Latin he court language and that of jurisprudence for so many turies after it had been discontinued everywhere else re- ded the development of the Magyar, its effect on the ıking faculties has been good; for be it remembered that n to this day the language of Cicero is fluently spoken all educated Magyars. Thus Berszenyi is highly classical; modern author indulges in more classical allusions; at the ıe time no Magyar poet has exercised a more powerful ination over his countrymen; no one is more fervent or re impetuous than he. He blends the story of the ient Romans with that of the Hunnish race in a manner t is at once startling, sad, and fascinating. He was born 1780 and died in 1850. His countrymen say that he k ill on the day he heard of the surrender of Gorgey, and er got over the effect of the shock. A fourth edition of works was published at Buda in 1851. In several of his ms he addresses his beloved Hungary as ancient Rome. netimes he enters into comparisons which are at once , beautiful, and touching, as in the following instance:

"OSZTALYRESZEM. MY PORTION.

"What though the waves roll awfully before me—
Quicksand and tempests? From the ocean border
Calmly I launch me, all my sails unfurling,
Laughing at danger.

Peace has returned; I drop my quiet anchor;
Beautiful visions have no power to charm me.
Welcome the wanderer to thy cheerful bosom,
Land of retirement!

Are not my meadows verdant as Tarentum?
Are not my fields as lovely as Larissa?
Flows not the Tiber with majestic beaming
Through my dark forest?

Have I not vines and golden corn-ears dancing
In the gay winds, and doth not heavenly freedom
Dwell in my dwelling?—Yes! the gods have given me
All I could envy.

Fate may indulge its infinite caprices;
Sheltered from want, unconquerable courage
Trains me to look secure, serene, contented,
Up to the heavens.

Thou, thou, my lyre! if thou dispense thy blessings
Bright on the tortuous pathway of existence,
Deserts shall smile, wastes wax them into gladness,
Charm'd by thy music.

Place me among the eternal snows of Greenland,
Place me among the burning sands of Zaara,
There shall your bosoms warm me, gentle Muses;
Here your breath freshen."

In short, there is no sort of poetry of which the Magyars have not furnished us specimens. The extracts we have given thus far are taken from poems which, in general, are of too high an order for the lower classes; but the latter have abundance, which they alone relish. And we find more that is characteristic in these than in any other kind. Thus, for example, all travellers agree that the Magyar women—at least those of the poorer class—are too often little better than the slaves of their husbands; that the former have to work hard, while the latter amuse themselves. Even among the higher ranks the women are but seldom regarded as the equals of their husbands; there are none of the habits of their Oriental ancestors which the Magyars seem to respect more than this. But the ladies do not always submit so quietly as might be supposed; occasionally they make earnest protests, and draw a pretty gloomy picture of their condition, as in the following instance:

"THE COMPLAINT OF THE YOUNG WIFE.

Tiszta liszből sül á kalács.

"Her laboring hands the meal must knead,
Her busy toil must bake the bread;
The priest may read his record, o'er;
The lord and master take the air;
But there is nought but grievous care
And heavy labor for the poor.

As from the rock the mad cascade
Falls, so did I—a thoughtless maid—
Wed, when it had been well to tarry.
Oh, could I be a maid again,
That man must be a man of men
Who should seduce the maid to marry!"

As in the English language we occasionally find a song or ballad which is equally relished by rich and poor, learned and ignorant, one frequently meets similar gems among the lyrical treasures of Hungary; but our space is so nearly exhausted that we can only give one specimen; nor can we say that this is of even average merit, for we transcribe it much more for its brevity than for its melody or tenderness; and yet it cannot be denied that it is not entirely deficient of those qualities. If it be wondered that so simple and unpretending a ditty could be very popular, let it be borne in mind

it is now in a foreign dress which greatly detracts from ative beauty; at all events the "Marosian Song" is the flower we can cull, for the present, from the Magyar erre:

MAROSIAN SONG.

Árád á víz, meg elapad.

"The waters ebb and the waters flow,
My head is aching with anxious woe;
But come, my rose, and sit down with me,
Soon calm and sunny hours will beam;
My heart shall find tranquillity,
And be as bright as Maros' stream.

Sweet dovelet! thou art as sad as I;
List! for the stork goes flapping by;
See! for the courser seeks the glade;
The grass is hung with gems of dew.
Let's seek the fields, my lovely maid,
Let's mount our steeds and be joyful too."

Although these few extracts, taken almost at random ı several collections of Magyar poems, give but a faint of the richness and variety of the poetical literature of gary, they may have the effect of directing to it the at- ion of a few to whom it had not previously occurred that field was worth exploring; and if it does so we shall accomplished our chief object. We feel certain that ntelligent student can read the poets of Hungary, even anslations that have reached us through the German, out profit and pleasure. The time devoted to them will ainly not be lost, if only because they are more imbued ı the classic spirit, for the reasons already mentioned, ı any other modern authors, not excepting even the mans. It is not, however, altogether for its own sake we have taken up the subject of Magyar literature at present moment. Self-love and self-interest have ever ed powerful motives; those who deny them most are e or less influenced by them; indeed, none are altogether from them even when they honestly think otherwise nselves. At the same time there is such a thing, in ons as well as individuals, as generosity—such a thing as pathy—such a thing as wishing happiness to others out expecting any benefit from it themselves. There is eason why we should not feel thus actuated towards gary. All who doubt may easily satisfy themselves that Magyars are a highly intellectual people; that they are inferior, either mentally or physically, to any other ple in Europe.

ART. VI.—1. *Bibliotheca Americana: Catalogue of American Publications, including Reprints and Original Works* from 1820 to 1852, with Supplement to 1855. Addenda to March, 1858. New York: O. A. Roorbach.

2. *Ma Bibliothèque Francaise.* Par H. BASSANGE. Paris: 1855.

3. *La Nouvelle Bibliothèque d'un Homme de Gout.* Paris.

4. *Traité des plus belles Bibliothèques de l'Europe.* Paris.

THE idea of taking part in their own government is very flattering to the self-love of most people; although too often it means very little that is good; not unfrequently it is rather suggestive of the adage that the lawyer who pleads his own case has a fool for his client. The most eloquent advocates and most learned jurists generally prefer to employ others to plead their own cases; and the most experienced and skilful physicians pursue a similar course; it is well known that they often employ those whose professional knowledge is far less than their own to prescribe for them.

It is right and proper for anyone to attend to his own business if he is capable of doing so intelligently and well; but if others whom he could afford to employ could serve him better, it is no wisdom on his part to do the work himself. Accordingly, no sensible merchant or banker keeps his accounts himself rather than employ a clerk or book-keeper to keep them for him. He may try for a while; but when he sees that however skilful he is in buying or selling, or in securing the use of large sums of money, he is apt to blunder in his figures when he comes to apply the pen to them just because he is a sensible man, he employs a clerk at once.

But with a legislator it is entirely different; the politician is always very willing to be a representative of the people in one position or other; but he wants no one to represent him. His care is to have constituents; not to have a representative, except when dangerous work is to be performed, such as fighting for his country or the like; then, indeed, he is very willing to waive his representative claims. But what have his constituents—those who imagine they govern themselves—to say in the matter? Or, rather, what should they do if they are as competent judges of right and wrong as they pretend? Should they retain as their representatives those who do them more harm than good? those who, while making long-winded harangues in praise of the blessings of self-government, deprive their constituents of advantages and privileges which are enjoyed by the subjects of those despots

whom they represent as demons rather than men? It is necessary to distinguish between mere talk and facts; between theory and practice; between causes and their effects.

All will admit that there is no more common topic in this country than the liberty of the press; nothing is more highly praised, nothing more boasted of, by our politicians. Far be it from us to deny that, in its legitimate sense it deserves all the praise bestowed upon it. But is the press really free in this country? We deny that it is; and we will prove in this article, to the satisfaction of every intelligent, candid person, that it is not. Did the liberty of the press consist in our being allowed to abuse all who differ from us in politics, religion, morals, &c., then it could not be denied but we enjoy it to the fullest extent; but this is license, not liberty; an evil to be deprecated, rather than a boon to be boasted of.

No person of culture and intelligence feels that he is under any irksome restraint in society because the habitual use of abusive or indecent language may exclude him from it, or compel him to choose for his company those whose tastes are so vitiated as to have no objection to such language. And why would not the same rule apply to a writer? Why should the latter be tolerated more than the former, if, instead of denouncing injustice, vice, and imposture, so that the innocent and unwary may be able to avoid them, he attacks and vilifies private character? In other words, if he libels his neighbor, why not be liable to punishment for doing so? An attack on one's head with a club may do him less harm than an attack on his reputation with the pen. All hold it to be just that he should be punished for the former, and why not for the latter?

But it may be urged that it is political liberty which is chiefly meant by liberty of the press. Granted that it is—what then? Does not the same principle apply in both cases? No sensible person would maintain, for example, that any government ought to stand quietly by, without making any objection, while even the most insignificant of its public edifices were battered down; everybody would admit, on the contrary, that it would be the duty of the government to call out a portion of its troops, and, if the assailants did not desist when warned once or twice to do so, cause them to be fired upon. But an inflammatory publication may do ten times more mischief than the mob thus

alluded to; it may incite a larger and worse mob to commit more serious excesses. If it could not in this country, it is well known that it could in others; and this shows that if disappointed politicians may write and publish what they will in the United States without being able to do much harm, it does not follow that the same kind of persons would prove equally harmless in other countries.

In forming an opinion as to whether the press of any country is "shackled" or licentious, it is necessary to take these facts into consideration. We should also bear in mind that the press may be shackled and licentious at the same time. This is paradoxical, we are aware, but it is not the less true. What is worse is that it is true of the present condition of the press in our own country. This, indeed, does not arise from the spirit of our institutions; on the contrary, it is in violation of that spirit. Republicanism is favorable to the liberty of the press in its best and most legitimate sense; but bad legislation renders its influence on the press as bad as the worst kind of despotism. When persons of limited information and narrow minds, who are more careful of the interests of their party than those of their country, are entrusted with the making of laws, it is credulous to expect that the great principles of government will be carried out. As well might the architect present the plan of a magnificient castle to one who has only crude notions on the subject of architecture and expect that the edifice will be in accordance with the design. The novice might do his best, but in vain; still more hopeless would the case be if, instead of exerting himself to please his employer or the person for whose benefit the edifice is intended, he only tries to please his own friends, so that the latter may procure him a better job.

Thus it is that while in theory there is no country in the world in which the press is freer than it is in this, there are very few enlightened nations in which it is really more shackled. Before the reader frowns at this and indignantly denies that there is any truth in it, let him ask himself a few simple questions, such as the following: Does it make any important difference to me, as a citizen, *how* I am prevented from doing any particular thing by legislation if I am prevented? Is it not as bad to prevent me from buying a book by making it too dear as to issue an edict warning me not to read it under certain penalties? Nay, is it not worse, since one might often evade the edict easily enough; whereas, if he cannot

afford the book, it is beyond his reach? It cannot be expected that the publisher will undertake to issue a work without expecting to profit by it; and this expectation must be founded on that of having a certain number of purchasers. But if he understands his business he is aware that if he charges too high a price he will have but few purchasers; if he knows, upon the other hand, that if he does not charge such a price, even in the event of his having a reasonable number of customers, he has no alternative but to relinquish the project altogether or run the risk of injuring himself for the public good.

Now, this is the position in which we have been placed in this country by our legislators. Congress does not, it is true, enact laws for the express purpose of prohibiting the circulation of books; but it enacts such as have the same ultimate effect; or, what is as bad, it omits to enact laws which would counteract the disadvantages under which publishers now labor, and which compel them to have their books manufactured abroad, or at best to undertake the manufacture, of only a few. This might well seem incredible to those who give themselves no trouble about causes; but it is beyond dispute. There are publishers in this city, in Boston, and in Philadelphia, who find it more profitable to have their books manufactured in London, Paris, or Brussels, than in this country.

What a commentary is this on our free institutions! Let no one think that it is caused by the comparatively high price of labor in this country; it is caused much more by the taxes on paper and on all other materials used in manufacturing books. But assuming the fact to be otherwise, it is idle to deny that if this high price of labor is not caused by blundering legislation it could be remedied by intelligent legislation. It is well known that the working population of almost every country in Europe exhibits a large surplus; a large proportion of this surplus would be glad to emigrate to this country if any encouragement were held out to them. Instead of this they are rather discouraged. Many of those who succeed in procuring sufficient to pay their passage to this country, together with a few dollars to support them until they get employment, are swindled out of their labor and money to such an extent that they send word to their friends at home warning them not to come to this "land of liberty."

The politicians, it is true, tell our people that none have such intellectual advantages as they; that they are more intellectual than any other people; that they can think what they like and give the utmost publicity to their thoughts without being prevented by judge, censor, or inquisitor, &c. This sounds very fine and the people think it is as true as it is plausible and flattering. Accordingly, they have a sort of contemptuous pity for those whom they regard as placed in the opposite position; and in proportion as they entertain this feeling they regard themselves as superior beings, whose privilege it is to be arrogant and overbearing. We are well aware that it is much more agreeable to flatter than to point out faults in this way. But we know the latter does more good, and hence we prefer it.

As there are many of those who regard themselves as belonging to the enlightened class whom it is difficult, if not impossible, to convince that we have not more intellectual privileges in this country than any other people possess, notwithstanding the undeniable facts we have mentioned, we will make a comparison or two. It is admitted readily enough that some of the literary institutions of Europe are superior to the corresponding institutions of this country, because the former are old and the latter young. But as for the subjects of the despots, having as much facility in procuring books and reading them as the citizens of the great Republic of the West, that they consider out of the question. But the truth is that they have much more. In other words, it is we who are shackled in this respect, not the subjects of the despotisms; although, if the republican spirit were duly carried out, the fact would be reversed, as already intimated.

It is as true of books as of any other commodities, that those who use them most manufacture or import them on the largest scale. Do we do either in proportion to our population? Certainly not. When we published most—that is, when paper and all other materials for book-making cost less than half what they do—we had by no means the pre-eminence in this respect. A few statistics will illustrate the fact and show how much our orators are mistaken, at least how much they deceive us, when they tell us what great advantages we have over others in the means of acquiring knowledge. It appears from the most careful statistics that more books were published in this country from 1855 to 1858, both years inclusive, than during any other equal period of our national existence. Now let us see what the

numbers were. The number published in 1855, according to "Norton's Annual Book List," including new editions, reprints of English works, translations, &c., was 1,092; from the same authority we learn that 751 new books, new editions, reprints, and translations were published during the six months of 1866 ending in July. In the "Addenda" to Roorbach's "Bibliotheca Americana," we have an analysis from which it appears that from January 1, 1856, to March, 1858—a little more than two years—5,362 volumes were published, including school-books, essays, reprints, translations, &c.

If neither of these accounts does not exaggerate the real number, it certainly does not diminish it; and there are none of our readers who do not remember what a large proportion of worthless books were published during these years—a larger number, we trust, than will ever be published again of the same stamp. It will also be remembered that several publishers made a habit of announcing the tenth, often the twentieth, edition of a "sensation" book before the first was entirely disposed of. We know instances ourselves in which the title-pages for several editions were printed the same day, so that all that was necessary to constitute a new edition was to insert the proper title-page; the rest was already done. Of course these "new editions" swelled the official numbers to a considerable extent; but the grand total is small, after all, when compared to the annual number of books published in the principal countries of Europe. This we will show presently; but before we do so let us remark, as a matter of justice, that the fault does not lie with the American people. None have a more inquiring turn; none are more ready to buy books, or more willing to pay for them; but, although their means are, in general, at least equal to those of any other people, they cannot afford to pay the high prices which, owing to the blundering legislative alluded to our publishers and importers have to charge in order to, make a living by their business.

The politicians who, by their thoughtlessness and stupidity, place us in this position take care to tell us on from time to time, in what a lamentably benighted condition the principal nations of Europe are. These platitudes are so often repeated that in time many of our pastors accept them as truths; and, accordingly, we have heard more than one announce them from the pulpit, fervently thanking God that we are not like those unhappy people—the French, the Germans, and even the English—who, except the higher

order, or "privileged class," can never see a book any nearer to their reach than the bookseller's window.

First let us turn to France and judge from a few facts how benighted the people of that country must be as compared to ourselves. In 1855, be it remembered, the total number of American publications that could be called books by any stretch of courtesy was 1,092. We have already indicated our authority for this. Now we will quote a trade authority —the *Journal de la Librairie*—which would be accepted as such in any part of the world in which good books are read and valued. This periodical tells us that during the same year 8,285 literary works were published in France, not to mention scientific works; it shows that the number of musical compositions alone was greater than that of all our books put together, including reprints, new editions, translations, &c. It may be replied that although France thus issues so many thousands more than we in one particular year, she does not exhibit such a preponderance, in general, in proportion to her population as compared to ours; but the fact is not so. She has always, during our existence as a nation, published vastly more than we, and, it must also be admitted, a very different class of books, in general, from ours. According to the *Journal* already mentioned, the number of books published in France from November 1, 1811, to December 31, 1855, amounted in round numbers to 271,994, exclusive of engravings, lithographs, musical compositions, &c., which would swell the number to nearly half a million of publications.

We have no statistics of the book trade in the United States for the corresponding period; but so far as we have statistics they present a striking contrast. In Trübner's "Bibliographical Guide to American Literature" we find a table that gives the number of books of all kinds published in this country for the twelve years preceding 1842. The total is only 1,205; and of this number 592 were reprints. According to this estimate the average yearly issue for the whole United States fell short of 101 books of all kinds; and the table from which we quote is copied by "Appleton's New American Cyclopædia," without any pretension that it does not give the full number.

Now we will turn to another "despotism "and see how its manufacturers of books will compare with our own. Take Austria, for example. This is a country which our politicians are in the habit of regarding with great pity on

account of the benighted condition of the inhabitants, arising from their having no liberty of the press worthy of the name, no opportunities of obtaining information as we have, &c. But the statistics tell a very different story. The most recent we have at hand are those of Dr. Wurzbach, of the Vienna Imperial Library, who gives the number of publications issued in 1854 as 24,039; of this number 6,136 were Italian, 1,482 Hungarian, 815 Polish, &c., the number of German books being 12,983. Thus, strange and incredible as it may appear, more books were published in Austria in the language of one of the subject provinces of the empire than were published altogether in this country. Nay, according to the most reliable authorities, the number of volumes of one class alone annually put in circulation in France exceeds 10,000,000. As for Germany Proper, the average annual number of its book publications exceeds 10,000—more than a dozen times the annual average in this country.

The annual issue of books in England is very large, but not, as is generally supposed in this country, larger than it is in France or Austria, not to mention all Germany. On the contrary, it is far from being so large. But from evidence given before a select committee of the House of Commons in 1851, it appeared that of one class of books alone 29,000,000 were annually sold. From the year 1800 to 1827, according to the London Catalogue, there were 19,860 books published in England; from 1816 to 1851 there were published, according to the same authority, 45,072, which would give an annual average of 1,252!

Holland, whose population is estimated at only 3,000,000, published during the nine years from 1848 to 1856 1,799 books. The same little country published in 1856 1,859 —many more than were published in the United States for nearly thirty millions of people.

These statistics will doubtless seem incredible to many, but they are nevertheless true. Any one who doubts may easily ascertain for himself that we indulge in no exaggeration on the subject, but simply note facts that are within the reach of every intelligent person who will give himself the trouble to consult any respectable recent history of the book trade.

But does it not seem more incredible still, and also more mortifying, that we are at least equalled, if we are not surpassed, in the number of books we publish annually, by the Russians? The statistics which we have at hand from this

source are not extensive or very recent, but they show that we cannot regard the great despotism of the North as in a very benighted condition, after all, as compared to ourselves. From statistics prepared by Dr. Vinzel, of the University of Dresden, it appears that in the year 1854 1,312 books were issued in Russia; of these 861 were in the Russian language and 451 were in foreign languages. Now, what will our politicians say to this? What will those in the habit of believing them say?

But let us consider the subject in another point of view. It is evident that in proportion as people use goods of any kind they must either manufacture or import them. Now, let us see how we will stand according to this test in comparison with some of the despotisms of Europe. First we turn again to France. Consulting the *Journal de la Librairie* again we find that, notwithstanding the vast number of books manufactured in that country during the years 1854, 1855, and 1856, books were imported to the estimated value of $1,175,000. It will be seen that the country could well afford to pay this sum, considerable as it is, for foreign books, from the fact that it exported during the same period, nearly eight million dollars' worth ($7,975,060). Other authorities make the exports still larger. But we always prefer moderation in our statements to anything that may seem even to border on exaggeration. These figures show that the French publishers not only supply an immense demand at home for books, but also derive a large revenue from those they furnish foreign countries. Can our publishers say anything like this of themselves? How much revenue do they derive from the books they export? It is idle to conceal that the amount would hardly be worth mentioning.

Then it may be said that in imports, at least, we rank very high; if we do not manufacture a large amount of books ourselves, we import a large number; and this would account by itself for our superior intelligence; but, unfortunately, it is not true; the number we import is very moderate. If we glance at the statistics of those countries which export most books we shall find that we are by no means their best customers; we shall see that some of the smallest of the third or fourth-rate kingdoms of Europe import as well as manufacture more books than we do. This is true, for example, of Belgium; it is true of Switzerland; it was true of Sardinia before the recent changes took place in

Italy. It will, perhaps, be thought worse than all that Spain imports more books than the United States, but such is really the fact. Nor can it be said that it is similarity or dissimilarity of language or religion that causes this difference, since, although the language and religion of England are the same as our own, the latter is the largest buyer of French books next to Belgium and Germany; whereas the United States rank in that respect after Spain and Sardinia.

May it not well be asked now what is the source of the superior intellectual advantages of which our politicians boast? Perhaps we shall be told that it is to be found in our libaries; but, alas! the contrast is still more striking. It may seem a gross exaggeration to say that the libraries of Paris alone contain more works than those of the whole United States put together; nevertheless, such is the fact. But are the public admitted to the former as they are to the latter? Are Frenchmen allowed into the great libraries of their country as freely as Americans are? Certainly. All that is necessary in order to gain admission to the principal libraries—the greatest in the world—is to procure an introduction from some one known to the authorities as respectable; and the object of this introduction is simply to exclude common thieves, who would steal the books and sell them. There is not a single country in Europe that has any pretensions to enlightenment but has libraries which are open to the public, at least two or three times a week, on similar terms. No one is so poor but he can gain admission, if he is only believed to be honest by some respectable person who will give him a line to say so. If we have a few great libraries in this country—that is, libraries which all may enter and profit by without charge—they are the gifts of benevolent individuals, not institutions established for the public benefit by our politicians.

We have already said that it is not republicanism which is to blame for those humiliating contrasts; and we have also said that they are not caused by any remissness or any lack of appreciation of intelligence or knowledge on the part of our people. Our form of government is quite as favorable to the manufacture of books, the increase of knowledge, and the general development of the human mind, as that of England, France, or any other country. The great difficulty is, that we have too many politicians and too few statesmen. Men who know little or nothing about books themselves

cannot be expected to do much to encourage or increase their circulation. Their books are their newspapers; these, indeed, they do encourage, because they think they contribute to their fame as well as to their interest; and, accordingly, we can show as large a circulation of newspapers as any country. Neither England, nor France, nor Germany, can approach us in this department; nay, regarding the circulation of the newspapers as a criterion of intelligence and intellectual activity and ability, we surpass the Greeks and Romans in their palmiest days!

But this will not do. Well-conducted papers are useful, interesting things; and there is a good deal to be learned from them. For one of this character, however, there are ninety-nine of the opposite. The latter are empty, dull, and vicious just in proportion as books are scarce. Now, cannot this state of things be remedied? If we thought not, we would have said nothing about it. We would much rather have spoken in the opposite sense. We have already alluded to the principal cause; but it is not any one law or series of laws that have produced such injurious results. The general tendency of our legislation is to prevent the growth of sound intelligence instead of promoting it.

We do not say that even the worst of our politicians design to discourage intellectual progress; but this does not mitigate the evil. No matter what the design of our legislators is, the results are the same if laws are passed which force our publishers either to buy their paper, printing, binding materials, &c., abroad, or avoid publishing any books except those of a popular kind, which would be likely to have a pretty large sale, even at the high prices which they must charge for them inorder to do justice to themselves. Had no laws been passed having an obvious tendency to increase the price of books so as to place them beyond the reach of a large proportion of the people, this would not have justified our legislators in allowing this state of things to continue. It is their duty, not only to avoid enacting laws which are adverse to the progress of intelligence; it is incumbent on them to enact laws for the express purpose of encouraging that progress.

In making these remarks we are not at all unmindful of our common-school system. In general this is very good; it does much service. But who needs to be told that the best of our common schools do no more than to lay the groundwork of a plain education? Were the school-books even cheap, which is

far from being the case, other books would be required, even by "the masses." If they cannot afford them, their intelligence will always be of the school-boy kind, except it be true that they get all the additional information they need from the newspapers. If they only need to be told what are the qualifications of certain candidates for office, what great abilities they possess, and how full of integrity and patriotism they are; and what stupid, unprincipled miscreants are their opponents; how unfit the latter are for any office; how they ought to be inmates of a prison rather than of any respectable establishment. If "the people" only required intelligence and information of this kind, then, indeed, it might be admitted without hesitation that they were in no need of books, at least that they want no better works than the cheapest of the yellow-cover class.

If our legislators did nothing worse than to secure a monopoly for the paper manufacturers, would it not have been bad enough? would it not have justified the charge of discouraging the publication of books? The paper manufacturers are wealthy; they can afford to give handsome presents; therefore they must be "protected." Those Europeans who would sell us paper in our own cities for less than half what they do are prevented by various enactments from doing so; and the consequence is that our publishers have to go to London, Paris, or Brussels, as already intimated, and get all the materials for their books there, taking the latter home with them fully manufactured, even to the binding. The enemies of republicanism may well ask who can recommend a system that leads to such results. Indeed, its warmest friends may do so, at the same time asking themselves are they unshaken in the high opinion they have hitherto entertained of republicanism and its influence. Nay, would it not be nearly sufficient to shake our own faith did we not know from experience that it is not republicanism that is to blame, but the politicians, whose aim is to secure money and influence for themselves?

The argument of the politicians who thus virtually shackle the press is that of the worst despots, namely, that "the government must be supported." They forget that it is a poor country that cannot support its government without taxing knowledge; ours is certainly not such a country. We have ample sources of revenue without laying such taxes on the materials for manufacturing books as produce results like those indicated.

In all free countries taxes are regarded as voluntary donations from the people to the government. This was the opinion expressed by Lord Chatham in his great speech on the just complaints of the American colonists; it is also the opinion of Blackstone, Adam Smith, and many other authorities equally distinguished. But would any intelligent people agree to a tax which they knew would have a tendency to check intellectual activity and prevent the diffusion of knowledge?

It is the duty of every liberal government—indeed, of all governments worthy of the name—to avoid as much as possible taxing what is calculated to exercise great influence on the wealth and character of the nation. This principle was recognized so early as the time of Solomon, and those who violated it did not do so with impunity. We learn from the best authority that Aaron was stoned to death for exacting unjust tribute; and that at the commencement of the reign of Solomon's son the ten tribes seceded for a similar reason.

The republican Athenians paid no direct taxes, except when convicted of crimes; the government was supported not by taxes on the necessaries of life, on books, on paintings, or on statues, but chiefly by levies on the lands of the Republic. The common people, far from paying any taxes, except whatever duties they had to pay indirectly for foreing commodities that could not be produced at home, received large appropriations annually from the state for public games and spectacles. Be it remembered that at these games and spectacles the noblest productions of the Athenian intellect were read by their authors and subsequently commented upon by critics, while the best painters and sculptors exhibited their works in a similar manner. Thus the government of the small and not very fertile state of Athens gave the people money to enable them to gain information and improve their minds, as well as to amuse and entertain themselves, instead of making knowledge and information so dear as to place them beyond their reach.

Nor would Rome have been so long the mistress of the world had she pursued a different course; she certainly would not had she pursued that of our politicians. During the Republic foreigners had to pay four-fifths of the expenses of government. Instead of imposing heavy taxes on the people, large donations of land were made to them periodically. At other times money and corn were distributed to them alternately. Even the great Cæsar found it necessary

to pursue this course when his power was at its climax and the world acknowledged his sway; he did not dare, fond as he was of money, to impose taxes on the necessaries and rational pleasures of life much less on those productions whose influence distinguishes man from the brute.

After Cæsar's time it was, indeed, different. Although it was he who founded the empire, he was too wise a statesman to lay any heavy pecuniary burdens on the Romans. But his followers pursued the opposite course just in proportion as they are known to posterity as tyrants. Caligula and Nero were adepts in the work of taxation, both direct and indirect. These, indeed, taxed knowledge and everything else that was good. But even they did not do so to such an extent as the legislators of the model Republic of the nineteenth century. Bad as Nero was, no Roman citizen had to go to a foreign country to manufacture Roman necessaries which could not be manufactured at Rome on account of heavy taxes imposed on the materials of which they were composed.

As for republics, ancient or modern, we may search their histories in vain for a parallel to the condition of affairs to which we are reduced ourselves in the manner indicated. The nearest approach to it we find in the Republic of Venice. But we do not read in the darkest of her chronicles that any Venitian bookseller had to go to Paris, London, or Madrid, to manufacture books or other commodities for the use of his fellow-citizens. In other respects we should be sorry to compare the Republic of the United States to the Republic of Venice. The former, indeed, is not stained with so many crimes as the latter, and we trust never will. We make the comparison only so far as taxes on knowledge and intelligence and the encouragement or discouragement of intellectual progress are concerned; and in this respect the Venetians had undoubtedly the advantage of us, notwithstanding the best we can say of our public schools.

Our politicians are very fond of comparing this country to England in regard to freedom and intellectual advantages of all kinds. We do not deny that England deserves to be regarded as a model in many respects; on the contrary, it always affords us pleasure to give prominence to the truth. But is it not a humiliating reflection that while England makes progress in rational intellectual liberty we retrograde? Let this be denied as it may, it is nevertheless a fact—one that admits of the clearest proof. Even in the department of newspapers, how much more liberal is the British Parlia-

ment than the Congress of the United States? Prior to 1855, English newspapers were subject to a stamp duty of one penny each; the stamp may now be put on or not, at the option of the publisher; but if it is put on it exempts the paper from postage; and a dozen persons may send it about to each other through the mails without any cost whatever. How different is the fact with us! If we sent the same paper as often as it is sent in England it would often cost us the price of a book, even at the high rate at which a book is sold in this country.

Still more liberally, if possible, is the circulation of periodicals and books encouraged by the British Parliament. But what encouragement does Congress give in this respect? How much does it cost to send a book, or even a periodical, from one city of the Republic to another? Those Englishmen who are most prejudiced against republics, and against our Republic in particular, can hardly believe that we are so heavily taxed in this matter.

Then compare the postage on letters. One penny takes a letter from any point in the British Islands to another, from the extreme south of Ireland to the extreme north of Scotland; but the least we can send a letter for beyond the precincts of the city or town in which we write is three cents. This, however, gives no idea of the difference in the cost. We have to pay at least three times as much for good letter or note paper as the English have. Can we say, then, that epistolary correspondence is as much encouraged by the Republican Congress as it is by the Royal Parliament; nay, must we not admit that as compared with the latter the former discourages it? And who will deny that epistolary correspondence is a means of intellectual improvement and culture? How many have become distinguished as authors who tell us themselves that it was by corresponding with their friends they learned to write with facility and elegance? But no such testimony is necessary, since every intelligent person is aware that there is no information or knowledge, however important or profound, which may not be communicated in the epistolary form. Is it not, in a word, the form in which the most valuable discoveries and inventions have first been communicated to the world? But, as we have seen, our politicians lay a double, treble—nay, quadruple—tax upon it, since they raise the price of paper, pens, ink, &c., and finally charge us three cents postage if we only want to send a line from New York to Brooklyn; two cents if we only want to send it to the next street in our own city.

Without entering into any particulars relative to French taxation we may say, in general terms, that the people are less heavily taxed than those of England or the United States. We are well aware that the reverse is what is generally believed in this country; but it is not so. The French, like the ancient Romans, make foreign nations, to whom they furnish so much of the products of their industry, pay a large proportion of the expenses of government; and the greater part of the remainder is derived from the land. But it is sufficient for our purpose that, let what may be taxed in France, no one can justly say that there is a tax upon knowledge in that country, or that its goverment discourages intellectual progress. Her literary and scientific institutions are too famous for their superior excellence to render any demonstration of this fact necessary. Not only the French Academy, the Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Jardin des Plantes, receive large annual contributions from the public treasury; the University of France, and the College of France—two other great institutions—are equally favored and protected. If all this is not evidence that the development of the intellect is not discouraged in France, that French taxation does not place beyond the reach of Frenchmen even the noblest productions of the human intellect, we have only to remember how incredibly cheap books of all kinds are sold throughout France. Everyone who has visited that country and taken any interest in the subject under consideration has been surprised to see books sold for about twenty-five cents of our money which, if printed in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, would cost from a dollar and a half to two dollars. The books which are sold in Paris for a few sous would cost at least half a dollar or seventy-five cents if published in this country. And if we take a Paris book that costs five sous and compare it with a New York book that costs fifty or seventy-five cents, our surprise will be increased rather than diminished; for we shall find not only that the paper of the former is much better than that of the latter, but, also, that it is more correctly and more legibly printed.

We certainly do not speak from personal feeling in this matter; we have no complaint to make on our own part. Others may upbraid the nation with want of appreciation of their labors, and mourn that the age in which they live lags so slowly behind them; but we can make no such pretensions. If paper, printing, &c., are excessively dear in this

country, the liberal patronage which we receive enables us to meet the cost without much difficulty, and we never had any ambition for accumulating money for its own sake. We treat the subject, then, as we do any other in which the public has an interest. There is no good reason why all the materials necessary for the publication of books and the diffusion of knowledge should be nearly twice as expensive in this country as they are in France, England, and Germany—some of them three times as expensive. We regret that bad legislation is the cause of it, and that nothing reflects more discredit on the Republic. In a word, as long as the present state of things continues, as we have indicated—as long as our publishers find it more profitable to get their books manufactured in Europe than at home—instead of boasting of our self-government, we should indignantly protest against this penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy of our legislators; for, however harsh or incredible it may seem to those who do not bestow much thought on the subject, certain it is that the tendency of a certain portion of our laws is *to impede the acquisition of knowledge.*

ART. VII.—*Laus Veneris and other Poems and Ballads.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. 12mo, pp. 328. New York: Carleton, 1866.

It is often difficult to distinguish a depraved taste as a cause from unprincipled avarice. We cannot undertake to determine to which should we attribute the selection of this book for republication in this country; but there can be no question among those who examine it and are capable of forming an intelligent opinion of its character that it has resulted from one defect or the other. We wish the reader to judge the publisher as dispassionately and fairly as possible, remembering that sometimes one cannot help having a depraved taste. This is the case when not only has his education been neglected, but he has been placed in circumstances in which his natural taste, if he had any, has been vitiated by "evil communications."

It is none of our business to inquire whether Mr. Carleton should be placed in this category or not; we have nothing to do with any one's private affairs; we have a right to criticise only what he does in his public capacity, and we have no wish to do more. In the present instance this,

indeed, is quite enough; no other publisher, not even Peterson, of Philadelphia, has evinced a more depraved taste; no publisher in this country has so flagrantly offended public decency.

This is no new discovery or hasty conclusion on our part. Six years have now elapsed since we denounced his attempt to introduce to the youth of this country the novels of Balzac, which had been suppressed even in France for their gross and shameful immorality; novels in which adultery and fornication, moral and religious infidelity of all kinds, are praised as virtues, while marriage and the duties pertaining to it, piety and veneration for the beneficent and good, are ridiculed as superstitious weaknesses. These performances, with the brand of infamy stamped upon them in turn by France, England, and Germany, were sought to be introduced to the wives and daughters of America as the best specimens of modern literature.

We think we may now refer with just pride to our exposure of that indecent attempt in the article entitled "French Romances and American Morals," in our number for December, 1860; for not only did it elicit the approbation of the most respectable journals in all parts of the country, but it had the effect to force the publisher to relinquish the enterprise after two or three volumes of the series had been published. If our memory is not at fault the volume which was in press when our article appeared is the only one issued since, although the publisher had announced in all the papers, with his characteristic flourish, that arrangements had been made for the issue of a complete duodecimo edition of Balzac's works. Whether it was a depraved taste or unprincipled avarice, or both combined, that caused the attempt which ended thus, we leave the reader to judge.

It is by no means the only instance, however, in which Mr. Carleton has offended, the public, before the present, by selecting foreign works for publication in this country which scarcely any other publisher could be induced to issue. In proof of this we need only mention the attacks which he has published both on the great Founder of Christianity and on his Apostles. Bad taste alone would hardly account for the publication of works of this character; we fear that avarice and want of principle had more to do with the circumstance.

Before this can be fairly determined, however, it is necessary to bear in mind two or three more facts. All the respectable publishers of London refused to have anything

to do with "Laus Veneris," and all honest critics denounced it. Those who thought the author's previous works passable, though rather dull, spurned this as something too filthy to be touched. Even Moxon & Co., after issuing an edition of the book were so much ashamed of what they had done that they withdrew it at once—that is, they suppressed it as an indecent thing.

In this country it has been regarded and treated in the same light. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields had published some of Mr. Swinburne's former efforts, but they did not hesitate to exclude "Laus Veneris" from their repertoire. We are assured that other American publishers examined and threw it aside in a similar manner; but it seems it was all the more attractive to Mr. Carleton on this account.

It is well known how easily those who are criticised can discover that their critics have been actuated by some diabolical motive or other. Now we shall doubtless be told that had this book been published by Ticknor & Fields we would have found no fault with it. We admit that there is one good reason for this accusation, namely, that we have never spoken in such terms of a book emanating from that house as we have of Carleton's books; but it is because the former have never issued such as the latter. This is a fact which every one of our readers will sustain us in. There are no American publishers of whose books we have spoken in higher terms than we have of those of Ticknor & Fields; but what true friend of American literature will deny that they deserve this distinction? At the same time, it is not true that we have praised every publication of theirs which we have taken up to examine. We need not go beyond Swinburne's own books for a refutation of this, for we never had a very high opinion of that gentleman's performances, although we had every disposition to do him full justice. Our critique on his "Queen Mother and Rosamond," as published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, in our number for last June* will show that, far from bestowing exaggerated praise on the book, we assigned to it but a *fifth* rank in the department to which it belongs. This was no hasty judgment, but the result of a careful and impartial examination; or if we had any partiality it was undoubtedly in favor of the author. Yet, the terms in which we introduced the book to our readers are the following:

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* pp. 183-8.

"It is easy enough to write in a tragical manner; there is good authority for the opinion that it may be done so as to make, not only men, but angels weep, without any genius and with but little talent, and yet, perhaps, there is nothing more difficult than to produce a good tragedy. Sufficient proof of this may be found in the fact that not more than a dozen, including ancients and moderns, have entirely succeeded in doing so. But shall we rank Mr. Swinburne among this dozen? By no means. Shall we rank him in the second class, which numbers some two dozen? The answer to this, too, must be a negative; so would the third and fourth questions; but the fifth might be an affirmative. That is, we might rank our author among the five hundred who have written some very passable performances which they have called tragedies."

We gave our reasons in full for this and sustained them by quotations from both the pieces named. Nor did we omit to point out the spurious morality of "The Queen Mother," or the bad taste and lack of judgment with which Denise, the silly mistress of Charles, was invested with the character of a heroine. All this impressed us with a very low opinion of the culture of Mr. Swinburne; and to our last extract from the "Queen Mother"—having previously remarked that the tragedy "ends rather farcically"—we appended the following observation: "There is nothing instructive in this; nothing that excites either horror or pity; neither a good example nor a good precept is presented to us." —p. 187.

We regarded this book as passable, however—such as one fond of that sort of thing might take up when he had nothing better to read; and we said so. In short, we never took up so dull and aimless a reprint with Ticknor & Fields' imprint upon it; though we had to examine many a worse one, in every sense of the term, bearing the imprint of those American publishers who care little for the morality or immorality, the poetry, or want of poetry, of any book, only in proportion to the number of dollars which it brings into their pockets.

So much, then, for our motive in taking up *Laus Veneris* as we did Balzac's similar performances, to warn the pure and credulous against the filth which forms its staple, assuring them that the so-called "Leaves of Grass," whose character we also exposed, was a decent book of its kind—and a brilliant one withal—compared to this. We have no disposition to meddle with such books, but no ulcer is so loathsome but that the surgeon must apply his lancet to it in order to preserve the healthy surrounding parts from its noxious influence. He is bound to do so though the putrescent and fetid matter which it contains should squirt into his

face. And those who look on must regard the operation in the same light, and remember that they are over-fastidious who think that they will suffer any serious injury from seeing even the worst gangrene dissected when there is neither infection nor contagion to be apprehended.

It is natural enough that a writer of Mr. Swinburne's mental calibre, degree of culture, and grade of morality should write a book like this when he failed to attract much attention in the legitimate way. Seeing that he could collect but a very small audience when he wrote in a style which was somewhat in accordance with that of civilized society, he turns round and adopts that of the brothel and the gambling-house. That this is precisely what he has done we will now proceed to show, although we must sully our pages in doing so. Let us first turn to the piece which gives its title to the book, and see whether its character is such as to justify our remarks. We think there can be no dispute on this point after we have given a specimen or two. It rarely satisfies Mr. Swinburne to be merely immoral; he must scoff at religion at the same time, as in the following stanza:

"Lo, she was thus when her clear limbs enticed
All lips that now grow sad with kissing Christ,
Stained with blood fallen from the feet of God,
The feet and hands whereat our souls were priced.

Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair,
But lo her wonderfully woven hair!
And thou didst heal us with thy piteous kiss;
But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.

She is right fair; what hath she done to thee?
Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes and see;
Had now thy mother such a lip—like this?
Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me."—pp. 3, 4.

Need we say that there is not a single poetical line in this that would relieve its gross indecency? Many writers have mocked religion as well as virtue; but Spinosa, who had no pretensions to the poetic gift, is the only one we remember who did so in such dull terms as this. The comparison does injustice, however, to the author of the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, for if the latter erred he did so in a philosophical manner; he adopted the language of decorum and refinement, and addressed himself only to the learned, so that the illiterate might not suffer from his teachings if their tendency was injurious to society. Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, addresses himself to the most vulgar class, and

panders to those passions which they possess in common with the brute. His American publisher compares him to Byron; but that veracious individual might as well compare his own daubing in his "Artist in Cuba" and one or two other similar performances to the inimitable caricatures of Hogarth. Even in "Don Juan" Byron never forgets that he is a gentleman; still less does he forget that to be bawdy and profane is not to be poetical. After a good deal of raving, in which there is not a trace of genuine passion, our poet gives us one of his characteristic descriptions of love, but one stanza more is all we can feel justified in extracting from "Laus Veneris":

> "For I came home right heavy, with small cheer,
> And lo my love, my own soul's heart, more dear
> Than mine own soul, *more beautiful than God*,
> Who hath my being between the hands of her."—p. 19.

Comparisons like "more beautiful than God," &c., need no comment. Yet this is by no means the most objectionable piece in the volume before us. All that is great, good, and venerable in earth and heaven is subjected to mockery and derision in order that love, or rather the most brutal lust, may have the more glory, as if the men of the present day had become so enervated and spiritless that it was necessary to stimulate their passions in this way to prevent the species from becoming extinct.

Lucretius has, indeed, great faith in the power of love—*alma Venus*—and no faith in God. Thus far we may compare Mr. Swinburne to the author of *De Rerum Natura*, but there is not the slightest resemblance after this. Lucretius errs, it is true, most grieviously, but he does so in a strain that is beautifully poetical, frequently sublime, and philosophical withal. If it can be said of any poet that the light which leads him astray is from heaven, it can of Lucretius; but we really see no light from anywhere in the rhymes of his modern imitator. As for Ovid, we would no more compare the author of "Laus Veneris" to him than we would compare the song of the corn-crake to that of the nightingale.

But let us turn to another poem or two before we ask the reader to decide whether we judge Mr. Swinburne or his publisher too harshly. Our author overflows so much with nastiness that even "A Christmas Carol" suggests nothing to him but the coarsest mockery. In a poem bearing this title the following stanzas occur:

"Joseph had three workmen in his stall,
To serve him well upon,
The first of them were Peter and Paul,
The third of them was John.
Mary, God's handmaiden,
Bring us to thy Son's ken.

'If your child be none other man's
But if it be very mine,
The bedstead shall be gold two spans,
The bedfoot silver fine.'
Mary that made God mirth,
Bring us to thy Son's birth.

'If the child be some other man's,
And if it be none of mine,
The manger shall be straw to spans,
Betwixen kine and kine.'
Mary that made sin cease,
Bring us to thy Son's peace."
—pp. 242, 243.

Had Tom Paine pretended to be a poet he would certainly have given us something less disgusting than this in the form of poetry; otherwise the enterprising individual who published his "Age of Reason" would hardly have attempted his "poems."

According to Mr. Swinburne the only thing truly great is love, that is lust. The love which man has, and ought to have, for woman is the burden of all his rhapsodies; yet a fouler libeller of the sex than he has never set himself forward as its champion; were woman what he represents her she would be an object of loathing rather than of love. Most people think that women who live a religious life are not likely to be vicious; but, according to our poet, these are the worst class, and religious men he regards in the same light. He devotes a long, tedious rhapsody entitled "St. Dorothy" to the elucidation of this doctrine. Choosing Rome as the scene, our poet proceeds to show how easily pious people seduce each other. When overtures are made to the lady she first pretends to be shocked, but soon permits herself to be persuaded. Before she yields to her own lust, as well as that of her seducer, she is made to offer up a sort of burlesque prayer, as follows:

"Christ king, fair Christ, that knowest all men's wit
And all the feeble fashion of my ways,
O perfect God, that from all yesterdays
Abidest whole with morrows perfected,
I pray thee by thy mother's holy head
Thou help me to do right, that I not slip.

I have no speech nor strength upon my lip,
Except thou help me who art wise and sweet.
Do this too for those nails that clove thy feet,
Let me die maiden after many pains.
Though I be least among thy handmaidens,
Doubtless I shall take death more sweetly thus."—p. 269.

The additional part of her story is too obscene to be quoted. And still worse, if possible, is the piece entitled "Dolores" (*Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs*). It is difficult to select anything from this that is fit to be read; indeed, there is nothing of the kind in it. We can only give as a sample a stanza or two which, however objectionable in this dress, are not so much so as others in the same piece:

"O garment not golden but gilded,
O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
By hands that reach heaven from hell;
O mystical rose of the mire,
O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
Our Lady of Pain!

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories
That stung thee, what visions that smote?
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,
When desire took thee first by the throat?
What bud was the shell of a blossom
That all men may smell to and pluck?
What milk fed the first at what bosom?
What sins gave thee suck?"—pp. 172, 173.

In reproducing these passages we are aware that we have sullied our pages; but had we not done so we could hardly have expected our readers to believe that any American publisher would reprint a book of the real character of "Laus Veneris." The fact that so many of Swinburne's own countrymen refused to have anything to do with the work, that the publishers of his former performances spurned it as a filthy thing, might indeed have been regarded at least as presumptive evidence of its indecency. But all do not inform themselves on such topics; besides, many have a notion that they are often the best books which are condemned in Europe. Condemned books are indeed sometimes witty; they are occasionally philosophical as well as poetical, but for the rest they are seldom worth much. It is true that the volume before us has no such redeeming feature, and this may be urged as reason why we should not have noticed it. We admit that it is too dull and prosy to do much harm,

even among the most depraved and illiterate class, and that it is too coarse and vulgar to exercise any influence among the cultivated class. But there is another fact which has to be taken into account; there is no book so vicious and worthless but that its publisher can induce certain papers to praise it. Even respectable papers are sometimes imposed upon in this way; "first-rate notices" find their way into them in which obscenity and licentiousness receive the name of "warmth," "effervesence of genius," &c.; and thus the innocent and pure are led to read performances which are only fit for the most abandoned.

So far, then, as the author is concerned we might have allowed the book to fall unheeded into the oblivion to which it is destined. But is the publisher the less to blame because the poisonous drug which he presents as a wholesome aliment is compounded in such a stupid, clumsy manner as to be innocuous? If one publisher may corrupt the youth of our country with impunity, why may not another? The police will interfere, it seems, only with poor wights who issue nine or ten pages of obscene matter with a yellow cover, and with those who issue pictures of a similar character; it would appear that what they find in book-form, bound in muslin, &c., is all right, no matter how much it outrages public decency.

But if the authorities will connive at vice and licentiousness where they find them in fine garments or in tinsel, the public should vindicate itself. Our self-respect requires that if a bookseller palms off an indecent book on us to-day for a decent one, we ought not to take his word to-morrow when he presents us another book. Who would not shun the broker who had intentionally given him brass for gold? and might not a vicious, licentious book injure one's family much more than the loss of the gold for which brass was fraudulently given? Let no one do, however, but what he thinks fair and just; if a publisher is justified in selecting for publication in this country the most objectionable books published abroad—books which vie with each other in pandering to vice and seeking to bring religion into contempt—then Mr. Carleton is right and ought to be encouraged, and we are wrong in finding any fault with so enterprising a person.

ART. VIII.—*Speeches in Congress, and other Documents.* 1866.

ON almost the first day of the first session of the present Congress a resolution was introduced by Mr. Donnelly, of Minnesota, as follows:

Whereas, Republican institutions can find permanent safety only upon the basis of the universal intelligence of the people; and,

Whereas, The great disasters which have afflicted the nation and desolated one-half of its territory are traceable in a great degree to the absence of common schools and general education among the people of the lately rebellious States; therefore,

Resolved, That the Joint Committee on Reconstruction be instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing in this capital a national bureau of education, whose duty it shall be to enforce education without regard to race or color upon the population of all such States as shall fall below a standard to be established by Congress; and to inquire whether such a bureau should not be made a permanent and essential part of any such system of reconstruction.

The above was argued by the House of Representatives. Although it had especial reference to the poor whites and newly made freedmen at the South, and seemed designed to introduce the subject of education as an element of the plan of reconstruction, after considerable deliberation and discussion it passed the House near the close of the session, providing for a department of education in our government, with duties and privileges relating to the subject of education throughout the whole country. Preliminary to the special consideration of this new department we may briefly advert to other subjects of an educational character which came before Congress, and some of which are affected by the department in question. Bills for the establishment of a mining bureau and for the granting of one million acres of the public land for a mining college were introduced at different times by Mr. Stewart, of Nevada. Their object is to develop the mineral opportunities of the country. Although the subject was treated with favor, nothing definite was arranged. Similar favor was shown to a bill proposing to grant a million acres of the public land for the benefit of the public schools of the District of Columbia.

The author of the above resolution introduced a petition coming from the National Normal School Association asking for such a grant of land as has been made for agricultural colleges, in order to establish State normal schools. This memorial states that there are 2,500,000 children in the Southern States, and that normal schools are needed to prepare the 50,000 teachers necessary to instruct them. The

question of repealing the internal revenue tax on school books was considered and appropriately referred, as well as the more important petition that Congress send to every public school in the country a copy of every public document published.*

The act of 1862 making a grant of land to the States for agricultural colleges and the study of the mechanic arts was taken up with reference to an extension of the time in which States may accept the provisions of the act, and to provide for the admission of all persons to the privileges of their colleges without distinction of color. The Military and Naval Academies were considered with a view to provide for the admission to the privileges of the same of those who have been sons of officers or privates who have died in the war. A change in the age and requirements for admission was contemplated in the same bill.

On February 15 a bill was introduced by Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, providing for a Bureau of Education. A select committee on this proposed bureau reported a bill for the same, which was rejected by a vote of 69 to 51. But near the close of the session a reconsideration of the vote took place, when, by a vote of 80 to 44, the bill was passed by the House of Representatives as follows:

SECTION 1. That there shall be established at the city of Washington a Department of Education for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of schools, the school system, and methods of teaching, as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of different school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of education throughout the country.

SEC. 2. That there shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a Commissioner of Education, who shall be intrusted with the management of the department herein established, and who shall receive a salary of $4,000 per annum, and who shall have authority to appoint one chief clerk of his department, who shall receive a salary of $2,000 per annum; one clerk who shall receive a salary of $1,800 per annum, and one clerk who shall receive a salary of $1,600 per annum, which said clerks shall be subject to the appointing and removing power of the Commissioner of Education.

SEC. 3. That it shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Education to present annually to Congress a report embodying the results of his investigations and labors, together with a statement of such facts and recommendations as will in his judgment subserve the purpose for which this department was established. In the first report made by the Commissioner of Education under this act there shall be presented a state-

* We would, however, have an exception in regard to Congressional speeches, for there are many of the latter that would do the schools more harm than good.

ment of the several grants of land made by Congress to promote education, and the manner in which these several trusts have been managed, the amount of funds arising therefrom, and the annual proceeds of the same, as far as the same can be determined.

SEC. 4. That the Commissioner of Public Buildings is hereby authorized and directed to furnish proper offices for the use of the Department herein established.

Such is the bill recently passed by the House of Representatives designed to constitute a Department of Education. So great is the importance in our country of the work of education that a measure like the above should be considered faithfully, not only by the legislators of the people, but by the people themselves. The advantage of such a department is at the outset apparent in the assistance it will or ought to render to Congress in legislating upon this subject. The interests of education in their various aspects were brought before Congress, as we have seen above, and received with some favor; yet there was a lack of general interest in regard to them and failure to come to any decisive action. May it not be that the principal cause of this is a want of information, which statistics provided and laid before Congress in an annual report by the department in question would supply? for instance, in regard to agricultural grants for the purposes of education. Let it be ascertained where they have been made, whether for colleges, for agriculture, or mechanic arts, or for public schools. Let some idea of the results be communicated. Let statistics be presented with reference to the state and wants of education among the freedmen and poor whites of the South.* These might

* We think our contributor might have added others nearer home. Would it not be interesting to have statistics relative to "the state and wants of education among the Congressmen themselves?" Is is not notorious that there are many "honorable" gentlemen whose education has been sadly neglected? Why not make some provision for these? If they were only taught the grammar of their mother tongue so that they could speak with tolerable correctness it would be a great advantage to the country.

It would not take much to establish a school for this purpose in the neighborhood of Washington at which honorable gentlemen could receive private tuition in the elementary English branches, and have a lecture on taste and decency at least about once a week. It might be intimated in the latter, but of course in a very delicate manner, that it is not seemly for legislators to give each other the lie, or to drink so much lager-beer, or any kindred beverage, as would render them unable to distinguish whether they were standing on their heads or on their feet, &c.

It could be so arranged, without any great cost to the nation, that after having undergone some preparation in this way, they could spend an hour each afternoon—Thursdays and Sundays excepted—for six months, in one of the recitation rooms of Georgetown College. If they could not be taught "the humanities" in this time, even by professors celebrated alike for their learning and for their success as instructors, they would at least be taught to behave themselves in a manner becoming the high position they occupy—a

be accompanied with suggestions in reference to normal schools there, or for the establishment of public schools, or schools for giving instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts. If land grants are to be made for the purposes of education, it should be seen to that they are properly applied and laid before such of the people as they are designed to profit. With reference to the land grants already made there is at present a state both of ignorance and distrust. Perhaps nothing would do more to correct this than a national report setting forth their condition, nature, and objects. Like reports would be of the greatest help in the future in making similar grants and superintending their execution. The new department, then, is calculated to afford the advantages of both an educational journal and superintendent of education for the nation. As a journal it gathers statistics and information respecting the condition and wants of education throughout the country. As a superintendent it surveys the field and lays before Congress and the people the resulting observations and suggestions.

No part of the educational field so demands the attention of such a department as the freedmen just emerging from a state of enforced ignorance. Philanthropic and religious societies are doing much for them, as well as voluntary individual influence; but much more should be done, and there are abundant avenues for such a department to work through its statistics and observations, together with its suggestions in the reports to Congress and the people. One means has been alluded to in the normal schools for the education of colored teachers, the help of Congress in establishing which was asked for by the "Memorial of the National Normal School Association." As stated by Mr. Donnelly in the House, "such a measure is a necessity in the present condition of the South.

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position truly honorable in itself, but upon which they bring contempt by their conduct.

If they underwent a training of this kind they would be infinitely better qualified to legislate on education than they are at present; and accordingly the public would have some confidence in their legislation on the subject. Had some such course been pursued in the past it would not have been necessary for us to write the article in this number entitled "The Acquisition of Knowledge impeded by our Legislators."

We trust we need hardly add that neither in this note nor in the paper alluded to do we mean to depreciate the intelligence or talents of those of our legislators who possess those qualifications. Far from doing so, we hold that there are men in both houses of Congress who are not surpassed in enlightenment or statesmanlike abilities by the members of any legislature in the world. All honor to these; but we most emphatically deny that any honor is due to the illiterate mountebanks who are privileged to legislate on education or any other important subject only in virtue of bribery and fraud.

It is the very least that could be done in justice to the great interests involved."

But the poor whites are another class at the South who in like manner need such assistance as a department of the kind, if properly provided for and conducted, will render. That there is a large class of such citizens lamentably destitute of education may be seen from the fact that in the loyal white regiments raised in Arkansas not one man in ten could sign his name to the pay-roll. In a state so near the sources of education as Delaware, one-fourth of the whole adult population cannot read and write. We may go further than the freedmen and poor whites and say that education has been the exception, not the rule, in that portion of our country called the South. In 1850 three-quarters of a million of dollars were expended in the slave States in support of public schools, while in the free states seven millions were expended. If we would rise above such results as follow a state of popular ignorance such as exists in States like Mexico, for instance, the great civilizer, education, must be called into active co-operation; and when so much is to be done in so vast a field, is it not for the interest, if not the duty, of Congress to take such means to accomplish the work as seem to be afforded through such an instrumentality as a National Department devoted to the subject? Apart from a sound development of civilization in this section of the country, nothing can do more than a wide-spread system of education to correct and obliterate feelings consequent upon the rebellion. General Banks stated in the House, when this proposition was under consideration, "that although he did not underestimate the importance of legislative measures or constitutional amendments, or any action of Congress, or of the Executive Departments, he thought he was justified in saying that any or all of such measures would have less effect than this bill. The true source of power that must be looked to for the establishment of the government in a form as perfect as before the war, or more perfect, was the education of the people."

But not only the South needs such assistance, the new States of the West need it, or at least may be greatly benefited by it. 12,000 emigrants from Europe have entered and settled in the single State of Minnesota the past season. The majority of these are entirely ignorant of our language. There are many more in this and other States who are in like manner ignorant of the language of the country. Now,

although we conceive patriotism and the devotion to a government like our own to spring essentially from the heart, still, in order to discharge properly the duties of citizenship, or even residence, such persons should have a knowledge of the language of the country, and obtain such knowledge of its institutions and civilization as can only be obtained by an extensive and thorough system of popular education. It will exert an influence upon the present generation; it will do still more upon that which is to come. Our government will be many times repaid for any efforts in this direction by the increased stability and prosperity thus ensuing.

But such a co-operative means as a National Department of Education, though it should principally and immediately have to do with the South and newly settled States of the West, will render valuable assistance to the older States of the Union where there already exists an extensive and sound system of popular education. That this is seen and felt follows from the many expressions of a desire for such a bureau by those actively engaged in the work of education from Boston to Pittsburgh, many of which have found their way into Congress in the shape of petitions. Such a desire has been felt for many years by leading and thinking educational men, and has been indorsed by State and national associations of teachers; such an educational headquarters would bring together and assimulate the Boards and systems of the different States. The good in each would tend more than at present to be incorporated in the systems of all.

Books, school-houses, educational periodicals and libraries, and the history of education in our country, are subjects of great importance and interest; and any instrumentality calculated to increase and diffuse information respecting them must be of direct and substantial assistance. Some of these considerations apply even more especially to the newer States. For instance, persons having the charge of education in those States have complained of the difficulty experienced by them in becoming acquainted with the latest and most approved text-books for the common-school. Any means which would convey to them information of this nature, or be able to furnish it if applied for, would accomplish a great good in this single direction. It is not to be expected that such a department would extend its efforts greatly with regard to the older States; its immediate sphere brings the introduction and diffusion of education in those sections which are now without it, and whose need and call for it is so press-

ing. But it is to be hoped that it will prove itself so efficient as to exert the influence and accomplish the work immediately, and then to contribute to the improvement of the educational work in the older States.

By the nationalization of education is meant the recognition of the work of education by the general government, not with a view to *enforce* it upon any State or community, but to elevate and give character to the work by the sanction and support of the government. The department in question, in order to accomplish its legitimate object and that which the friends of education expect of it, should be equipped and conducted with this in view. In France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, the State makes provision for the common education of the people and gives the support of the State. Education and those engaged in it have, therefore, a position in those countries higher than with us. It is invested with a *character* the influence and dignity of which are increased by being noticed and fostered by the government. The nationalization of education that has been talked about is nothing more than a recognition by the general government of this influence, dignity, and character. The extremely industrious, working tendency of the people of the United States has acquired for us the criticism of being devoted to money-getting for its own sake. Industry has, without doubt, to a considerable extent degenerated to a state illustrated by the remark of the rich man who said he sowed and earned because he "liked to see the pile grow." Now, if we bring education into more prominence by giving it that circulation and character which its recognition and support by the government give it in other countries, and should give it here, the money-getting propensity would be corrected in a wholesome manner where it has degenerated to an evil prejudicial to patriotism and the highest social and intellectual advancement of the people.

With the exception of limited sections of the country, the people require to be impressed with a stronger realization of the worth and necessity of education. Time, it is true, must be the principal worker in accomplishing this; but the end can be greatly hastened, if we judge rightly, by the nationalization of education and the establishment of a department which, like a great tower of observation in the land, will observe what is being done in this field and what should be done, and which will communicate such observations to the people. All

higher education among us depends upon the common education in the lowest departments. We have colleges among us, but no universities in the highest and proper sense of the word. In order to elevate our colleges to universities an essential preliminary step is to make elementary education sounder, more advanced, and more extensive. So, too, private education must be resorted to instead of the common school in those communities where the popular mind is not fully enough impressed with the absolute necessity of a thorough and universal education to support such schools as will be sufficiently good for the highest and not too good for the lowest.

Besides these consequences, which we might expect to be produced from giving to education a national character, there would be another—that of raising the position of the teacher among us to one entitled to and commanding greater respect. In Germany the teacher constitutes one of the recognized professions, and a distinct course is provided in the university to prepare him for his work. Before such a training and such a profession can really exist with us, there must be a more distinct and living impression upon the national mind of the utility and necessity of the work which such a profession is to do. At present it is becoming more and more frequent for those who really adorn and are useful in the work of teaching to leave it for something else, both because of the limited attractions of this work and of the greater ones in some of the industrial occupations. It is true that the teacher must himself adorn and make respectable his occupation; but he cannot be expected to do that without the support and encouragement of the world about him, for all are subject to human passions and few are martyrs or missionaries.

It may be a long time before the proposed department and nationalization of education will accomplish the work expected of it; and it will doubtless operate in a very limited and imperfect manner at the outset. Yet it is a matter for congratulation that it has received so much favor as it has from the representatives of the people; and we mistake if it does not receive still greater favor from them and the people themselves, as it certainly should. If such an effort to exalt and extend education should fail of sympathy and support from the people there would be reason for a feeling of discouragement in the prospect of the future growth and success of our institutions, education, their foundation stone, being so lightly regarded.

It is proper that some of the objections urged in Congress and elsewhere to this department should be considered; but we can do so but briefly. In the first place, it is stated that "it was the educated men of the South who originated and supported the rebellion." The inference intended to be adduced is that education caused the rebellion. Yet such an inference is not generally mentioned by one who makes the above statement for such a purpose, because its truth could not be supported. The rebellion was originated and became what it did *in spite of*, not on *account of*, education. Still there are some who deny the utility of education in the schools. To their minds the education of nature, so to speak, or that which one obtains in his necessary contact with the world, is sufficient of itself and better than any other. To say nothing of any philosophical view of this opinion, the experience and testimony of the past are such that one can but infer that the future will be a still more convincing refutation of it. Self-made men are pointed to and the inference drawn that one may attain to the highest position of power and influence without any education in the schools, comparatively speaking. Do they not rather attain their respective positions of eminence in spite of, not in consequence of, their want of educational advantages? Would Webster have been any the less great if he had not gone through Dartmouth College? Or would Lincoln have failed to achieve his crown of glory had he received any but the most limited educational opportunities at school? He himself has admitted and regretted his loss. Education is not the cause of rebellions, nor ignorance of self-made men.

The apprehension was also expressed that such a department would form a precedent for other departments, as of religion, temperance, &c. With respect to these it may be said in general that while there is almost entire unanimity in regard to the utility of education, there is an endless difference of opinion in regard to the other objects. This alone forbids the consideration of any such objection at present. Again, it should be understood that the Department of Education is sought for, not simply because it will conduce to the interests of education, but because a sound common-school system extending over all sections of the country is essential to the social and political prosperity of the republic. Civilization is the foundation and support of republican institutions, and this is the result of the common school. However much other moral and religious questions

may be involved, the intelligence springing from education is the one essential. For both of these reasons, then, there is little if any force in the objection under consideration. But supposing that the formation of the proposed department does establish a precedent, no harm will result unless the department in question fails to accomplish the results expected, or education is not a matter of so vital moment to the republic as is claimed.

It is said that it is "not time" for such a department in our government. Might it not be said with equal if not more force, that it is too late for it? If such an agency is capable of accomplishing the work proposed, it certainly cannot begin too soon. Had such an instrumentality existed and been able, not by the force of law, but by that of public opinion and enlightened conviction, to carry the influence of education over all the South, where it had previously existed only partially, there can be good reason to believe that there would have been such counteracting influences in that section, together with tendencies calculated to assimilate and unite the people there with those in other sections of the country, that we would have been spared a civil war. But looking to the future it would seem that this is the time when such an agency is wanted.

The freedmen need it with all the civilizing and elevating influences it can afford. That class of the whites at the South who have been and still are uneducated need it. The enormous population at the West from foreign countries—a large majority of which we believe we are safe in saying are ignorant of any practical knowledge of our language—need it. The Germans and Norwegians, it is not to be doubted, come among us realizing the change from their previous conditions of civil and social constraint, and exhibiting themselves as patriotic and industrious citizens. But is it not to be feared that the corrupting influences of gain will grow among them faster than the substantial interest in the civilization and prosperity of the country, unless education exercises its proper influences among them, which it is not likely to do unless laid before them? Also, the contemplation of the subject for some years past and the requests from the people at the present time, show the conviction that in the older parts of the country where systems of education are established a great influence for good can be exerted if the government would take the work of education under its patronage and support. More

elevated and working views upon the subject, it is expected, would be impressed upon the people. Character would be given to the work of education in this country, and a higher position and greater encouragement to those engaged in it. For accomplishing all of this, and more, it seems certainly to be time.

If it is not time, we would ask when is it to be expected that the proper time will come? We are certainly not mistaken in regard to the great importance of education in this country, and of the desirability of its more extensive and systematic operations than at present. We may be mistaken in our hopefulness for the success of the department in question. Political influences may so impede its efficiency that it will fail of its object. It may not succeed in producing that impress upon the people which it is hoped it will; but it promises good, and no harm. The object to be attained is a desirable if not a necessary one, and no other means suggests itself. What little consideration on the subject and work of education it has given rise to in the House of Representatives has been in its favor; no less can be hoped for in the Senate. A sound and effectual instrumentality looking to so high an interest as the common schools of a republic of such dimensions as this is surpassed in interest to him who lives for his country by little if anything besides.

NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

FICTION.

The Sanctuary: A Story of the Civil War. By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, author of "The Story of the Great March." With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 286. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1866.

Sunnybank. By MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," &c. 12mo, pp. 415. New York: Sheldon & Co., 1866.

We place these two books side by side because they are very much alike, and may be regarded as representative of a numerous brood. It may be urged that, if they are fair specimens of their kind, we might have spared ourselves the trouble of placing them anywhere, since it is not likely that our readers will occupy themselves in exploring regions where nothing is to be met with but thistles and thorns, gall and wormwood. A bird's nest may be found, it is true, here and there, and a certain amount of "billing and cooing," but neither is natural; both are too suggestive of machinery, and the amount of art displayed in them approximates

rather closely to that displayed by the farmer in those pictures designed to frighten away the crows from his wheat or oats.

We do not mean that either of the authors before us designs to scare our swains and nymphs from making love to each other; on the contrary, we cheerfully do them the justice to admit that they vie with each other in seeking to produce the opposite effect. The difficulty is that they have not the knack of doing it. In this respect they are like the honest but unskilful artist who, having failed to produce a faithful likeness of one of his patrons, touched the picture again and again, but made it look more hideous and more unlike the original by every new application of the brush. It would be cruel to blame the poor artist who tried so hard to please; we think it would be equally cruel to blame our authors in the present case, and, therefore, we will not do it.

But if authors are not to blame for failing to portray the softer and gentler affections of our nature, we think they are not entiled to similar immunity when they attempt to awaken or revive the opposite feelings. If they cannot excite love they ought at least to refrain from exciting strife; but, in our opinion, the tendency of the two volumes before us is to the latter result. Most people admit that it is not generous in any case to wound a fallen foe; it is also admitted that there are mental wounds which hurt us as much as physical wounds; accordingly, even when two foreign nations have been at war with each other it is not deemed proper for the writers of the successful side to taunt the opposite for its defeat after peace has been restored. Thus, for example, no two nations in the world have been longer at war with each other than the English and French, but if the literature of both countries be examined historically it will be found that all attacks of this kind worthy of the least notice have been made in war times.

If people who thus differ with each other in race, in language, in both religious and political faith, deem it proper to treat each other courteously, at least to avoid giving each other needless offence, how can we regard it as otherwise than improper to pursue the opposite course towards those who were, and are now, our fellow-citizens; who belong to the same composite race to which we belong ourselves, who speak the same language, who, in a word, are our own flesh and blood? There is no morality in this—no philosophy; it is in flagrant violation of both. Indeed, the simple ingredient of common sense is sufficient to show how absurd it is for twenty millions of people having the advantage of an established government to publish tedious, dull books by way of exulting for having defeated about eight millions that had no government which was recognized as such by any civilized nation.

We do not charge either author or authoress with having written for the purpose of perpetuating those feelings which war is too apt to foster by itself; on the contrary, we unhesitatingly acquit both of any

such intention. But the tendency of their performances is not the less injurious on this account; and it is this tendency which we would avert as much as possible. Those who mean best may be diverted from their good intentions by taunts and sneers. This fact has been but too well illustrated in the South already since the close of the war. Many districts which almost all agreed in regarding as loyal—at least disposed to render legitimate obedience to the national government—are now represented with equal unanimity as more disloyal than ever.

No thoughtful person who reads books like these in connection with other publications which recommend them and promulgate the same sentiments, can wonder at this. We make no pretensions to superior wisdom; still less do we claim to possess the prophetic gift; at the same time we can remind our readers that in more than one of our articles published on the conclusion of the rebellion we endeavored to show how necessary and important it was to avoid all needless comments of an offensive or irritating character.

But it is now time the reader should be able to form some definite idea of the character of the two books under consideration. The author of "The Sanctuary" is, we see, also the author of "The Story of the Great March." No doubt this is a great performance; but we never heard of it before. Our readers have perhaps been more fortunate in this respect; at all events, we can only speak of the present work.

Let us admit, before we proceed any farther, that this possesses some novel features. Thus, for example, the common opinion has been in the North, as well as in the South, that the Southern youth of both sexes were in general in favor of the rebellion; we remember to have often heard it remarked that men who held lucrative offices under the Federal government, including officers in the army and navy, resigned their positions in order to take part in the rebellion. But it seems from "The Sanctuary" that it was the Southern young men, and old men, too, who hastened to the North at once, so that they might defend rather than attack the old government. Mr. Nichols would doubtless tell us that we cannot regard his hero and a few other characters as representing the whole South, and we would readily agree with him thus far. But what is the object of fiction? Is it not to represent nature? to represent what is substantially, if not literally, true? Well, is it true in any sense that the Southerners ran to the North in this way? If a few persons did so here and there that is not sufficient to justify the course of our author. If only a small minority of Spaniards had been affected by the mania of knight-errantry, Cervantes would have proved a bad artist and a bad teacher by his "Don Quixotte;" but the inhabitants of all countries laugh at his jokes to this day, because they are founded in truth and nature. A similar remark will apply to the novels of Scott, Smollett, Goldsmith, &c. If Shakespeare himself, instead of portraying what is true of general

nature, only presented us a few odd exceptions—veritable *rara aves*—who could accept his portraitures as true?

A novel especially should portray the manners and feelings of at least the class of people from which its principal characters are taken; but can it be said that any class of Southerners ran to the North in this way as soon as the rebellion broke out? Were not even the negroes rather slow in doing so? We should think the contrary, however, if we had no better authority than Mr. Nichols. In order to show that we do him no injustice in this we shall have to make room for an extract or two from his "Sanctuary." It is only necessary for the reader to bear in mind, in advance, that David Dalton, his hero, is "the son of a prosperous merchant in the city of Savannah." This young gentleman "gave *prophetic signals of a possible heroism*," &c., and his "soft dark blue eyes seemed rather to reflect the flowery savannas of his native South than to give token of the stern Saxon strength that really *lurked in their hidden depths*," &c. (p. 20). The beloved of this hopeful youth was no other than the charming Miss Agnes Saumer, "with hazel eyes, solemn, reflective, and as subtle and serene as the sea," toward whom his heart "*had been drifting for years.*" (p. 21.)

After a vast amount of loyal anxiety David Dalton succeeds in conveying his family northward. His sister Nellie writes to him the glad tidings that papa and mamma and herself had reached as far north as Louisville; at this we are told his "heart was relieved," especially when he read the postscript in which his father speaks so tenderly of "the dear old Union." As soon as he recovers from the trepidation caused by reading so agreeable an epistle he hastens to see Agnes Saumer. The account we have of the interview between the two lovers is very characteristic; we extract a passage:

"'Oh, here is Mr. Dalton!' was the cry which greeted him as he entered the drawing-room of Agnes Saumur's home.

"'We were discussing,' said Agnes, 'what shall be the true flag of the Southern Republic. Your artistic taste is unquestionable. You shall give us your opinion.'

"'What is this new flag supposed to represent?' he asked, scarcely venturing at that moment to meet her gaze.

"'Why, liberty, of course—the liberty of the South from Lincoln and Yankee abolitionists,' said Major Ghilson, who was dressed in uniform. He was captain of a company of the Oglethorpe Guard. At the same time he gazed earnestly, and with a shadow of suspicion crossing his dark face, into the burning eyes of David Dalton, who stood there vainly striving to control the indignant words which rushed to his lips.

"'I always thought the stars and stripes were an emblem of liberty. What need have we of another flag?'

"'We mean to have nothing about us that savors of the old accursed Union,' said Ghilson, advancing toward Dalton. 'If I had my way, I would build a wall as high as heaven to separate us from every thing associated with Yankees or the Union. By the way, we have been looking after you, Dalton, this fortnight past. You have had a military education, and will be of service in the war—that is,' he added, sneeringly, 'if the Yankees will stand before us long enough to be beaten.'

"'Yes, Mr. Dalton, you must leave the artillery company and join the Oglethorpe Guard,' said Agnes, with enthusiasm. He turned and looked into her bright expectant countenance, his anger changing to an expression of sorrow.

"'Agnes,' he said at length, 'I can not answer you at this moment.'

"'Perhaps Dalton has heard that the Oglethorpe Guard has been ordered to join Beauregard's army in Virginia,' insinuated Ghilson, in an insolent tone.

"Dalton faced him in an instant. 'You know, Ghilson, that I am no duelist, or you would scarcely have dared to be so impertinent.'

"'We will soon meet where you can defend yourself,' replied Ghilson, black with passion.

"'Perhaps sooner, though not in the place that you imagine,' was the calm reply.

"Ghilson made no answer, but it was easy to read the revengeful expression of his face, which made Agnes involuntarily shrink from him as he bade her good-night.

"Alone with Agnes, Dalton eloquently proclaimed his fealty to the national cause, his hatred of secession, and his intention to depart for the North. 'I shall join the Union Army, and, if need be, give my life in defense of the nation.'

"'Oh, Mr. Dalton, how can you thus desert the South in her extremity. You are a born Southerner. Would you strike at the land of your birth? This is shameful in you,' said Agnes, withdrawing the hand which he had taken.

"Dalton's face was pale from emotion, but his resolve did not waver, and his voice was firm as he answered her.

"'Agnes, this trial is to me a terrible one. I love you above all things—except my country's honor, and that is my honor. Oh, Agnes, you would not have me sacrifice that!'

"'I do not know what to say,' said Agnes, almost convulsed with her conflicting passions. 'I would not have believed that any thing upon earth could have separated us. I thought I could follow you any where. But I never dreamed that you could prove recreant to the South.'"—pp. 24–27.

This is followed by a long speech on the part of Dalton. Among other loyal, wise, and gallant things he tells her that she has no family ties. "Your uncle is hateful to you," he says. "I can this very night, by our marriage, give you the protection of my name." (p. 28.) She was not union-loving enough yet, and, therefore, did not consent, but hinted that his courage was of rather a doubtful stamp, which, as might be expected, "stung his loyal, gentle heart." (p. 28.) His brother Harold is still more loyal than himself, if possible, and puts him on his guard as follows: "You'll have to run for it, Dare." "I understand it all," said Dalton (that is our hero); "its Ghilson! But you, what do you propose to do?" "I will remain. *It will throw these devils off the track.* Get to the North as fast as you can. I will follow." (p. 29.) How much like the language in which young Georgians used to address each other in May, 1861!

But this is not the only way in which our author would have us believe that two or three swallows that had wandered from the rest of the brood prove that it is summer instead of spring or winter. According to him, all rebels, with rare exceptions, speak a sort of dialect which is scarcely intelligible, so fearfully benighted is their condition. It is otherwise, however, with the negroes. The latter are not only scrupulously grammatical in their language, at least as grammatical as our novelist can

make them, they are quite philosophical; and as to their courage, it is of the exemplary kind. In expressing some little wonder at the *couleur-de-rose* picture thus given of the negro, as if he belonged to a tribe recently discovered, and of whose characteristics, either mental or physical, nobody had ever heard before, we have been reminded that probably our author himself possesses in his veins at least a portion of that noble blood which he so much admires. But let us illustrate our remarks. Horton, a Federal officer, makes a desperate attempt to secure or kill a Confederate spy, but nearly gets killed himself for his pains. Baxter, his orderly, runs to his assistance; but the spy hurled Baxter against the wall and dashed from the room. There was no danger that the spy would escape, however. What two white and loyal Anglo-Saxons were unable to accomplish was a mere trifle to a negro who happened to be near at the critical moment. But let our novelist tell the rest of the story in his own words:

"But he now met with an unexpected opponent. Filling up the outer door-way stood the negro, whom he tried in vain to turn aside. There followed a brief, terrible struggle, and *the spy's knees struck under, and he fell.*

"'You have killed him!' cried Horton, as he ran forward and knelt by the side of the prostrate body, and felt the inanimate pulse of the hand, which still, in its rigid grip, held a glittering knife.

"'It was my life or his, sir. I know the man,' replied the negro, as he thrust his bowie-knife into his belt. 'It's Nelson, one of the most desperate scouts in the Confederate service.'

"'Do you belong to this place?'

"'No, sir; I came here with this man.'"—p. 50.

Thus, while the loyal whites looked on somewhat like frightened children, the loyal negro did his work in a style which would have done no discredit to Ajax, or even the godlike Hector himself. But we have yet seen the negro only as a warrior. A page or two further on Horton has a conversation with his deliverer; and the following is a portion of the dialogue which takes place between them:

"'Why did you betray your master this morning?'

"A slight flush mounted to the man's forehead at this abrupt interrogation, but he looked firmly into the eyes of his questioner.

"'He was not my master. I gave him up because he had information of value to these rebels.'

"'What is your name?'

"'Zimri, sir.'

"'That is an odd name. Zimri, you have a last name?'

"'I am a slave, sir. I need not tell you, therefore, that I have never known any name but Zimri.'

"'How came you with that spy?'

"'I was sent by my master—my half-brother, General Ralph Buford, commanding a brigade of Wheeler's cavalry.'

"'Does your brother trust you so implicitly as to permit you to come into our lines?'

"'Sometimes I think he wishes I would never come back.'

"'Why?' asked Horton, somewhat mystified.

"'My mother,' replied Zimri, 'was a quadroon, and the slave of our father. We were nursed from the same bosom, and grew to manhood on the same plantation—I the slave, and he my brother and master. A few years ago, my

brother married the daughter of one of the wealthy planters of South Carolina. When she came to our home she brought with her a quadroon girl, who was really her mistress's companion, though nominally a slave. Charlotte and I loved each other, and were married before the war.' "—pp. 53, 54.

This is but a small portion of the fine account the negro gives of himself; it is sufficient, however, to show what a superior mind he has. In order to appreciate this superiority, however, to its full extent, it is necessary to compare his style of conversation with that of the rebel Southerner. We need only quote a remark or two from each, allowing our author to introduce them in his own way:

"The sun had risen above the mountain-tops behind him ere Zimri came upon the pickets guarding the rear of Hood's army.

"'Oh, it's only that cursed white nigger of the general's,' remarked a sentinel to a companion.

"'You've come to the right place, nig. Yer master's in that ar cabin yonder across the creek.'

"'Yes, I see the house. Have there been any Yankees round here?'

"'Nary a Yank. The blue-bellies keep clar of the Rattlesnake Brigade. Cuss 'em, they don't like the smell of powder—hey, Smithers?' "—p. 62.

From this we are to learn, as a matter of course, that the "poor white" of the South is much more ignorant and more degraded than the negro; nay, should we not infer from it that instead of being either ignorant or degraded, the latter is intelligent and high-spirited? Now, supposing we admit that this is all true, does it not stultify our author in another way? Since he is as anxious to show how cruelly the slaves have been treated in the South as he is to prove what a high-minded race the negroes are? If Zimri was so badly treated, how did he become so refined and intelligent? And our author gives him a fine wife also; a much more beautiful woman than the white heroine of the story. This, we know, seems difficult to believe; but we will let our author describe the slave's wife in his own words, and show also that she is as refined as she is beautiful:

"Charlotte was little changed from the beautiful daughter of the sun whom we saw among the mountains of Alabama a few months ago. Exposure to the open air had tinged her cheek with a richer color, but the same dark tresses waved gracefully away from her fair forehead. Her eyes had not lost their liquid purity; her form had the same charming languor in repose as of old, and the same beautiful grace in motion.

"'After to-morrow, Charlotte, we shall get away from this fettered life. Within the Union lines we shall find freedom and friends, and such a home as the slave never knows here. I have a debt of gratitude to pay Mrs. Buford, who is at Winnsboro', and may need assistance. We will go there, and then take the first chance of escape.'

"'Let us not wait till to-morrow,' pleaded his wife, as she drew closer to him. 'Oh, Zimri, every moment we stay here is dangerous. Master Ralph may return any moment, and then—' Her golden eyes were veiled by their long lashes, and she hesitated.

"'I know what you would say, my darling: "General Ralph will not let us remain together." But he shall not separate us again—he dare not! I would be glad never to meet him, but he can't protect Mrs. Buford after the Confederate army has passed her, and I can. We must not forget, Charlotte, that there are years of kind words and deeds which we both owe to her. Has

she not taught you to read and to write, adding knowledge to the graces of my beautiful Charlotte?' and Zimri kissed her with fondness.

"'Dear Zimri, I am not ungrateful—indeed I am not—but I am afraid. I don't dare think of going there.'"—pp. 179, 180.

How charming is all this! In addition to the letter-press description we have also an engraving representing the happy pair fondly embracing each other. We cannot, indeed, compliment the artist on this performance; it is too much in the style of the "cuts" of the "Journal of Civilization"; and yet we admit that it is quite good and truthful enough for the book which it is designed to illustrate.

It is not strange that the far-seeing author who has discovered that the young men of the South ran to the North as soon as the rebellion broke out; that although a rebel spy may throw aside two loyal whites as if they were children, a negro can make him "strike under" at once; and that a negro slave is far less ignorant and less degraded than a rebel white—it is no more than might be expected that this discoverer of so many remarkable things has also discovered that the Irish are cowards; that when the critical moment comes they are either drunk in reality, or feign drunkenness in order to avoid the danger. This is just as true and sensible as the various other "revelations" made in "The Sanctuary"; it would be useless, therefore, to make any attempt to disprove it. In former wars the Irish may have done very well, but in our late war they were but a disgrace to our brave and invincible troops, especially to the negro portion of them. In proof of this we quote another passage from the precious volume before us. A Federal officer sees an Irishman run away:

"'Where are you going, Kelly?' he asked. 'You are wanted here. Don't you see the rebels coming again?'

"'Yis, I say the murthering blackguards,' answered the frightened Irishman, ducking his head to a twelve-pound round-shot. 'Shure an' don't I both say and hear? but—oh, Holy Mother, protect me!—you wouldn't have me leave a wounded comrade to die upon the faild of battle, would you?'

"'Kelly, you are a disgrace to the regiment. You are not seriously wounded?' turning to the comrade whom Kelly had taken in charge.

"'No, sir,' was the reply. 'I did not see Kelly until I had reached the timber. It's all humbug about his helping me, colonel.'

"'I thought so. As you pass head-quarters, give him over to the guard.'"—pp. 74, 75.

The cowardice and drunkenness of the Irish made, of course, no appreciable difference; the victory was gained by our native loyalists, white and black, just as well as if the Irish were not the poltroons they proved themselves. But not content with refusing to fight, the Irish made such noise after the battle that the officers who gained it were much annoyed; we quote one extract more:

"He had several times checked the boisterous noise of the drunken Irishmen. By-and-by their talk was carried on in a lower tone—

"'I say,' whispered Kelly, 'O'Brien, are you aslape at such a time?' Don't you hear the roar of the inemy's cannon?'

" 'Oh, bother the inemy s cannon. Don't I know that I'm in the guard-house for getthing thrunk?'

" 'An' you're right there, my boy. It all comes o' them officers. An' sure, ar'n't they stuck up all the while—a puttin' on airs as if they owned the whorld?' "—p. 76.

We have now noticed all the peculiar features of "The Sanctuary"; but not one of them is natural. The whole affair, from title-page to conclusion, is spurious; if it have any effect it will be that of the firebrand. If any one can profit by such a book, we cannot see how. Time there was—not seven years ago—when the Messrs. Harper would not have set their imprint on so stupid and absurd a performance. Let us hope, for their own credit's sake as well as for the public good, that if they have lost their former taste and discrimination by permitting themselves to become too much absorbed in the "Journal of Civilization" they will soon recover both and revive their ancient reputation as caterers, for we are sorry to say that that which they bear now, on account of publications of the above class, is sadly in need of repair.

Although we recognize no sex in a book, yet we are unwilling to speak of Sunnybank as its character seems to us to deserve. It is indeed neither so unwise nor so dull a performance as "The Sanctuary:" This, we are aware, is a slender commendation; but however ungracious or ungallant it may be to say so, we can bestow no higher praise on the lady's book. If her "Alone" to which she refers in her preface had so many readers as she says, we fear they were persons whose taste was not very fastidious; otherwise she exhausted her stock of ideas in that effort so that she had but few left for "Sunnybank;" and these few are almost exclusively political. As for the fragments of love she gives us, they are sorry affairs; we doubt whether anybody will love his male or female neighbor anything the better on their account; and if we deduct the politics, war, and love from "Sunnybank," what we shall have left is little scraps of selected poetry which are not very select, texts of Scripture and pious ejaculations, trite adages, &c. We really dislike very much to give this character of a lady's book; we would much rather speak of the delight we experienced in reading it; but we cannot permit ourselves to deceive those who honor us with their confidence, both in our judgment and integrity, by representing as gold a very different metal.

Our authoress tells us, in her preface, that she is a Virginian, and that her "attachment to her native State is second only to that she feels for her country," &c. She concludes her address "to the reader" by borrowing, as she informs us, "the *grand immortal words of another*"—that is, of our late, lamented President, who had himself but borrowed the words: "With charity for all; with malice toward none"; for the same had been uttered more than two thousand years before he was born.

"Sunnybank" has the form of a novel so far as to have two

heroines, Elinor and Agatha, or Agatha and Elinor, as the reader may prefer. One heads one chapter, the other the next, and so on to the end. We have said that the two books at the head of this notice are very much alike; to prove that this is the fact we now give a specimen or two of the lady's performance. Let us imagine ourselves at Richmond on the 16th of April, 1861, and fancy we hear a tender-hearted damsel address her swain as follows:

"I had promised to walk with Harry, and, equipped for the excursion, was entering the parlor, where he awaited me, when the breathless calm, that had brooded over the city for twenty-four hours past, was broken by the sullen roar of a cannon. Another and another followed.

"'Seven!' I exclaimed, sick and shuddering.

"The signal was unexpected, but I interpreted the dread significance of the number of the revolted States.

"Harry caught my hands, and led me to the sofa.

"'It must be true, dearest! The fort has fallen!'

"Then he dropped his head upon the arm of the sofa, and was mute. *I knelt before him, praying him to be comforted;* but my own spirit was bowed *to the lowest dust.* While I spoke words of hope and resignation to him, my rebellious heart was crying out, 'Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?'

"'Poor, trembling darling!' Harry said, presently lifting a countenance pale, indeed, but *steadfast and even smiling*, as he addressed me. 'I ought to be ashamed of myself for failing you at this moment! We will be courageous now, love! Will you wait for me here, while I go out to learn the worst?'

"'I will go with you!' I answered; and in two minutes more we were in the open air.—pp. 82, 83.

What an interesting scene! Surely the publishers ought to have illustrated this. Harry makes a sorry figure even when so far recovered that he is "steadfast and even smiling." He kept very quiet, however, it seems; he "spoke but once," says our authoress, "in our hurried passage along the route to the capitol square"; of course it was something very important he uttered then. It was no man he addressed, however; we are told that a "young and happy wife and mother" held "a laughing boy of ten months aloft in her arms," who in turn grasped a rebel flag and cockade; the next thing heard is the following:

"'Hurrah, my little man! Sumter is down, and the Yankee nation will soon follow!' she cried, in the shrill accents of intense joy, as we passed.

"'And you may bemoan this day in tears of blood!' uttered Harry, low and huskily.—p. 83.

This, however, was not the worst. Harry gets weak again. This time, alas! he very nearly faints. But let our authoress describe the melancholy scene in her own way:

"A cheer from the crowed called my attention to the Capitol—and I saw, with horror and indignation I cannot describe—the rebel flag floating from the roof!

"Harry came up to me instantly. He was whiter than when he had left me, and the rigidity of his features was like that of the bronze visages above us.

"'I cannot breathe here!' he said, 'take my arm, and let us get out of the crowd!'—p. 85.

After much effort they finally succeed in getting into a quiet corner. Then Harry has recourse to Scripture for consolation. "Fair weather

cometh out of the North!" "With the Lord is terrible majesty!" repeated Harry *clearly, triumphantly.* "After all, darling, He reigns!"

What will the young Virginians say to this? Will they infer from it that the "attachment" of the authoress to her "native State" is so very warm as she says in her preface? Can any one who reflects for a moment draw such an inference from it? No doubt the lady wishes to please her Northern readers, who can now afford to buy books much better than Southerners. But we can assure her that there are but few, if any, thoughtful, sensible men at the North more than the South who have much taste for philosophy like hers, because it is the philosophy of strife—that which would never allow the demon of discord to sleep. And whether this is inculcated by a Virginian or a New Englander, a man or a woman, it is equally reprehensible.

The sort of love we find in "Sunnybank" is as queer as its patriotism. We were not aware that Southern young ladies were in the habit of visiting the young gentlemen in their private rooms, at night and representing themselves at the door below as their sisters; still less did we suppose that the young gentlemen would use harsh and offensive language to them for their pains, driving them out of their rooms as if they were savages, who, having been so situated that they had hitherto seen no women, regarded the sex as demons whom it would not be safe to associate with. But this would be the clear inference from the scene between Wilton and Agatha in chapter vii, beginning at page 93. Indeed the whole affair is utterly absurd; and still more preposterous, if possible, is the scene which takes place between Agatha and Elinor after the former returns stealthily to her room, which, it seems, is also the room of her rival. A good deal of mawkish stuff passes between the twain; then, next day there is a letter from the gallant young gentleman, who was so terribly offended at being visited in his room by a beautiful young lady who loved him. The first sentence of the epistle runs thus: "Dear Agatha: If I was harsh *in my dealings with you* at our last meeting, forgive me." But enough; it would be worse than useless to proceed. Yet books like this are praised as "works of genius." It would be much better to encourage ladies to knit stockings for their husbands, fathers, or brothers, or to make pumpkin pies or apple-dumplings, than to occupy their time with performances like "Sunnybank."

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir. 24mo, pp. 437. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866.

We recognize several of the pieces in this volume as old and agreeable acquaintances, formed in distant lands. Many admired them when first published in magazines and copied into literary papers without knowing

anything of their authorship; for Mr. Hervey wrote much more for the love of poetry than for the love of fame. For this reason he was scarcely known as a poet, except by his immediate friends, until after his death, which took place in 1859. But although he had little poetical fame, his merits were known to a few who were capable of appreciating them, at least in one point of view, for he was editor, in turn, of several periodicals including the London "Athenæum," which he conducted with ability and credit for eight years, withdrawing from it finally only because the enfeebled state of his health rendered him incapable of discharging his editorial duties any longer.

Among the other periodicals whose readers have an agreeable recollection of Hervey is the "Art Journal," to which he was a regular contributor for four years, showing that his taste for art was as cultivated as his taste for poetry. Several of his earlier papers on art were attributed to Ruskin, but his more finished and elaborate essays were regarded by many competent judges as superior to the best efforts of that author. Whether this opinion be confirmed or not, there can be no question among those acquainted with his writings that he had a fine appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art; and this by itself would afford at least presumptive evidence of a poetical genius.

But we are not obliged to depend on inferences in forming an estimate of the muse of Hervey. His wife has collected all his effusions with affectionate care, and presented them to us in this volume with a brief but comprehensive memoir, which, unlike the generality of such performances, contains no exaggerated praise. It is, indeed, a very suitable introduction to the works of one who was as much distinguished for his retiring modesty as for his good taste. But no memoir, no selections, no amount even of popularity can give the reader so correct an idea of anything claimed to be poetry as a sample of itself. Nor need the admirers of Hervey fear to subject him to this test. The piece entitled "Australia" alone, although written chiefly at college, and, we believe, the first he ever published, contains passages which compare favorably with any found in the earlier efforts of the most popular of the recent British poets. It is by no means his best effort, however; it bears little trace of that æsthetic culture to which the author subsequently attained. No other poem of his lacks unity so much; far too large a portion of it is devoted to the mother country. Nor does he confine himself to England in his long introduction, which, after all, we cannot call tedious, since nowhere else in the poem does he soar higher, or become more truly poetical. There is beauty as well as patriotism in the following lines; they show at the same time that the author does not belong to that short-sighted, vainglorious herd who think that because their country is great now it must not only continue so forever, but make progress in greatness to the end of time:

"Gem of the ocean!—empress of the sea!
My heart could weep, in fondness, over thee!
My soul looks forward, through a mist of tears,
To pierce the darkness of the coming years,
And dimly reads, amid the future gloom,
Warnings she dares not utter of thy doom!
And canst thou perish,—island of the free!
Shall ruin dare to fling her shroud o'er thee!—
Thou who dost light the nations, like a star,
In solitary grandeur, from afar!"—p. 121.

The poet then proceeds to warn his countrymen of the fate of Babylon, Jerusalem, Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Athens, &c. This is done in quite an elevated strain; nor are the great men or great works of those renowned cities overlooked. Returning from this flight he again addresses England as follows:

"But thou hast writ thy records, where, sublime,
They scorn the strength of tempest and of time.—
What though the temple from its base decline!
Its hallowed things may deck another shrine!
What though thou perish, on thy northern wave!—
Thy phœnix-spirit shall escape that grave;
Thy fame shall mock the wasting flood of years,—
Worlds are thy children,—continents thy heirs!"—p. 123.

America is, of course, one of the "worlds" that are her children, and one of the "continents" that are her heirs. Nor can we say that the expression is too strong, or that there is any more exaggeration in it than the poet is justified in using in precisely such circumstances. But whether the same remark will apply to the passage that follows it we leave the reader to judge for himself when he has the volume in his own hands, for we must pass on to something more characteristic. It is not strange that our poet is more eloquent on England than he is on Australia. The thoughts inspired by the latter are, in general, little better than commonplace, but here and there we meet with an exception, such as the following:

"Isles of the Orient!—gardens of the East!
Thou giant secret of the liquid waste,—
Long ages in untrodden paths concealed,
Or, but in glimpses faint and few revealed,—
Like some chimera of the ocean-caves,
Some dark and sphinx-like riddle of the waves,—
Till he—the northern Œdipus—unfurled
His venturous sail, and solved it to the world!—
Surpassing beauty sits upon thy brow,
But darkness veils thy all of time, save *now*;
Enshrouded in the shadows of the past,
And secret in thy birth as is the blast!"—p. 129.

In Part I. we have a very graphic picture of the native Australian, but it is a dark, repulsive one, which, as a whole, inspires but little hope. Passing over the gloomier features we transcribe those lines which

remind us that, after all, the savage is a member of the human family, and as such claims our sympathy:

> "Yet, on his forehead sits the seal sublime
> That marks him monarch of his lovely clime;
> And in his torpid spirit lurk the seeds
> Of manly virtues and of lofty deeds!
> Within that breast, where savage shadows roll,
> Philosophy discerns a noble soul,
> That—like the lamp within an eastern tomb—
> But looks more sickly 'mid surrounding gloom!"—p. 131.

But the best part of "Australia" is the concluding ten or twelve couplets, although, like the other good passages alluded to, it is foreign to the subject. It is Africa now whose fate inspires our poet. Had he introduced nothing else after Lybia the conclusion would have been a happy one; but in turning to England again, as he does, he reminds us rather unfavorably for himself of the closing lines of Goldsmith's "Traveller:"

> "But where is Africa?—I seek in vain
> Her swarthy form along its native main!
> Methinks I hear a wailing in the wild,
> As of a mother weeping o'er her child!—
> *Her* face lies buried in mysterious night,
> Where the wide waters of the globe unite;
> And where the moonlight paved her hills with smiles,
> The billows moan amid a hundred isles.
> I turn me from their knelling, with a sigh,
> To where a lovelier vision meets the eye;
> Where spreads the British name from sun to sun,
> And all the nations of the earth are ONE!"—p. 141.

The four last lines mar the beauty of the preceding couplets, not because England does not deserve to be praised, but because, however true they are in themselves, they are out of place. If Goldsmith uses somewhat similar language in his "Traveller," the circumstances are entirely different. He had all the countries of Europe for his subject, consequently he had England; whereas, although the ostensible subject of Hervey is Australia, he begins and ends the poem with praise of Albion. At a later period he would not have done so, not that he loved his native country less, but unity and artistic beauty more.

The general characteristics of Hervey's muse are felicity of expression, melody, and vigor. Sometimes he is singularly happy in his descriptions of natural scenery; at other times he is lively and humorous, occasionally reminding one of the scintillations of Hood. He does not often attempt the pathetic, but when he does few succeed so well; few excite more genuine emotion or make a deeper impression in a stanza or two. We need not go beyond his "Foreign Grave" to prove this. It will be admitted by most readers of taste and feeling that the two first stanzas which we transcribe are an excellent specimen of their kind:

" Far, far away,—the zephyrs wave,
In silence o'er thy lonely grave!
No kindred sigh disturbs the gloom
That midnight hangs around thy tomb
But spirits of a foreign air
At evening love to linger there;
And roses of another shore—
Blooming where thou shalt bloom no more—
Shed sweetness o'er the quiet spot
Where thou liest low but unforgot;
While moonbeams of a distant sky
Watch o'er it, like a mother's eye!

" The spot is holy,—and it seems
Like to some shadowy land of dreams!
For, never does a single sound
Break on the calm that hovers round:
Save when the lone bird, grieving nigh,
Complains unto the silent sky;
Or the sad cypress waves its head,
In murmurs, o'er thy narrow bed;
Or—while the gales are all at rest,
Far off upon the billows' breast—
The flow of yonder distant stream
Comes on the silence as a dream,
Whose music—like a thought of thee—
Tunes all the heart to melody,
And steals upon the calm around,
As 't were the *shadow* of a sound!"—pp. 87-8.

This is tender and musical. It is, in a word, true poetry; but there is more pathos as well as beauty in the two stanzas which follow it, especially in the second. Rather than quote either, however, we prefer giving a passage from another poem, one which affords still stronger proof of the author's power in awakening human sympathy even in behalf of the degraded outcast and criminal. Those acquainted with the poems of Hervey need hardly be told that we mean his "Convict Ship." Many a bright eye that has never seen a convict has shed briny tears over this little poem, and, what is still better, it has moved manly and stern hearts to remember that it is not well to treat even the condemned malefactor with needless harshness. Limited as our space is just now, we make room for the greater part of the poem, feeling satisfied that all who have not previously seen it will thank us for doing so:

" THE CONVICT SHIP.

" Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope, in the gale!
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!

Upwards she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gayly, aloft in the shrouds!
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters,—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
O, there be hearts that are breaking, below!

"Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep,—as the moon in the sky,—
A phantom of beauty!—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within!
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing!
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken forever!
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!"—pp. 19, 20.

There are several other pieces in the tiny, neat volume before us from which we should like to give an extract, but other works also claim our attention. Indeed, we would gladly spend an hour with our readers discussing the merits of the poems entitled "Illustrations of Pictures" and "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture." After it was decided that these prove the author an art critic of no mean order as well as a poet, we would perhaps turn to that curious, quaint, deeply humorous, and amusing poem entitled "The Devil's Progress," and, having made an effort to explain some of its best Hudibrastic hits at the leading men of England, we would fain spend at least another half-hour in seeking more beauties in the "Poetical Sketch Book." But we must only allow the reader to do this for himself.

Laurentia: A Tale of Japan. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 16mo, pp. 215. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1866.

THE gentlemen whose imprint this volume bears evince considerable, taste and discrimination in their publications; and they issue them without any unseemly flourish, allowing them to depend on their merits for their circulation. Nor does the book now before us form an exception.

Lady Fullerton has written much; but she has done so not to gain fame, but to do good; and there is not a production of hers that we have had the pleasure of examining which does not bear the traces of that laudable design. A glance at a few pages of hers is sufficient to satisfy any intelligent person that she is a lady of high culture as well as talent. There is no affectation in her language; no spasmodic effort to be brilliant whether in description, portraiture, or narrative; she is calm, thoughtful, and chaste, and at the same time much more lively and attractive than those who make the most laborious attempts at being fascin ating.

Her present book is unpretending; it has no high-sounding name; it makes no enticing promises, but it is worth reading; and very few who commence it will be willing to lay it down until it is read. We speak of it in these terms, although it is a pious book, and we have no pretensions to piety; we do so because we always admire what has a salutary tendency. Lady Fullerton's style has undoubtedly a refining effect on the youthful of her own sex; and should we appreciate this merit the less because she is an enthusiastic admirer of the good Fathers who did so much to establish Christianity in Japan, and who suffered to be immolated as victims rather than deny the religion of Christ? But we will allow the authoress to tell her object in her own words; as she does in her preface:

"It has been attempted to give a picture of the Church of Japan in the sixteenth century, and to illustrate in the shape of a narrative the peculiar character of the Japanese converts to Christianity, rather than to compose a regular historical tale. But it may be safely asserted that not one trait of heroism, not one trait of self-sacrifice, not one sentiment of exalted virtue from the lips of priest or catechumen, woman or child, which finds place in these pages, but has its counterpart in the annals of a Church founded by a saint, fruitful in the most remarkable virtues, and which, after a hundred years' duration, did not die away from the decline of faith or the lukewarmness of its members, but was suddenly extinguished as it were in a sea of blood, leaving behind it glorious records of its existence, but not one priest to carry on the service of religion, and but very few Christians to perpetuate its memory."

"Laurentia" is really a more attractive story than this would lead those to suppose who judge of a religious book by the class of performances known by that name in recent years—that is, those who regard religious and dull as synonymous terms so far as they relate to stories. But were we to omit the religious part altogether in "Laurentia," there would still be sufficient to reward the reader for his time in perusing it. As an evidence of this we extract a brief specimen of Lady Fullerton's descriptive powers:

"At the close of a sultry day, amidst groves of orange-trees and oleanders, the Queen and the Princesses of the Court of Arima were enjoying the evening breezes in the gardens of the palace. The quaint peculiarities of Japanese landscape gardening were displayed to the utmost in the grounds of this royal residence. It was a fairy-like scene in which nature and art combined to please the eye and soothe the senses, with images of peaceful repose or graceful animation. Shining alleys, paved with a variety of smooth bright colored stones and bordered by magnificent flowering shrubs and rows of red and white came-

lias, intersected the grass in every direction. Sparkling cascades fell from artificial rocks, and formed at their feet a number of small lakes, in which gold and silver fishes disported themselves in active idleness. Sculptured representations of animals lurked in the shade of miniature forests, and peeped out of caves and grottoes; whilst cages full of living birds, bearing on their wings the brightest hues of the rainbow, stood in bowers formed by the gnarled and twisted branches of the double blossoming fruit-trees, the victims and the triumphs of Japanese horticulture, devoted to ornament alone, barren of fruit, but prodigal of their pink and white flowers, and taught to thrust at man's bidding their fantastic and lovely boughs into every dwelling, or weave them over every building where he chooses to guide them. On the rising hills which surrounded this "garden of delights" was a wood of dwarf ilex-trees, mingled with rose-bushes and overtopped by a coronal of the three colored planes, that singular production of the Japanese Islands, whose green, red, and yellow foliage stands out in such gorgeous relief against the deep azure of an Eastern sky."—pp. 35, 36.

A still more interesting description follows this—that of the good and beautiful Grace Ucondono—but we are sorry we have not room for it; all we can do is to refer the reader to the book, remarking that it would be well for many who consider themselves novelists to study the graceful ease and fidelity to nature with which Lady Fullerton sketches a beautiful portrait. We should also like to transfer to our pages the scene in which young Isafai implores Laurentia to become his wife, and in which she sternly refuses his tenderest and strongest appeals; her only condition being that he must become a Christian, like herself, or they can never be united; although, having been brought up with him since they were both children, she fully reciprocates his love. Isafai was too proud to yield; they parted with mutual sorrow; but it is pleasant to add that in a short time he repented; became a sincere convert to Christianity, and soon after Laurentia became his happy and beloved wife.

1. *Grace Haughton's Story.* By Miss Lee. 24mo, pp. 227.
2. *A Summer at Marley.* By Annie Fisler Vernon, author of the Story of a Governess. 24mo, pp. 21.
3. *The Home of the Lotus Flower and Other Stories.* By Miss Anna B. Cooke. 24mo. New York: Gen. Prot. Episc. S. S. Union and Church Book Society. 1866.

The readers of our journal are well acquainted with the general character of the publications of this Society. They are not written either for fame or for the purpose of making proselytes; as the name of the society implies, they are designed chiefly, if not exclusively, for the use of the children who attend Sunday-school. There is no religious dogmatism in them; no bigotry; and but very little, if any, sectarianism. This indeed might be inferred from the fact that nearly all are the productions of ladies; for it is not often that the latter have much taste for theological disquisitions; and we think we may add that none are more liberal towards those who differ with them than Episcopalian ladies. This is certainly true of the authors whose tiny volumes stand at the head of this notice; each writes in a Christian, not in a sectarian, or controversial, spirit, and

combines useful worldly knowledge with Christian precepts which no sect that pretends to regard Christ as its founder can reject.

Grace Haughton's Story is much better written and far more interesting and instructive than many a pretentious novel which reaches our table. The sentence given at the head of the first chapter gives an idea of the design of the story, viz.: "To learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me." We will, however, add a word from the story itself: "I am the daughter of a country clergyman," says Grace, "who supported a large family on a yearly salary of £60. It was a hard struggle to live and bring up seven children as ladies and gentlemen on such a sum; and when I was a very little girl I remember wishing to have Aladdin's lamp that I might give my parents everything they needed."

We need hardly remark what a suggestive theme this is; what a prolific subject. It will be generally conceded that hardly any lady of culture, with even an ordinary literary taste, could fail to invest it with interest; but Miss Lee has a well-stored mind and talent of no mean order, and withal she is enthusiastic in her effort to do good.

A Summer at Marley is more simple; it is rather a series of fragments than a connected story, but it is not the less agreeable on this account; indeed, many will prefer its half-finished portraitures of home life in the country to the more regular and artistic story of Grace Haughton, especially as it is sufficiently evident from her style and the happy manner in which she inculcates useful lessons that Annie Vernon, too, understands "the Unities." But, as already intimated, her design is not to gain fame, but to do what good she can; and that she is capable of doing much for the little ones will be readily admitted by any intelligent person who examines her book.

But the most poetical book of the three is the "Home of the Lotus Flower and Other Stories." That which gives the little volume its name is really a charming story for the young. It combines botany, geography, and Egyptian antiquities, in an exceedingly attractive manner; the reader learns useful lessons from it, and is much interested at the same time; before he reaches the end he is convinced that all books are not dull, after all. Then he passes on to the story of "The Spider Mother," which, if possible, awakens his curiosity still more. He begins to think that spiders are much more interesting things than he had ever considered them before. He learns that they are even artists; at least very skilful weavers. He is thus prepared to make another step in the grand field of nature, and accordingly he is introduced to the mysteries of an Ant Hill.

This is a judicious mode of initiating the youthful student in natural history; while it cannot offend the most sensitive or the most scrupulous. It always affords us sincere pleasure to recommend such

books; and we examine them with as much care and as much respect for their authors as if they were duodecimo volumes on the most abstruse or the most important subjects. The three books are embellished with illustrations; they are also clearly printed and tastefully bound in muslin.

Ave Maria. Notre Dame, Indiana. Nos. 45, 46, 47, and 48.

To most Protestants the title of this journal would suggest the idea of superstition, or, at best, of undue reverence for the Mother of Christ; that is, a degree of reverence which is due only to the Saviour himself, as cöequal with God. Our own impression of it was that it was designed chiefly, if not exclusively, for those who devote their lives to religion; but, heretic as we are and have been, we could never regard it as superstition to reverence the Mother of Christ; on the contrary, we have always thought that those who do not reverence the Mother cannot be said to regard the Son as their Saviour. As for those who treat her with disrespect and contumely, we could never consider their Christianity as otherwise than spurious. There is scarcely any human being so depraved but that it would be offensive to him to speak disrespectfully of his mother; and can we believe that Christ has less esteem for his mother than the human malefactor?

Now that we have carefully examined four numbers, we find that we were mistaken in supposing that the work was designed only for those devoted to religion. The journal is, indeed, essentially Catholic; but it is not more exclusively religious than other Catholic papers of the best class; in other words, it is not less interesting as a family paper. Without making any invidious comparisons, we could wish that many religious journals, belonging to different denominations, which occasionally reach our table exhibited as much taste and culture in their contents as the "Ave Maria."

But the conductor of this journal is no ordinary editor. The Very Rev. E. Sorin, who has established it, and under whose auspices it has, we understand, attained a wide circulation, has also established, or, at least, has been mainly instrumental in establishing, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, which has already become one of the most flourishing Catholic institutions in this country. Although Father Sorin is a gentleman of high literary, as well as scholastic, attainments, he is not dependent on his own efforts for the success of the "Ave Maria," for we perceive that the ablest Catholic writers in America are among his contributors. We understand that its pages are not unfrequently enriched by contributions from His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, author of "History of the Protestant Reformation," &c.; and we are sure that Dr. O. A. Brownson, the eminent reviewer, writes for it occasionally, if not regularly.

Had we seen no published statement on this subject we should have had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion, from a careful perusal of some of the articles, that they were the contributions of experienced, intelligent, and thoughtful writers. We do not mean to say that all the articles in the "Ave Maria" are of this character. It contains a department for children; and what could be more unsuitable for early youth than profound reasoning? May it not be doubted whether such would be suited for the majority of the ladies? Without any disrespect to the sex, we think not; and accordingly we like the journal all the more, and think it the better adapted for family reading, for the miscellaneous lighter pieces which it contains. But before we lay down the journal let us give a passage from its contents, which will enable the reader to judge for himself whether it is to be regarded as a superstitious publication. We need not go beyond the last number we have received—that for the week ending December 1, 1866. Turning over the pages of this we find a paper entitled "Reason and Religion," which, we perceive, is intended to be the beginning of a series. We can only make room for the two first paragraphs; but even these will give an idea of the enlightened and liberal spirit in which the principal papers in the "Ave Maria" are written:

"It has been fashionable for some time, not only with the declared enemies, but even with some who profess to be the warm friends of religion, to treat it and reason as if they were entirely independent of each other, and in fact as mutually antagonistic. It is assumed that reason can exist and operate in full freedom and strength without pious or religious affection, and that pious or religious affection in no sense depends on reason or intelligence. But there is no reason without religion, and no religion without reason, as it will be my purpose in this new series of articles to show.

"Knowledge without religion is satanic, and worse than worthless to its possessor, for it is not a rational knowledge directed to the true end of man; and religion without knowledge is a blind sentiment losing itself in idolatry, superstition, or a savage and destructive fanaticism. Reason is essential to man's nature, that which distinguishes him from the lower creation, and renders him kindred with the angels, and, in some sense, with God himself. It is the faculty of apprehending and acting voluntarily from the principle of our existence, and of apprehending and acting for—*propter*—the end for which we exist. There is and can be no human act that is a perfectly irrational act. Piety or religion without reason or the rational activity of the soul is not, as say the theologians, *actus humanu*, and must be either wholly extraneous to man, or mere sensitive affection, what Catholics call sensible devotion, and which has in itself no moral character, and is neither praiseworthy or blameworthy."

It is creditable to the dignitaries of the Church that they do not appreciate the ability with which this journal is conducted anything the less for being published in an obscure corner of Indiana; if, indeed, any place can be said to be obscure which has the benefit of a University like that of Notre Dame. Even the Pope has honored the learned editor with an autograph letter, in the Latin language, in approbation of the work, concluding as follows: "Benedicimus opus incœptum et omnes coöperatores et Dominus N. I. C. opus perficiat solidetque."*

* "We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto, and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work."

The journal has another characteristic which we must not omit to mention. The proceeds of it are not designed to enrich any individual or firm; in other words, it is no business speculation. We see that it is intended for the benefit of "the Home of aged and invalid Priests who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry." If the journal had no other recommendation than this it would have afforded us pleasure to call attention to it; and we are convinced that many Protestants as well as Catholics would subscribe for it if for no other purpose than to contribute to the comfort of men who are proverbial for their kindness and benevolence wherever their true character is known, when they are no longer able to secure comfort for themselves.

SCIENCE.

Elementary Anatomy and Physiology, for Colleges, Academies, and other Schools. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL.D., and EDWARD HITCHCOCK, Jr., M. D., Professors in Amherst College. Revised edition. 12mo, pp. 443. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1866.

WE take up this volume in compliance with the wishes of several of our educational friends at a distance, who, from time to time, have requested our opinion of the text-books issued by different publishing houses in this city. One writes to inquire about Appleton's books; another to ask whether A. S. Barnes & Co.'s are as good as they are represented, and a third party wishes to know whether it is not true, in our opinion, that Ivison, Phinney & Co.'s publications are, upon the whole, the best published in New York? While disposed to be as obliging as possible, it has been utterly out of our power to reply to all the parties who have thus honored us. We made the attempt, however; more than a year ago we made separate replies to several; but the more letters we wrote the more new inquiries we received, until we finally resolved to answer all at once in this manner. Even now we can do no more than commence, for the reason that we express no opinion of any book in this journal until we have carefully examined it; and this requires much more time and labor than teachers and others generally suppose.

We commence with the publications which, so far as we have seen, we consider the best. Ivison, Phinney & Co. may, indeed, have issued indifferent text-books within the last three or four years, for we have lost sight of them during that time. Their previous publications we had carefully examined, and our opinion of several is recorded in the earlier numbers of this journal—including Robinson's Higher Mathematics, Gray's Botanical Series, Fasquelle's French Series, and Woodbury's German Series. We thought each of these good, and we did not hesitate

to say so; and for the same reason we recommend the volume now before us. From a careful examination of its multifarious contents we feel convinced that it is the best text-book on Anatomy and Physiology, of its size, that has yet been published in this country. It certainly contains a larger number of interesting and valuable physiological facts—not to mention its comprehensive sketch of anatomy, both human and comparative—than any duodecimo volume which it has been our privilege to examine within the last four or five years.

Had we been in the habit of judging authors by what they say of themselves we should not perhaps have gone beyond the preface; for Professors Hitchcock, far from making any of those extravagant promises which are so fashionable at the present day, adopt the language of modesty and diffidence. "We make no pretensions," they tell us, "to distinguished attainments or reputation in these sciences as a reason for writing this book. But both of us have, for a great number of years, been in the habit of hearing recitations and giving lectures upon them in the College and the Academy, and we ought to know what sort of a text-book is needed. But we dare not boast that we have come up to our ideal."

This is always the language of men who are qualified for their task; for it is those who know most that boast least, and *vice versa*. The remark we have quoted is followed by the observation that the authors "have tried to give a condensed yet clear exhibition of the leading principles and facts which are detailed in such works as Carpenter's Human Philosophy, Hassall's Microscopic Anatomy," &c., &c. Several other works are mentioned; indeed, the whole list they give embraces nearly all the treatises on both sciences which are recognized in Europe and America as standard authorities; and we can bear testimony to the fidelity and success with which the essence of those works has been extracted, as intimated, for the volume before us.

Among the chapters which please us most are those which describe the organs of secretion, the digestive organs, and the organs of breathing; these give more interesting particulars than we have found in any other elementary treatise. Another excellent chapter is that which describes the heart, blood, and blood-vessels. There is a lucidity in the language of the authors which would have pointed them out as professional educators to those who had never heard of them before or seen their preface; none but experienced instructors could have grouped the facts as we find them here so as to anticipate those difficulties which are most apt to discourage the student, and render what is generally regarded as dry and irksome not only easy but attractive. In short, no anatomist or physiologist, however learned or talented, who has not had experience in the class-room could have combined within equal limits the various excellent features of this book; and there are some of these which we had not met with in any other American text-book. This is true, for

example, of the hygienic inferences deduced from descriptions of the structure and uses of the principal organs of the body; it is also true of the religious inferences from anatomy and physiology. The latter feature especially claims the attention of every intelligent parent and guardian; of all who have children to be educated whom they wish to reverence the Creator, if only for the wisdom, skill and beneficence he has displayed in fashioning the human body alone.

In addition to the graphicalness and clearness of language to which we have alluded the student has also the benefit of copious illustrations, together with a full index and glossary. Whenever a book of this kind falls into our hands it will afford us pleasure to recommend it, let the author or authors be who they may. If other books published by the same house, and which we have on our table, prove, on examination, as good and useful as "Hitchcock's Anatomy and Physiology," it will also afford us pleasure to point out their merits; if, upon the other hand, we find them like too many text-books of the present day, we shall not fail to criticise them accordingly, however disagreeable the latter task may be to ourselves, to authors, or publishers. Nor shall we forget the books of other publishers, concerning which our opinion has been so often asked. Probably it is these we would have taken up now, but that we prefer to commence with the language of approbation rather than with that of censure.

Annual Reports of the Comptroller for City and County of New York for 1865.

THERE is a good deal of curious information in these reports; especially in that which relates to the city. Those who examine the latter can no longer be at a loss to comprehend how it is that we are so heavily taxed; the enormous number of salaries would go far to explain the mystery, although comparatively they are but a small item. They are apt to suggest the inquiry whether one of the chief reasons why self-government is so much praised is not the facility it affords of getting one's finger into the public purse—it is so pleasant to get handsomely paid for governing ourselves.

But unfortunately in a republic all cannot have offices; some must be content to be governed, not to govern; at least they ought to be content, although they are notoriously otherwise. Most offices are badly administered, because those out of office have not a hand in them; for the same reason those who administer them almost universally turn out to be faithless men. At the beginning, indeed, they are often models, and they continue to be honest as long as personal favors are expected from them; but no sooner do these expectations prove delusive than it is discovered that the model functionary of only a few months o is a public swindler!

At first view this may seem to exaggerate the facts, but it might be illustrated by a hundred examples. Now, however, we need not go beyond the Comptroller, whose term of office is about to expire. That Mr. Brennan was highly popular until within a brief period none can deny; he was praised by nearly all classes for his inflexible integrity in protecting our tax-payers from imposition. But in time it was found that he was inflexible in other respects also; he refused too many for those little favors which of course they had a right to expect; and accordingly he is no longer the same man who foiled the gas monopolies in their attempt to secure a new charter before their old one had expired, which would enable them to charge what they chose for their gas, and who did several other things very much to the disgust of certain Aldermen and Councilmen and other functionaries who seem to think that one of the greatest charms of self-government consists in the fine opportunities it affords enterprising patriots to sell their influence to the highest bidder.

As all who consider themselves statesmen, at least, on a small scale, cannot have an opportunity of displaying their wisdom in office, some occasionally make officers of themselves; that is, they form themselves into a society of mutual admiration and announce to the world their intention of reforming all abuses. If they can get a few millionnaires to join them then both their qualifications and their motives are beyond dispute. Among their many privileges is that of accusing any functionary they like, or rather any functionary they dislike, and call on him to show his books if he pretends to deny that he is not a robber!

Thus those elected by a majority of their fellow-citizens are treated like malefactors by those whom none have elected but themselves; and at the same time none are more wide-mouthed in praise of representative government than the latter. If we think that our public functionaries need to be watched in order to prevent them from robbing or otherwise injuring us, why not elect a body of magistrates as the ancient Athenians did, for the express and sole purpose of scrutiniz ing the conduct of public functionaries in general and denouncing and bringing to trial those whom they suspected? This had the merit of being a legal proceeding; the censors could not be said to usurp functions which did not belong to them; yet it was soon found that the censors were often worse themselves than those they censured, and that not unfrequently it was the faithful and not the faithless public servants whom they denounced. Perhaps the censors of the present day are too high-minded and incorruptible for this, and yet Mr. Brennan seems to insinuate that they, too, have certain little motives of their own in pursuing the patriotic, disinterested course they do. We allude to certain remarks which he makes in his letter to Messrs. Moses Taylor, Royal Phelps, Duncan, Sherman & Co., Wm. B. Astor, &c., &c., when solicited

by those gentlemen to become a candidate for re-election. First he makes some remarks in reference to the moral effect of their proposition, the justice of which can hardly be denied. We are aware that it is the fashion with editors as well as with others to speak harshly rather than fairly of a retiring public officer, but we prefer to be just rather than to join in the cry of the mob, and accordingly we quote:

"Your expressed desire for my continuance in charge of the city and county finances is the more complimentary because of your large financial interests, which are so important as to supersede all political considerations. You pay the heaviest taxes; you are the most directly affected by municipal extravagance, corruption or mismanagement; and consequently your praise, which is never lightly bestowed, is one of the most encouraging rewards which a public officer can receive, and a proof, also, of the equal approbation of the masses of our fellow-citizens."

No one can deny that this is good, fair logic. A little further on Mr. Brennan proceeds to pay some attention to the organization known as the Citizens' Association. As we are not a politician we cannot undertake to decide whether this body is doing right or wrong; whether it is actuated exclusively by patriotic motives; whether it ever thinks of self at all; or whether it condescends to give a hand in securing offices for its friends under certain conditions. The Comptroller knows the Association much better than we, and he informs his correspondents in the letter under consideration that it "is managed by young lawyers who treat the responsible members as selfish doctors treat wealthy patients, living upon the fees they extort for dealing with imaginary complaints." This is rather a serious charge against a body supposed by so many honest men and women to be immaculate; and yet we must confess that we had heard a very similar account from others before Brennan had, so far as we are aware, said anything on the subject. We prefer to believe, however—that is, if we can—that the Association is an illustration of the fact that the good old times of Republican Rome are returning; it is our duty to hear at the same time what Comptroller Brennan has to say in reference to that body. Of course no one need believe it any further than he thinks it is just:

"For example, the defamation to which I had been subjected by the managers of the Citizens' Association having culminated in a demand for my removal from office, I proposed to my slanderers to select three of the most skilful accountants in the city to make a thorough investigation of the affairs of my office. The offer was accepted and the ablest financial investigators were chosen, solely by the Association. The gentlemen selected were entirely unknown to me. Every bureau, office, book, document, paper, and record of my department were placed at their disposal for a rigid examination. They took their own time; they adopted their own methods of investigation; and every detail of my administration was deliberately and most critically inspected. When they had finished their labors—having found nothing to condemn but everything to approve—as they stated to me, their evidence was coolly suppressed. Would it have been suppressed had they detected the corruption which the Association managers had employed them to discover? Is such gross injustice from the very men who are supposed to be most interested in his integrity to be the reward of a faithful public officer? Your magnanimous testimonial rebukes and remedies this manifest unfairness, and for that I again thank you."

The suppression of the evidence alluded to here looks rather suspicious. It may have been done through virtuous motives; perhaps the reason was that the Association was too tender-hearted to hurt the feelings of the Comptroller; or, perhaps, they did not like to cause undue excitement in the city, lest it might cause the cholera to spread among their fellow-citizens; for, if we do not mistake, the epidemic was creating considerable trepidation just at this time. But the Comptroller relates another little incident which is somewhat curious:

"Another example, equally remarkable, you may, perhaps, have forgotten. Two years ago I built a residence upon a piece of land previously owned by me on the Bloomingdale road. The managers of the Citizens' Association at once announced that I had erected 'a palatial mansion' on the banks of the Hudson. The press described the dimensions, richness, and grandeur of this imaginary palace, and the extent and magnificence of its grounds. These premises once stated, the inference was freely drawn that I had plundered the city treasury, and grown wealthy upon the spoils of 'the ring.' You were, doubtles, as astonished as myself to find a tale so baseless generally credited and everywhere repeated. There stood a simple two-story clap-boarded house on the corner of 105th street, an unanswerable but unheeded refutation of all this slander. Any prudent citizen could have built such a residence as I did at a cost not exceeding $11,000, and any taxpayer could see for himself how destitute it was of aristocratic pretensions; but the slander still survives."

Perhaps this only shows that the members of the Association are innocent people, who, not being much in the habit of thinking for themselves, are easily induced to adopt the thoughts of others. If these "others" happen to be persons who take two-story houses for magnificent palaces—that is, mole-hills for mountains—then it can be easily understood how the Association may have been mistaken in the plenitude of its righteous zeal. Brennan thinks differently, however, although he does not give them credit for much intelligence or acumen:

"But while the managers of the Citizens' Association have thus maligned and misrepresented me, when have they sustained me in my struggles with the real corruptionists? Never. These men have been silent, or detracting, while I have battled almost single-handed, encouraged only by my sense of duty and of right, by the assistance and advice of their Honors Mayors Opdyke and Hoffman, and by your private praises, against the hundreds of jobers who have sought to deplete the treasury and increase the taxes. Soon after I came into office the Common Council passed an ordinance authorizing the issue of notes for the fractional parts of a dollar, to an amount not exceeding $3,000,000, and the Comptroller was directed to procure plates, paper, and the machinery for manufacturing this city "money." I refused to carry this resolution into effect, and in a communication to the Common Council distinctly pointed out the illegality of the proposed issue, and the dangerous consequences of such a misuse of the public credit. The project was killed; the press and prominent gentlemen like yourselves endorsed my action, but the Citizens' Association did nothing and said nothing in approval of my course, thus leaving me to infer, as was subsequently proved, that I had incurred the condemnation of the Association managers. The same state of affairs existed in regard to the riot claims, when, after having saved the city over $100,000 by a laborious personal investigation of each claim, I was not in the least assisted by the Citizens' Association, but was vehemently attacked."

The case of the gas monopolies is also referred to by the Comptroller:

He reminds his correspondents how he foiled the plans of the monopolists, even after they had obtained from our Aldermen, Councilmen, and Mayor, all those impartial and worthy functionaries could give. But this is so well known to our readers that we need give no extract here in regard to it. Brennan also alludes to certain contracts which afforded the Association an opportunity of evincing its reformatory and protective zeal; but that body seems to have been too much absorbed in other matters to bestow any attention on trifles of this kind:

"Certain contractors (Baldwin & Jaycox) were bidders for the contracts for building gate-houses and aqueduct for the new reservoir. The contract was awarded to Messrs. Fairchild, Walker & Co., who did the work. Messrs. Baldwin & Jaycox, claiming damages, then obtained an amendment to the tax levy providing for an arbitration of their claim. I never learned of the proceeding until a judgment was obtained against the city, amounting ultimately to about $75,000. I made inquiries, which satisfied me that the contractors had no just claim, and that the case had not been properly defended. I requested the then Counsel to the Corporation to take an appeal. He declined to do so, insisting that the rights of the contractors had become fixed. I then employed private counsel to set aside the proceedings. The motion was desperately resisted at every stage, until the case finally reached the Court of Appeals, where I was triumphantly sustained, the entire proceeding set aside, and the money saved. Did the Citizens' Association lend me any assistance, or applaud my efforts in this determined legal struggle? You are aware that it did not."

Many think the Commissioners of the Croton Aqueduct Department very patriotic and upright gentlemen; nor do we mean to say that they are otherwise. But if we are to accept the statement of the Comptroller—which, so far as we are aware, remains uncontradicted—it seems that Messrs. Stephens, Darragh and Craven are not entirely satisfied with the consideration of $5,000 a year, which each receives for his services, but want to have certain little perquisites too, in addition to such odds and ends as may accrue from the appointments of so many clerks for the Department at salaries ranging from $700 to $3,000; not to mention the hiring of so many workmen, which is said to have a considerable influence at the polls. Mr. Brennan insinuates rather plainly that they are somewhat more anxious to make "improvements" at the public expense than is strictly consistent with the public interest. Others, indeed, pretend something of the same kind; and say that they are popular notwithstanding, because they have many friends "connected with the press." Be this as it may, their mode of showing their zeal is described as follows by the Comptroller:

"I found that the Croton Aqueduct Department recently proposed to let twenty two different contracts, amounting in the aggregate to $300,000. I discovered among the list of jobs one sewer proposed to be built in a street not opened by law; that many bids were for sewers which could not be finished before the frost, and therefore would have to be suspended if commenced; and that twelve of these jobs were for paving streets with trap or block pavement. I found that the Board had already let, during the year, forty-six jobs of the same description, involving an aggregate of over three hundred thousand yards at a cost of over $800,000, and that the price of this pavement, under the operations of that department, had steadily gone up from $15 per yard to $50

per yard. I also found that it would be impossible, with the existing resources for material for this kind of work, to go on with the contracts, and that the only effect would be to provide for a large army of inspectors and supernumeraries at the public expense. The Croton Department, while admitting the justice of my objection as to the sewer in the street not opened by law, refused to abate a single job from their list, saying that as to part of the work the Common Council had ordered it, and they were not responsible whether it was right or wrong; and as to the balance, they claimed the exclusive right to decide as to the propriety of the letting.

"They persist in adjourning all the jobs for the same day and hour, so that if I attend for one case, they can open all and fix the claims of all the contractors. It is in vain that I have appealed to the Board to discriminate, and let only the needed work be let. Each day of adjournment adds to the number of contracts, until they are now piled mountain-high, and the Department is enabled to boast that they have thus secured the opposition of the entire contracting and city-laboring interest against me should I be a candidate for re-election. I have not faltered or wavered by any regard for these consequences, nor do I intend to falter or waver. But what assistance has the Citizens' Association afforded in enabling me to stand up in so just a cause against such powerful influences? Absolutely none! On the contrary, its managers have attacked me for not consenting to open some of the bids, when by so doing all the jobs would be fastened upon the City Treasury."

Now, if even half of the statements we have quoted be true—and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of one of them — the patriotism and integrity of the Citizens' Association do not save the city very much after all. Nay, we confess that the general conduct of the organization rather reminds us of that of the quack doctors. It must be borne in mind with how much virtuous indignation the latter denounce "the regular Faculty" as humbugs. Their sympathy for their patients—the victims of the Faculty—is such that they sometimes volunteer to cure them for nothing; they will only have to pay for the infallible medicine and enclose stamps for postage. All is done for humanity's sake!

Whether the Citizens' Association is actuated by any selfish motive or not, it seems to us that if our next Comptroller manages the finances of our City and County as well as Mr. Brennan has done, there will not be much reason to complain of him; no spies need be sent to watch him. We have never taken any part in his election, or in the election of any other functionary; but had the former permitted himself to be nominated again, we certainly would have voted for him, though not on any political grounds. We would have done so because he has proved himself an honest and manly public officer. In our opinion, his successor would do well to retain the services of Mr. Brennan's principal assistants, especially the Messrs. Storrs, who, we believe, have occupied their present positions for seven years, and discharged their onerous duties to the satisfaction of different Comptrollers. We do not allude to this subject because Mr. Brennan has ever appointed any one in compliance with our wish; we have never asked him; nor do we know an individual in his office, further than his conduct in the discharge of his duties has made him known to us.

Illustrated Catalogue of STEINWAY & SONS, Manufacturers of Grand Square and Upright Pianofortes. Pamphlet, pp. 40. New York, 1866

AMONG the many brochures which have reached our table during the present season there is not one so suggestive of skill, industry, taste, melody, and success, as this. It affords us pleasure to examine it, because there is nothing pretentious, nothing exaggerated in it. The accuracy of the illustrations will readily be acknowledged by all who are familiar with the different styles of instruments manufactured by the Messrs. Steinway; nor are the facts stated in the letterpress less truthful or less undeniable. It is not strange that the most competent judges, both in Europe and America, give these gentlemen much more credit for the superior excellence of their instruments than they claim themselves. This is what we always expect from true merit; at best, no higher talent than mediocrity is boastful or arrogant.

The honor of having invented the piano has been claimed by almost every country in Europe, but the strongest testimony is undoubtedly in favor of Germany. It appears from the best authorities, not only that the first pianos were made by Germans in their own country, but that they were also the first to introduce them into other countries. This was a subject of warm controversy for more than half a century; several writers on the history of musical instruments having sought to vindicate the claims of Christofali, an ingenious Florentine. At the same time there were Italians, as well as Germans, English, and French, who as vigorously maintained that the original inventor was Christopher Gottlieb Schröter, of Dresden. Thus did the case stand until some papers were found, in 1801, in the private cabinet of the King of Saxony, which prove beyond dispute that Schröter had presented a model of his invention to His Majesty in 1717. Even Dr. Rimbault, in his elaborate history of the pianoforte, has failed to show that any pianos had been made in England before 1766, when some twenty were manufactured in London by M. Zumpie, who was also a German.

It is not well known what was the precise form of these early pianos; but that it was not square is sufficiently evident from the fact that the first square piano was made in 1758 by an organ builder of Saxony named Freiderica. The general conclusion arrived at now by those who have devoted most attention to the subject is that although instruments resembling the piano may have been made by an Italian or Frenchman a year or two prior to the instrument on which the claim of Schröter is founded, they must have been of so inferior a character as to have been soon forgotten or regarded as failures.

Thus, then, we might as well deny our indebtedness to the Germans for Comparative Philology as for the invention of the piano; but to us it appears a much more remarkable fact that not only have the Germans invented that beautiful instrument and contributed most to bring it to its

present state of perfection; it is also conceded by the most competent judges of all nations that they are the best manufacturers at the present day. They are the best in England, the best in France, and, we need hardly add, the best in this country. Why should we deny the Germans a distinction which is cheerfully awarded to them by the French, the English, and even the Italians? The writer of this article is not a German; nor have we ever been a believer in the Anglo-Saxon theory of superiority which has been so popular of late years; on the contrary, we have always been opposed to it; but many of our papers in this journal will show that we have not been the less willing on this account to appreciate the immense contributions which the Germans have made to modern civilization. To none of the master-spirits and benefactors of mankind have we devoted more attention than to Kepler, Leibnitz, Göthe, Schiller, Klopstock, and Wieland; we have done so because we should despise ourselves if we circumscribed true merit by latitude or longitude, climate or soil. We hold, accordingly, that Americans should be just as willing to admit the superiority of the Steinways as piano manufacturers as they are to admit the superiority of Kepler as an astronomer. Nor do we believe that any are unwilling to do so except those immediately interested, and the thoughtless portion of the public who mistake their selfish pretensions for patriotic sentiments.

Indeed there is sufficient proof of this in the princely fortune which the Steinways have made in the city of New York in the brief period of fourteen years; in the several magnificent edifices they have built, and in the many gold and silver medals they have received from various American institutions that have been founded for the express purpose of rewarding superior merit, so as to encourage science, art, skill, and industry. Nor is it alone by making superior instruments that the Steinways prove their worthiness of all this. Instead of investing their fortune in foreign funds, or in hazardous domestic speculations, they devote it to the building of edifices which are at once ornamental and useful to our metropolis.

Even their manufactory must be regarded as an ornament. None who have visited the Central Park have failed to notice the mammoth structure that occupies the whole block between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets and fronting on the Fourth avenue, for it is seven stories high, and its architecture is a good specimen of the modern Italian. Their warerooms in East Fourteenth street, with their elegant portico and stately columns, strike the travelled passer-by as a magnificent palace of white marble, which recalls some of the finest of the chief capitals of Europe. Then we have the new Steinway Music Hall, which has two façades—one on Fourteenth street and the other on Fifteenth street, the former extending fifty feet and the latter one hundred feet—and which has a capacity for 2,500 seats.

If any new evidence were necessary to prove that no people in the world are freer from prejudice or more ready to appreciate true merit, let who will possess it, than the class of Americans whose good opinions are worth having, it would be found in the splendid results thus briefly alluded to. The patronage of this class enables the Steinways to carry on their business on a scale of imperial magnitude. Since 1853 they have manufactured 12,000 pianos; a considerable proportion of these have been exported. We have never yet heard either a European or American purchaser complain of a Steinway piano, whereas we have more than a hundred times heard both award it the palm of superiority; a verdict which has been fully ratified by as competent and impartial a tribunal as any in the world—namely, the Committee of the Great International Exhibition of London in 1862. Yet none of our business men are more modest and unassuming than the gentlemen who by their industry, intelligence, and skill have won such magnificent trophies.

INSURANCE.

Insurance Reports and other Documents for the Quarter ending December, 1866.

THE progress of Life Insurance is still on the increase; whether we regard the immense amount earned by those engaged in it, or the amount of substantial good it does, we find that it surpasses all other kinds of insurance. It is no more than might be expected, therefore, that new life companies are springing up almost weekly; and the same remark but slightly modified will apply to companies which undertake to insure against accidents to life or limb. At the same time, the public cannot be too cautious in dealing with the new brood; it should rather bear in mind the wonderful ratio at which petroleum companies increased about two years ago, each estimating its capital by millions, and the still more wonderful ratio at which they decreased about a year later, so that not more than one out of every ten exists at the present moment; the presidents, wice-presidents, and other high functionaries of the defunct corporations having condescended to become clerks in dry-goods stores, groceries, and other establishments in which they could get a "living" price for their services!

It is very true that there is more vitality in life insurance than in petroleum wells, especially in those wells which are too deep, or which never existed save in the imagination of certain thrifty persons. Most people can do very well without having an interest in an oil well, real or imaginary; but all must die, and there are but few who have not friends that are dear to them and whom they like to secure from want after their death; in other words, there will always be widows and orphans as long as the earth endures; and, bad as poor human nature is, it is to be hoped

that there will always be husbands and fathers to anticipate their wants. This sufficiently accounts for the increasing popularity of life insurance—a popularity confined to no class, but which extends through all the intermediate grades of wealth and greatness, as well as of poverty and obscurity—from the humble mechanic earning his weekly pittance to the emperor on his throne; for there are few, if any, of the reigning families of Europe whose leading members are not numbered among the policy-holders of some life insurance company.

But precisely because the appreciation of life insurance is thus becoming universal, insurance impostors are becoming more and more numerous. It is well to remember, also, that occasionally there are those who mean quite well, but, nevertheless, do incalculable mischief. Without making any pretension to the gift of prophecy, we venture to predict that sooner or later this will be found true of certain insurance functionaries who have lately allied themselves to the profession. They have lost sight of the fact that at the present day no company can hope to succeed whose officers have not experience in the business of underwriting; that no business whatever requires more intelligence or more knowledge. But how many of our new companies have officers of this character? Nay, let us rather ask, how many of their officers have any knowledge at all of life insurance? and we fear that a large proportion of them have not much knowledge of any kind.

As this is a subject in which the public has a deep interest we shall have to speak more pointedly at the beginning of the new year; we have forborne to do so from time to time, although in possession of the facts, hoping that improvements might be made—that either the directors would employ men who had some experience in underwriting, or otherwise dissolve altogether. In any case, we trust we shall say nothing but what is fair, and what we believe to be true.

Even in the course of this article we can adduce new evidence of the correctness of our views in cases in which many have read our comments with incredulity. Thus, for example, we have been predicting for four years that certain fire and marine companies boasting of swallowing up other companies would soon have to be swallowed up themselves, or be permitted to die off altogether, as not worth the swallowing. But who can deny the fact any longer? Let any one examine our articles on insurance in a half a dozen of our past numbers, and compare some of our remarks on this subject with facts which are now before the public, and which we alone had warned the public against.

There is no mystery in this, however; the simple reason of it is, not that we are any more prophets than our neighbors, but that we investigate carefully, sometimes make scientific calculations, and, above all things, avoid making thoughtless statements. Thus it is that the parties themselves have often wondered at our accuracy, while indignantly protesting that our criticisms had no foundation.

But at present we can do little more than allude, in general terms, to the growing importance of life insurance; we must not, however, forget the Insurance Convention, one of whose sessions has been held in Hartford and the other in this city; although we must leave all details to the insurance and daily press. For us it must suffice to call the attention of our readers to the movement as one which, if preperly carried out, is likely to lead to important results. In common with, we believe, all who know him, we have much confidence in the intelligence and integrity of the gentleman who presided at both sessions, Mr. Benjamin F. Stevens, President of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company. We can give our readers no better idea of the objects of the Convention in an equal amount of space than by quoting the following remarks made by Mr. Stevens at the session held in this city:

"I am willing to do all I can towards securing some uniform system of legislation. I prefer Mr. Barnes' plan of influencing State legislation through a central organization. I think we have tried to do too much. I hope we may have a chamber of life insurance, by which the companies shall secure a uniform system of business and basis of valuation. We have to pay heavily for the returns to the various States; those of Massachusetts and New York are very onerous. Plain common sense dictates that something must be done. Again, there are eight or ten companies in the city of New York, and where are they to day? We have no class represented here; we have no cash system, no mutual system, in our plan. We have met for counsel, and we want the opinions of others. We do not want to adjourn without adopting some practical plan of action—some uniform rate of valuation. Each of the great life companies has from four to six hundred people to represent it, and I shall do all I can to attain some uniform system of insurance. As to the National Bureau, I have consulted legal counsel on the matter, and they tell me the constitutionality of the bureau is a question."

It must be remembered that Mr. Stevens never indulges in exaggeration of word or action; his language is always that of moderation, because it is the result of calm reflection and thought. The same is true of the language of the President of another great company who addressed the convention on the same subject. Mr. Franklin, of the New York Life, said, with his usual modesty, that he was not yet prepared to express any definite ideas on the subject; from his remarks, as reported in one of the journals before us, we extract the following:

"He was certain of one thing. We cannot establish a national bureau. A body representing a capital of $75,000,000 would have to overcome the lobby before they could get to the legislature. They must also overcome the peculiar views of men of the different States, and they must also overcome the present prejudice against centralization. This cannot be done, and the people will consent to no more centralization. The question of State rights is engaging the minds of our greatest men. All know that under the constitution we have a right to these State organizations. Again, the courts have decided over and over again that corporations are not citizens; also, that insurance is not commerce. I have come to the conclusion that we cannot carry out the plan of the national bureau, so we must do what we can to correct State legislation."

Mr. Morgan, of the North America Life, and Mr. Eadie, of the United States Life, were also among the speakers at the convention. Unlike

Messrs. Stevens and Franklin, these gentlemen talked a good deal, *ex more;* an innocent looker-on would have supposed that, besides being underwriters in some of our greatest companies, they were directors in more than half of the life corporations of the United States. But each has to rely a good deal on this plan; and no doubt it has sometimes a very good effect among that class who do not remember that empty vessels sound the loudest. Probably the next thing we shall see is a large advertisement, in pamphlet form, embodying every remark made at the convention by Mr. Morgan, and bearing some such title as "Morgan on the Insurance Chamber." But if he does publish some such document, it can hardly be a grosser burlesque than one of his which is now before us bearing the title, "Opinions of Underwriters, Actuaries, and the Press, upon the new and distinctive features of the North America Life Insurance Company."

It would occupy too much of our time and space to describe this performance; suffice it to say that it is in the most vulgar style of the similar contrivances of the quack doctors. In his very last Annual Report, Mr. Barnes made some remarks which were not of a character to inspire much confidence in the North America Life; and we called attention to them, in this journal, as but too true, at the same time giving our Superintendent the credit due to him for his manliness in telling the truth and putting the public on its guard. But we see he has been making amends lately. On the back of the Morgan pamphlet before us are extracts from two letters, printed in italics, praising up "your new system," and signed "Very respectfully your obedient servant, William Barnes," &c. We confess we do not think that it is exactly the duty of our superintendent to do this sort of thing. How is it that he has changed his tone so much in so short a time? If it was necessary to warn the public in March last against the *modus operandi* of Morgan—and we think it was—that individual could hardly have become so much reformed on the 17th of October last as to render it safe to furnish him a quotation for his advertisement informing him that his system "is destined to become popular and successful."

Be this as it may, the prominent part taken by Morgan at the convention has proved a serious drawback; many respectable underwriters say: "We do not like to identify ourselves with that sort of thing." There is no need for this, however. What if Morgan does strut about at the "Chamber" and make speeches as often as he can get anyone to listen to them? There are men enough of a different character connected with the organization. We have already mentioned two whose names would inspire sufficient confidence in any movement with which they would identify themselves; and foremost among the elected directors are underwriters like Mr. Freeman, President of the Globe Mutual, and Mr. Batterson, President of the Travellers', of Hartford. We are not aware that any of

the officers of the Knickerbocker or Manhattan occupy an official position in the Insurance Chamber, but both companies have identified themselves with it; so have the Ætna, Phœnix, etc., of Hartford.

We do not know that Mr. Lyman, of the Knickerbocker, made any speech at either session of the convention; although we believe he concurred in the conclusions arrived at by Messrs. Stevens and Franklin. Probably he thought he was talked about sufficiently in the papers of late, for there are but few underwriters so modest. However, even at the risk of giving annoyance to a worthy man, we will relate a characteristic occurrence in which he has recently been taking a part; or rather we will allow the Mobile "Evening News" of October 19, 1866, to do so. Omitting some introductory remarks, we quote as follows:

"Prior to the breaking out of the war a well known citizen of Mobile had insured his life for a series of years in the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company of New York, then and now having an agency in Mobile. He had renewed his premium from time to time, but his last renewal expired in March, 1862, at a time when the company had no acting agent in Mobile; and owing to a total absence of communication between the company in New York and the party insuring, no renewal of the policy was made, nor any premium paid after that date. Some seven months thereafter the gentleman in question died, leaving a widow and four children similarly circumstanced with most of us in these days of wrecked fortunes and pecuniary distress; but upon a recent application on the part of the widow and guardian of the children to that estimable gentleman, Erastus Lyman, Esq., of New York, President of the Company, and his Board of Directors, suggesting the fact that the deceased husband and father (owing to an absence of communication) could not have renewed the policy which he had previously renewed from year to year, and but for this fact would doubtless have renewed it again, Mr. Lyman, on behalf of the Company, forwarded to the widow and guardian the original amount of the policy (five thousand dollars) less the premium due March, 1862. On learning these facts I obtained a copy of the letter from the guardian, acknowledging receipt of the funds, and hand you the same herewith for publication. Such acts of generous justice and Christian benevolence carry their own reward and need no comment, nor the pen need write their praise."

The letter from the guardian is also given in the same paper. We have only room to remark that it overflows with gratitude. This is not the first instance of magnanimity to the widow and the orphan we have known on the part of Mr. Lyman, and accordingly it always affords us pleasure to record evidence of the progress of the institution over which he presides. We now see it stated in one of the insurance journals that "the Knickerbocker has complied with the laws of Germany and established an agency in Dresden." This is a new proof of the enlightened, enterprising spirit for which we have given the Knickerbocker credit on former occasions.

Another company whose generous acts we have recorded from time to time is the Equitable Life Assurance Society; and we are glad to see that our views of it have received a new illustration of which we have been reminded by the case of the Knickerbocker. We confess that we take some pride in seeing our opinions thus corroborated. The instance we allude

to at present is noted, as follows, by the Philadelphia *Press*, after speaking in terms of well-merited approbation of the Society that has performed the noble act:

"John Thompson, deceased, has resided in this city many years, doing business at Spruce street wharf, and for years has been insured in the 'Equitable' for the sum of ten thousand dollars. All his premiums were promptly paid, excepting the last, which fell due Monday, October 15th, 1866.

"On Tuesday, October 16th, the agent of the society called at the office of Mr. Thompson and learned that he was dangerously ill. Returning, he found the son of Mr. Thompson with a check by Mr. Thompson himself, on Saturday, October 13th, for the amount of premium. Under these circumstances the agent could not receive the premium and thus revive the forfeited policy, without the consent of the society, to whom the facts were at once presented. October 18th, and after the society had been informed of the death of Mr. Thompson, J. W. Alexander, Esq., Secretary, replied as follows: 'We think it best, under the circumstances, to receive the premium on Thompson's policy, and will not make the failure to pay on the day the premium was due a reason for declining to pay the loss. We are certainly not legally bound to receive it, but as the parties appear to have acted in good faith, we prefer to incur the loss rather than take advantage of their neglect. Please receive the premium and issue receipt.'"

It is companies that act in this way which elicit our approbation: for, exemplary as the conduct of the officers of the Knickerbocker and Equitable has been, as thus indicated, it has been no better than that of the officers of the New York Life and New England Mutual, to our own personal knowledge, and more than once we have taken pleasure in saying so.

There are some companies whose modes of doing business we have commended, and whose progress we have indicated, that have not yet had time to perform such acts of generosity as those alluded to above But although young as corporations, their officers, instead of being novices, are veterans in the profession. This is true, for example, of those of the Globe Mutual and the National; there are no more experienced, no shrewder underwriters in this country than Mr. Pliny Freeman and Mr. E. A. Jones. Each graduated in a first-class school—that is, in a company where he saw no quibbling; no effort to cheat the widow or the orphan, but, on the contrary, a cheerful disposition to do what was right, even when the law would have justified it in doing what was morally wrong.

That both were apt students we have sufficient evidence in the official insurance reports. We have not before us the figures which show how well the National has been doing; but we find in one of the journals before us some interesting statistics relative to the Globe. From these it appears that the company issued 3,259 new policies during the year ending November 1, 1866, insuring thereby $8,802,707, securing an income for the same period of $601,534, and paying claims to the amount of $81,338. Another important consideration is the ratio of expense to income, premiums, and interest; this ratio with the Globe has amounted to less than 22 (21.89). We know no company that had a better record than this at the same age; a fact which the stockholders

may appreciate particularly, for they have got a dividend of fifty per cent for last year.

During the last year or two the Manhattan Life has become much more spirited than it used to be in former times; but there is good reason for this; it had not until then entirely overcome the influence produced upon it by Mr. Morgan, who, it will be remembered, was its President as long as the directors would allow him to occupy that position. Mr. Wemple has been engaged for three years in counteracting the mischief done by Mr. Morgan, and we are glad to know that he has been entirely successful. It is pleasant to observe also that the directors appreciate the good he has done; for they have recently promoted him to the rank of Vice-president. We hope his salary has been raised in proportion, for it is a great mistake that it is the interest of any insurance company at the present day to be stingey. By all means we should pay but a small price for what is worth little, but it is cheaper in the end to pay a high price for what is really valuable; and what is more valuable than professional knowledge and experience? Our only reason for making this observation is that there may still be some of the dregs of Morgan's "cheap and nasty" policy in the Manhattan, for we do not know what salary Mr. Wemple has; we have never asked him; nor do we know the salary of Mr. Halsey who worthily succeeds him as Secretary. It is a very good thing to keep expenses within proper bounds, but we may remark in general terms, without alluding to one party more than another, that there is such a thing as being too thrifty.

Hartford casts Boston and Philadelphia far into the shade in life insurance. Were it not for the New England Mutual, the modern Athens would have nothing to boast of in this respect; but this is one of those institutions which can hardly be said to belong to any part in particular of the United States. Even all New England cannot claim it; it is as much at home in New York and in Philadelphia as it is in Boston. And we cheerfully admit that the Traveller's of Hartford is becoming equally universal in the sphere of its salutary influence. As an Accident company it is absolutely unrivalled. It has done more good during the comparatively brief period of its existence than any similar company in the world; and we see that it is now fully authorized by the Legislature of Connecticut to add to its original business that of Life Insurance. This is as it ought to be; those who prove themselves at once competent, honest, and straightforward should be encouraged, if only for the public good.

We are indebted to our intelligent correspondent at Hartford for important statistics illustrative of the present condition of all the companies in that city, but we think it better to defer them for our next number; then we shall have the further data furnished by annual reports.

In the meantime we fully agree with our correspondent that "there are very bad, as well as very good companies, in Hartford," and that "the public ought to be put on its guard against the pretensions of the former." To this we can only add, so far as regards life insurance in Hartford, that the Ætna closes the year with an excellent record—one which fully sustains its well-earned reputation for intelligence, energy, and upright dealing.

Very heavy losses have been sustained of late both by fire and marine companies. None having a solid basis, however, have been seriously injured. Among those understood to be paralysed is the Metropolitan (Fire and Marine.) We see "it has announced its necessity for an assessment of about 30 per cent;" we are also informed that "the stockholders are necessarily alarmed and dissatisfied." This is not strange; but our readers will feel no surprise; for again and again we have warned the public in these pages that all was not right in the office of the Metropolitan. If our remarks in past numbers, including our last, be now turned to, we think they will show that we examine and reflect before making statements affecting the character of any company.

We are sorry to learn that if the International is not in a predicament similar to that of the Metropolitan, it is to be feared it soon will. Its President is an intelligent and upright business man; but its Vice-president is a century behind his time; we always thought him much better qualified for a stool at a Woman's Rights conclave than for the vice-chair of a fire and marine insurance company. And the Secretary is one of those fussy gentlemen who are more uneasy about the business of every body else than their own; he fancies that he is a great writer on insurance, and he exercises his talents in writing rhapsodies on that subject in the insurance journals, very much in the style of Morgan and Martin. A company with officers of this kind may do very well for two or three years; but mere fussiness and pretension, with or without a whining propensity, seldom survive this period without causing trouble.

Of all our marine companies the Mercantile Mutual is the most dignified as well as the most reliable. There is no paltriness about this; no effort to evade any just claim upon it. No one ever heard its officers whine, scold, or quibble, when the owner of a lost vessel called on them to redeem their policy, as we have shown more than once other underwriters do, even in the same street. The only question with Messrs. Walter and Newcomb is: "Have the conditions upon which we were to pay been fulfilled?" If they are satisfied on this point a check is filled at once, and there is no more talk or trouble—not a lugubrious word.

To fire insurance *per se* we can only allude this time, although we have some startling facts on the subject among our notes—facts which show but too plainly how much fire underwriters require to be shrewd and cautious. Novices have no chance of success at the present time; in-

deednone have but those who combine intelligence with unremitting attention to their business.

In this, as in other cases, there are occasional exceptions; some companies have beeome rich in the past without much intelligence or attention to business, just the saine as the illiterate quack doeter sometimes succeeds better in making a fortune than the educated and experienced physician.

In speaking of intelligent, careful, companies we allude to such as the Washington and the Hope; there are several richer than either of these, but, for the reasons mentioned, none are safer; none are surer to succeed in the end let them encounter what obstacles they may. We are glad to learn that both have been rather fortunate this year; neither has lost much by the Portland fire which has crippled so many others; nor have we heard that either has sustained a serious loss anywhere of late.

THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *Vita di Vittorio Alfieri, scritta da esso.* Milano, 1848.

2. *Dissertazione in lode di Vittorio Alfieri.* SERAFICO GRASSI. Turin.

3. *Biografia di Vittorio Alfieri e delle sue opere.* Napoli, 1835.

4. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri.* Written by Himself.

5. *Tragedie di Vittorio Alfieri da Asti.* Milano.

6. *The Tragedies of Vittorio Alfieri.* Translated by CHARLES LLOYD. London.

7. *Œuvres dramatiques d'Alfieri* traduites en français, par CL. B. PELITOT. Paris.

THERE is no germ more uncertain in its development than that of genius. Perhaps in the majority of instances it lies dormant forever. Even those who have immortalized themselves by their intellectual productions have in general realized the possession of the divine gift only by accident. This is particularly true of poets. There is scarcely one of the first rank who commenced to write poetry until prompted by some strong passion. So far as is known, it was the indignation of Shakespeare at being arrested for poaching that led him to court the muses. Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Milton, Spenser, and a host of others, found their inspiration in love.

Most of the other passions have, in turn, served to vivify the germ. Thus, it was pride that made a poet of Alfieri, whose life and works will form the subject of the present paper. Until actuated by the love of distinction, none of

his contemporaries seemed less poetical than he; none to possess less claim to genius; those most disposed to form a favorable estimate of his character regarded his talents as below mediocrity. Nine out of ten of those who knew him in youth gave him credit for no talent that would ever benefit himself or others; nor was his own opinion much more favorable until he began to reflect how pleasant it would be to gain distinction by the labors of the intellect. At first this was but a vague notion; it does not appear that he cared much how the distinction was to be obtained; whether as an historian, an orator, or a poet. He would like to be a Sallust or a Livy, a Cicero or a Cæsar, although he knew but little about any of those great thinkers except from hearsay. As for poetry, it does not seem that he had any taste for it until he became acquainted with French and began to read some works in that language merely for pastime.

He has given us a full account of his life in his Autobiography;* he has, indeed, told us many things which it had been better he had suppressed. His confessions reveal quite as much vice as those of Rousseau, and are far more injurious. The reason of this will sufficiently appear as we proceed. Vittorio Alfieri was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the 17th of January, 1749—the same year in which Goethe, whom he resembled in more than one feature of his character, also first saw the light. He tells us himself that his parents were "noble, opulent, and wealthy;" but he omits to add that both were illiterate, or nearly so. His father, Antonio, was a nobleman of high rank; and his mother, Monica Maillard di Tournon, was a descendant of a highly respectable Savoyard family. The Count was fifty-five years of age when he married this lady, who, though quite young at the time, was the widow of the Marquis di Cacherano. At the time of Vittorio's birth his father was sixty years of age. The child having been entrusted to a nurse within two miles of Asti, the fond parent went daily on foot to visit him, careless of the state of the weather, until, being over-heated on one occasion, he caught cold, from which he died in a few days, before the future poet was quite a year old. The influence of all these circumstances are fully described by Alfieri. "Noble birth," he says "was of great service to me in after times, for it enabled me, without incurring the imputation of base and invidious motives,

* Vita di Vitt. Alfieri, scritta da esso.

to disparage nobility for its own sake, to unveil its follies, its abuses, and crimes, while its salutary influence prevented me from ever dishonoring the noble art I professed."

Whether it has had this last effect has often been questioned; nor can the question be very satisfactorily answered at the present day, except it be admitted that it is not dishonorable to violate the confidence of generous friends—female as well as male—sometimes publicly boasting of inflicting irreparable injury on families who had deserved nothing but kindness and good-will. But, without enlarging on this point for the present, let us see what he thought of his other advantages. "Opulence," he says, "made me free and incorruptible to serve only truth. The integrity of my parents never made me feel ashamed that I was born of noble blood. Had either of these things been wanting to my birth it would have lessened the virtue of my works, and I should probably have been either a poor philosopher or a worse man." This shows the spirit in which the autobiography is written; and it is for this purpose—not for its truthfulness—we quote it, since far greater geniuses and benefactors of mankind than Alfieri have been born in poverty and obscurity. But if our author is far more egotistic and boastful than he is judicious or moral in his account of his own life, he is not the less attractive in it to the general reader; for there is no other autobiography of a literary man —not excepting that of Rousseau—more full of romance and at the same time more devoid of all passion, save the ruling one of elevating himself above all others, careless whom he may offend or injure in doing so.

When about six years old his mother placed him under the care of a priest named Don Ivaldi. It is evident, from his own account, that the good father treated him kindly and faithfully. In the brief period of three years he taught him writing and arithmetic, and advanced him in Latin so far that he was able to translate Cornelius Nepos and Phædrus. But what the honest Padre receives for his pains at the hands of his pupil is to be handed down to posterity as an ignoramus so stupid that had Alfieri remained under his tuition any longer the probability was that he would have made him an irreclaimable dunce.

He was not long from under the care of Ivaldi, however, when he was seized by that melancholy which, he says, never entirely left him afterwards. While laboring under one of its attacks, when a mere child, he attempted to commit suicide.

He very nearly succeeded in this, for he suffered severely for several days; but he tells us that the severest punishment he ever received was to be sent to the neighboring church in his night cap. This was for telling a lie. Its effect on his proud spirit was great and permanent. "Who knows," he says, "whether I am not indebted to that blessed night cap for having turned out one of the most truthful men I ever knew?" He still continued indolent, however; he would make no progress under any teacher. It is not strange that he would throw the blame on any one rather than on himself; he had the same disposition through life. In his autobiography he makes every succeeding teacher worse than his predecessor. As he was making no proficiency under private tutors, his friends placed him at the Turin Academy. Here he was put in the third class under the tuition of Father Degiovanni. This gentleman he describes as still more ignorant than Father Ivaldi. "Being thus an ass," he says, "and under an ass, I translated Cornelius Nepos, some of Virgil's Eclogues, and such like; we wrote stupid, nonsensical poems, so that in any well-directed school we should have been a wretched fourth class." To this he takes care to add, however, that he soon reached the top of the class; then he informs us further: "None of us, probably not even the master himself, knew who the men were whose lives we were translating, nor their countries, nor the times in which they lived, nor the government under which they flourished, nor even what a government was."

There are not many of the world's master-spirits who would speak of the teachers of their youth in this style, even if they deserved it. But Alfieri shows, himself, though unintentionally, that his teachers did not deserve what he has said against them. Thus he mocks at the translations the students had to make, and at the "stupid" nonsensical themes they had to write; but because it was impossible to make him attend either to the translations or the themes, he felt the loss of classical knowledge through life; so that at the age of forty he began to learn in earnest those very stupid things which he affected to despise so much, not only as a boy, but as an autobiographer whose fame was established. He describes his promotion from one class to another as rapid, but gives us to understand at the same time that his teachers grew more and more stupid. It is true that his sketches of his academic experience are sometimes amusing, although in general they are too bitter and

personal; such as to awaken our sympathies for those whom he denounces as "ignorant, stupid," &c.

Among the exceptions is his description of the philosophy class. In this he is not personal; and it must be admitted that if the picture was not true of the class in the Turin Academy, there are many classes at the present day—some of which we have seen ourselves — which might easily enough identify themselves with it. "The school of peripatetic philosophy," he says, "was held after dinner. During the first half-hour we wrote out the lecture at the dictation of the professor, and in the subsequent three quarters, when he commented upon it (Heaven knows how) in Latin, we scholars wrapped ourselves up comfortably in our mantles and went to sleep; and among the assembled philosophers not a sound was heard except the drawling voice of the professor, himself half asleep, and the various notes of the snorers, who formed a most delightful concert in every possible key." None would make any serious objection to such as this, although there are not many worthy men who would reflect in any way on their own teachers; but it is always reprehensible, even in a great poet, to mention his teachers by name, long after they are dead, in the disrespectful, depreciatory manner in which Alfieri has mentioned his. We note the fact, however, as a trait in his character; it is not strange that one who would turn his wit, if such it can be called, against his old teachers — men who are proved to have been as kind to him as his parents — would not scruple in after life to bring scandal on those who had treated him with friendship and kindness, without any provocation on their part, or any motive on his further than his inordinate desire for notoriety or his ambition to be considered as superior to all rivals.

This will be sufficiently understood when it is remembered that there is no subject on which he is more communicative than his intrigues with women; especially those with married women. Far from concealing anything through a feeling of delicacy or consideration for the feelings of others, there is no doubt that he grossly exaggerates the facts. In his Memoirs he details the particulars of three different intrigues with married women, leaving not the slightest doubt as to the identity of the parties who had the misfortune to confide in his sense of honor or manliness. His "first love" he describes as "a bride of a year, full of natural charms," &c. Lest any one might doubt his power, he

tells where the lady lived, and then proceeds to give particulars as follows: "But my Holland felicity did not last long. The husband of my mistress was very opulent, and his father had been governor of Batavia. He frequently changed his residence, and having recently purchased a baronial estate in England, he was going there to pass the autumn. In August he made a trip to Spa with his wife; and, as he was not very jealous, I followed them." An intrigue of his with an English lady he describes still more plainly, if possible, although it brought him into such disgrace that he had to leave England on account of it. In speaking with the utmost composure of the deplorable consequences of this intrigue to the lady and her family, he admits that he was the occasion of them, "though innocently;" that is, because a great poet and born of noble and opulent parents he could not be supposed to be aware that there was any harm in his having an intrigue with a married woman. Instead of its being a degradation to the lady, the public should have considered it an honor to her!

It may seem incredible that even so proud and vain a man as Alfieri could have entertained such thoughts. But be it remembered that he gravely informs the world in his autobiography that the sister of the adulteress had assisted her in carrying on the intrigue, and that the father paid a visit to his daughter to congratulate her on having made a choice worthy of herself. All belonging to the lady were thus disgraced, with the exception of the husband, who acted in so manly and generous a manner as fully to have vindicated himself and wiped out the stain on his honor. He challenged Alfieri on his avowing his guilt, and a fight ensued. Alfieri boasts that he accepted the challenge at once, and that when they went to the field he put himself on his guard and rushed on the husband like a madman, wishing, he says, to die at his hands. But the journals of the day give a very different account of the affair. What they tell us is that Alfieri did his best to kill the man whom he had already so grievously injured;* that he rushed upon him with the utmost impetuosity, while the husband contented himself with parrying his

* That his temper was very bad is beyond question. The remark just made in the text reminds us of his brutal conduct towards his faithful servant. While Elias was combing his hair he happened to give him a little pain, upon which, without saying a word, he seized a candlestick and felled him to the ground, leaving a huge wound in his temple; and then, on his offering to make some resistance, he drew his sword to dispatch him.

thrusts, but finally made a thrust in return, which having slightly wounded Alfieri in the arm, the former lowered the point of his sword, declaring that he was satisfied, when all who witnessed the fight agreed that he could have stabbed him to the heart.* Alfieri boasted, however, as usual; proclaiming how the lady assured him that the happiness of always living with him would amply repay her for the loss of her character. But while thus exulting in what he called his double conquest, it transpired that he had another rival; the lady herself confessing that she had previously had an intimacy with her husband's groom!

It is not necessary to proceed any further in this direction in order to be able to form an estimate of Alfieri's sense of honor. But the facts just stated show more than this; they must be regarded as the results of his early training. But it is not his teachers we must blame for this, but his own relatives, with whom it was a favorite adage that "a gentleman had no need of being a doctor"—that is, no need to be educated. Naturally indolent, irascible, and disobedient, lessons like these were well calculated to render him averse to study; and those who remain ignorant under such circumstances are very apt to throw the blame on their teachers; whereas it is impossible for the latter, no matter how learned, experienced, and conscientious, to make any one intelligent who not only refuses to study, but mocks them to their face and is thought witty and clever by his friends for doing so. This was the case with Alfieri. Translating ancient authors, writing essays, discussing philosophical subjects, seemed to him very absurd, stupid things. He could not be induced to pay attention to them, as greater geniuses than he had done. It is by the very same system which he laughed at as too puerile for him that the minds of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Michael Angelo had been trained, as well as those of the greatest philosophers and discoverers of modern times, including Copernicus and Kepler, Bacon and Newton; and if all had their faults as men, they all learned at least how to draw a veil over what was offensive to public decency and injurious to public morals. Even Bacon, though called the "meanest" as well as "the wisest" of mankind, never exulted in his misdeeds; if it be true that

*Thus it was that Alfieri was first known to the English public as a defendant in a case of crim. con. The verdict was in favor of the husband. He wanted no more. He required no damages, and therefore Alfieri had only to pay some costs.

he was vicious himself, it is equally true that he has uniformly taught others to be virtuous.

But it was not alone in his boyhood that Alfieri set his instructors at defiance. For this we have his own admission. With a singular perversity he boasted of it to his latest breath. True, there would not be much use in his denying it, for his conduct is fully described in the records of every institution he belonged to. Most disobedient, disorderly students become ashamed of their conduct as they approach manhood; but all agree that the course of Alfieri was the reverse of this; and he corroborates the fact himself. "Having buried my uncle," he says, "changed my guardian into a curator, obtained my Master's degree, got rid of my attendant Andrea, and mounted a steed, it is incredible how proud I became. I told the authorities plainly that I was sick of studying law, and that I would not go on with it. After a consultation they determined to remove me into the first department, which I entered on the 8th of May, 1763."

It is almost superfluous to remark that Alfieri was not entitled to the degree of Master to which he thus refers; but degrees have been conferred in all countries and ages in which there are colleges or universities under similar circumstances; they are conferred at the present day. It is well known by all who have devoted any attention to the subject that degrees are conferred at Cambridge and Oxford on the sons of the nobility without their being qualified by "learning and ability" for that honor; although Alfieri does not seem to have been aware of the fact, when writing his autobiography, since he refers to his degree more than once as a reflection on the institutions and professors of his own country. The result of the consultation recorded in the paragraph just quoted is substantially the same as to have decided, on mature deliberation, that Alfieri was incorrigible; that there was no use in trying to give him that regular, systematic training which, however much it may be sneered at by the idle and thoughtless, is essential to a good education.

Accordingly we are told that he now led an extremely idle life. Nor was he merely idle. He soon began to conduct himself so badly that the authorities of the institution found it necessary to place him under arrest, and he remained for some months a prisoner in his own apartment. Such was his pride, or rather his arrogant stubbornness, that he preferred to continue in this degraded state rather than make any apology for his persistent disobedience and general miscon-

duct. He thought the rank and opulence of which he boasts so much a sufficient excuse for all. He did not find the professors as pliable as he thought, however, for they refused all overtures for his release until they had a decent opportunity of doing so. This they found in the occasion of the marriage of his sister Giulia to the Count Giacinti di Curniana, in May, 1764. He was then let loose as a person who had been too much spoiled by his wealthy friends to render it possible to make anything good of him, and whom, accordingly, it was well to get rid of. Having now command of a large portion of his fortune, he soon drew around him a class of young men who do not seem to have been much better than the companions of Catalina as described by Sallust. With his new associates, who flattered him to the full extent of his desires, he indulged in dissipations of every kind. Now commenced that passion for horses which formed a striking feature in his character through life. This is included among his faults; but had it not been for the manner in which he treated those noble animals it ought rather to have been regarded as a redeeming virtue. Before the end of the year he had eight horses—the best he could get. His companions could use these as freely as himself. It was a favorite amusement with all to drive as fast as possible down hill; and if one broke the horse's foot or his neck the sport was all the greater.

The transition from conduct like this to falling in love was perhaps natural enough. At all events, Alfieri did fall in love; but, as usual, it was with a married woman—the wife, we are told of an elder brother of some intimate friends of his to whom he was on a visit; but, fortunately for the lady and for all to whom she was dear, his overtures were treated as they deserved—he was told never to show his face in the house again. His becoming a military man seemed a transition equally natural; although he only got the appointment of ensign in a provincial regiment which met but twice a year. But even the restraint of this was too much for him. "I could not adapt myself," he says, "to that chain of graduated dependence which is called subordination, and which, although the soul of military discipline, could never be the soul of a future tragic poet." This would show by itself what a difficult task was that of his teachers; but it also shows that the extent of his information was not very great even when he wrote his autobiography. Almost any boy educated in the way that he considered so stupid and absurd could have told him that far

greater tragic poets than he, high as his merits undoubtedly are, had submitted to "that chain of graduated dependence," since both Æschylus and Sophocles served their country as soldiers, and none were more obedient to those placed above them—none complied more cheerfully with the rules of the army in which they served.

On withdrawing from his regiment—doubtless without being much regretted by his military brethren—Alfieri goes to travel. In his travels also he everywhere shows that his mind is utterly untrained; and here again it is easy to see that the fault was his own, or that of his friends who encouraged him in his disobedience to his teachers and his contempt of all "rules and regulations." During the first two or three months of his travels he was accompanied by two of his fellow-students of the Academy of Turin, the three being under the care of the same tutor. They were persons who had not regarded translating and writing essays as mere drudgery too absurd and stupid to be tolerated; and they also proved to be persons who knew how to appreciate what they saw, and—what was perhaps better—how to conduct themselves like gentlemen, which was far from being the case with Alfieri. Indeed, the contrast was so great and obvious in these respects that he soon parted with them in a fit of anger. But it is sufficient to note what he says of himself in order to understand how much wrong he had done himself while at the Academy. He tells us that, on visiting the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the librarian placed in his hands a manuscript of Petrarch; "but," he says, "like a true Goth, I threw it aside, saying that it was nothing to me. The fact was, I had a certain spite against the aforesaid Petrarch; for, having met with a copy of his works some years before when I was a philosopher, I found, on opening it at various places by chance, that I could not understand the reading in the least; accordingly I joined with the French and other ignorant pretenders in condemning him, and as I considered him a dull and prosy writer I treated his invaluable manuscript in the manner above described."

After Milan he visited Florence, Rome, and Naples; but he had now grown so tired of his tutor that he applied to the authorities of Piedmont for permission to dismiss him. It is worthy of remark that the English journals of the time were very much pleased with the depreciatory account he gave of his Italian teachers, especially of the priests already mentioned. In this they were sure he was right; his genius,

they thought, enabled him to see how ignorant they were and how absurd was their system of teaching. We are reminded of this by the fact that the tutor whom he took these pains to get rid of was an Englishman—one whose system of teaching was entirely different from that of Ivaldi or Degiovanni. But Alfieri discovered that he, too, was an ignoramus; his real fault was, however, that, like the *Padres*, he had certain notions about propriety and decency, as well as the importance of education. That is, he also was "antiquated" in his views; far too much so for one born a noble and who was destined to be the greatest tragic poet of modern times. At least this is Alfieri's own explanation. Now, when he has neither tutor nor fellow-student with him—nobody but his faithful servant Elias—he feels under no restraint, and, accordingly, whenever mischief is to be done he tries to have a hand in it. He first visits France, England, and Holland, in turn, then Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. He gives his views of each in his autobiography, but they are rarely correct or just. He speaks of every country and people according as they seem to fall in with his own peculiar notions of morality, liberty, &c. He admits himself that from none did he learn so much as from the French. He knew their language much better than his own; it was in it he wrote, as well as spoke, almost exclusively at this time; whatever he knew of literature was from French works; yet he never ceased to abuse the French. According to him, they were mean, stupid, pretentious, ignorant—even Paris was but a contemptible place in his eyes. In giving an account of his first visit to the Gay Capital, he tells us that "never in his life did he experience more disagreeable feelings than on entering the damp and dirty suburb of Saint Germain!" "What inconsiderate haste," he says, "what mad folly has led me into this sink of filth and nastiness!" On entering the inn I felt myself thoroughly undeceived; and I should certainly have set off again immediately had not shame and fatigue withheld me. My illusions were still further dissipated when I began to ramble through Paris. The mean and wretched buildings; the contemptible ostentation displayed in a few houses dignified with the pompous appellation of hotels and palaces; the filthiness of the Gothic churches; the truly Vandal-like construction of the public theatres, besides innumerable other disagreeable objects, of which not the least disgusting to me was the plastered countenances of many very ugly women, &c."

Louis XV kindly permitted Alfieri to be presented to him at Versailles; but because the King does not recognize him as of noble blood and carry on a familiar conversation with one he had never seen before, and whose reputation was none of the best, while many others wait to be also presented, he is angrily condemned as "supercilious," &c. "It was," he says, "as if somebody said to a giant, 'I beg to present an ant to you,' and he were either to stare, or to smile, or to say, it may be, 'Oh, what a little creature!'" While there is little doubt that Alfieri really hated the French, it is remarkable that he preferred residing amongst them rather than amongst any other people, although few would think so from his language. As soon as he could, he made Paris his regular residence, and remained there until the breaking out of the revolution. He was an eye-witness of the terrible events of the 10th of August, when the Tuileries was taken by the mob after a bloody conflict. Seeing now that it would be dangerous to remain any longer, he hastily procured passports and started with his mistress on the 18th of the same month. In passing the barriers he had a narrow escape from being brought back and, perhaps, massacred by a mob of the lowest order.

Soon after he reached Florence he learned that his books had been seized and confiscated. This gave a new impulse to his hatred against the French, and prompted him to write his *Misogallo*, a miscellaneous collection in prose and verse, consisting of the most indiscriminate and violent abuse of everything French. This is in such execrable taste, although it contains some striking passages, that it has been but little read.* It is but justice to the French to say that, whatever wrong they had done Alfieri, they evinced every disposition to make amends to him for it. The only complaint he had against them personally was that the revolutionary government had seized on his books, as already stated; but, whatever excesses that government had committed, it was not altogether without provocation that it had done this, for his very first production after reaching Florence was an Apology for Louis XVI. Soon after, however, M. Ginguené, the embassador of the French Republic at the Court of Turin—who was himself

* Ce recueil, says M. de Latour, intitulé *Misogallo*, commencé en 1790 achevé en 1798 (à l'époque où les Français, après le traité de Campo Formio, entrèrent à Rome et enlevèrent le pape de sa capitale), est plein de mauvais goût et de *plaisanteries grossières;* mais on y trouve aussi de l'originalité, de l'energie, et, de temps en temps, d'admirables mouvements d'indignation.—*Mémoires d'Alfieri*.p, 22.

a distinguished *littérateur*—wrote him a polite note offering his services for recovering the lost books; but he declined the offer with his usual rudeness. A year or two later (1800) when the French occupied Florence, another friendly overture was made to Alfieri by the general in command. He replied haughtily, but much more civilly, than he had to the Ambassador:

"If the general, in his official capacity, commands his presence, Victor Alfieri, who never resists constituted authority of any kind, will immediately hasten to obey the order; but if, on the contrary, he requests an interview only as a private individual, Alfieri begs leave to observe that, being of a very retired turn of mind, he wishes not to form any new acquaintance, and therefore entreats the French general to hold him excused."

It is sufficiently evident from these facts, which we have grouped without regard to the order of time, what the feelings of Alfieri were towards the French. But in proportion as he hated and despised France, he admired England. Everything in the latter country seemed to him beautiful and praiseworthy; but his praise of the English is as indiscriminate as his abuse of the French. "The roads," he says, "the inns, the horses, and, above all, the incessant bustle in the suburbs, as well as in the capital—all conspired to fill my mind with delight." Byron and other Englishmen, who had travelled as much as he, pertinently ask, in commenting on this eulogy of everything English, where must his eyes have been; and he has been criticised still more severely for saying that the happy, glorious state of England made him "ashamed of being an Italian," and led him to wish "not to possess anything in common with this nation" (Italy).

Most of our readers will remember how different was the estimate of Heine;* his views were the very opposite of those of Alfieri. To the former everything English was as hateful as everything French was to the latter. But the English had no such claims on Heine as the French had on Alfieri. The German had, indeed, read a few English books, through the medium of translations; but the Italian scarcely read any books but French, and seldom spoke any other language for nearly a quarter of a century. Even his tragedies are chiefly modelled on the French, as we shall see more particularly as we proceed, whereas he scarcely knew anything of English literature. It may be doubted whether he ever read one

* See National Quarterly Review, No. xxv., Art. "Heine."

of Shakespeare's dramas from beginning to end. Then, if we compare the two poets together, it will be seen that no two ever differed more as critics; but the difference was this: Heine was a trained, experienced critic—one employed as such from year to year by different journals of the first class; whereas Alfieri was really no critic; he wanted culture; his powers of observation were exceedingly slight; he could hardly be said to have any perception of the ridiculous.

There is abundant proof of this in his writings; his *Misogallo* is a collection of coarse, abusive caricatures, not satires worthy of the name; accordingly they have scarcely ever been read except by a certain class of Englishmen who would relish anything at that time which depreciated the French. The cultivated and enlightened class utterly refused to admit them into their families, for Alfieri detested the French so much that he had a large edition of the Antigallican published for free distribution among the gentry of England as well as those of his own country. Heine, upon the other hand, had no need to make any such sacrifice; for his *Reisebilder* (Pictures of Travel) was read everywhere, from one end of Europe to the other. Not only did it secure him renown at once, at home and abroad, as a satirist, but also established his fame as a poet. We do not think he was right in everything he said against the English or in favor of the French. In each case his prejudices led him too far; but when he indulges in most exaggeration he keeps reason and common sense in view, which is much more than can be said of Alfieri in regard to his satires. It is worthy of remark that, persistently as Alfieri has abused the French, his tragedies have been more popular among them than among any other people, not excepting the English; and the French are also his best critics; it is they who have done most to extend and perpetuate his fame as a tragic poet.*

In short, Alfieri had been several years travelling before he capable of turning what he saw to any useful account; he was was not capable of doing so until he turned his attention to what he neglected in his youth; that is, until he began to study. For the first three or four years after leaving home, far from studying himself, he sneered at those who did, as pedants. Until he learned sense enough to see the folly of

* There are several translations of his tragedies in the French language. The principal are those of Pelitot, 4 vols., 8vo; Trognon, 5 vols. 18mo; De Latour, 4 vols., 12mo. And among his French critics are Sismondi, Ginguené, Mme. de Staël, Villemain, Chasles, &c.

this, it was in vain that he visited great libraries, art galleries, botanical gardens, &c.; of this he gives several illustrations himself in his autobiography; but one will suffice for our present purpose. "I might easily," he says, "during my stay at Vienna, have been introduced to the celebrated poet Metastasio, at whose house our minister, the old and respectable Count Canale, passed his evenings in a select company of men of letters, whose chief amusement consisted in reading portions from the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics. Having taken an affection for me, he wished, out of pity to my idleness, to conduct me thither. But I declined accompanying him, either from my usual awkwardness or from the contempt which the constant habit of reading French works had given me for Italian productions. Hence I concluded that this assemblage of men of letters with their classics could be only a dismal company of pedants."

Thus we see that he had still the same notions which he had when at the Academy of Turin — that is, he regarded the reading and discussing of the classics as a sort of superstition which, however it might do for plebeians and stupid people in general, was altogether unsuitable for a young nobleman, especially for one who, like Alfieri, had genius. Until he changed his mind, however, all his pride and pretensions could effect nothing for him, but subject him to disappointment and mortification. It was not until he went to Lisbon in 1774, and formed the acquaintance of the amiable and learned Abbé di Caluso that he took any serious thought of study. The Abbé had the perception to see that he was naturally brilliant, and did all he could to draw him away gradually from his habits of idleness and dissipation, and give him a taste for nobler pursuits. Although he was but partially successful in the beginning and soon had reason to fear that his protégé would relapse hopelessly into his old habits, his influence and example had in time the desired effect.

There is nothing more agreeable in Alfieri's autobiography than the account he gives of what he owed to the good Abbé: "It was one of those dulcet evenings," he says, "that I felt in my inmost heart and soul a true Phœbian impulse of enthusiastic ravishment for the art of poetry; it was, however, only a brief flame, which was immediately extinguished and slept under the ashes many a long year afterwards. The kind and worthy Abbé was reading to me that magnificent ode to Fortune by Guido—a poet of whom

I had never heard even the name before that day. Some stanzas of that canzone, and especially the very beautiful one on Pompey, transported me to such an indescribable degree; that the good Abbé persuaded himself and told me that I was bound to make verses, and that *by studying* I should succeed in making very good ones. But when that momentary excitement passed away, finding all the powers of my mind so rusted, I did not believe the thing would ever be possible, and thought no more about it." The seed thus sown, however, was not destined to perish. Returning in 1775 to Turin, his first care was to take a house and form a literary society—the members of which consisted chiefly of his former fellow-students at the Academy. The rule was that all should deposit their essays and other compositions in a box, which was opened once a week and its contents read by the President. Influenced by the encouragement of the Abbé di Caluso, Alfieri contributed several pieces, which were well received, the principal of which was a scene in the Last Judgment. This elicited great applause, although none but the author knew who wrote it. This convinced Alfieri that the Abbé was right, and led him to hope that he would one day attain distinction as a writer. But he had great obstacles to encounter. Not only was he utterly without culture; he was incapable of writing even a correct letter in his own language. Now he commenced to study in earnest; but his first attempt at tragedy was purely accidental.

At this time he was engaged in an intrigue still more disgraceful than usual; the lady was of high rank but of bad character and some ten years his senior. He was anxious to study, but her influence over him was such that he found it impossible to do so to any extent. In order to remedy this state of things, he caused his servant to tie him every morning to his arm-chair, so that he could not leave his study. In order to relieve himself from the ennui of this situation, he wrote a sonnet, and sent it to Father Paciaudi for his opinion. The priest was quite pleased with it, and sent him a tragedy by Cardinal Delfino entitled *Cleopatra*. Alfieri thought he discovered a strong resemblance between his own case and that of Mark Antony; and he at once resolved to treat the same subject. He tells us that he wrote some scenes at random without knowing whether he should call them tragedy or comedy. The first effect of this work was to cure him completely of his unworthy passion. On the

lady's recovery, he laid the manuscript under the cushion of her pillow and forgot it for twelve months. When breaking off all further intercourse with this woman he happened to remember the fragment; he took it up and, glancing over it, hastily said to himself: "This is not so bad; it must be finished." The result is sufficiently known. "No sooner," he says, "had this idea passed through my mind than, forgetting my mistress, I began to scribble, to alter, to read, and re-alter, and, in short, to become a fool in another manner, for this unfortunate Cleopatra, born under such unhappy auspices." The criticisms which he thought so pedantic and useless as a student of the Academy he now solicited earnestly. Every friend who visited him had to give his opinion, and make any such suggestions as occurred to him.

Thus did he labor with indefatigable zeal for several weeks until the play was completed. In order to disarm the criticism of the public, he wrote an afterpiece entitled "The Poets," in which he satirized his own tragedy. Both were performed at Turin June 16, 1775, and were repeated the following night. "From that moment," he says, "a devouring fire took possession of my soul. I thirsted to become a deserving candidate for theatrical fame. The passion of love never inspired me with such lively transports." But the more he wrote the more certain he became that he must either persevere in his studies or fail in his attempts to secure a permanent reputation as an author. Now he sees how unwise both his friends and himself were in his youth in regard to his education, although he still gives as little credit to others, and as much to himself, as possible. The great change produced in his mind by his intercourse with educated men he proclaims as follows: "At length a powerful voice arose from the bottom of my heart, which cried more energetically than that of my few friends: 'It is necessary to retrace your steps in order to study grammar and the art of composition.' In conformity with this divine and powerful admonition I at length submitted to the *hard necessity of recommencing* the studies of my infancy at an age when I thought and felt like a man. But the flame of glory shone in my eyes, and, resolving to wipe away the shame of my deplorable ignorance, I assumed sufficient courage to combat and overcome every obstacle which opposed my progress."

Before it had been decided upon to put *Cleopatra* on the stage he had written two other tragedies, Philip II and

Polinices, but conscious of his ignorance of his native language, he wrote both in French prose with the intention of translating them into Italian verse as soon as he found himself capable of doing so, and felt satisfied that they were worth the trouble. With this view, he read them in private, in their rough state, to his literary, friends, and was delighted with their evident effects. Those on whose advice he depended most were Father Paciaudi and Count Tana, who advised him to translate them first into Italian prose. Having done this as well as he could, they taught him to weed out the French idioms and phrases with which his Italian was corrupted. This was perhaps the second time in his life that he was grateful for instruction and literary assistance; these good, kind men aided him so much, he declared that if ever he should be deemed worthy to rank as a poet he ought to subjoin to that title, "By the grace of God, of Count Tana, and of Father Paciaudi." He did not confine himself, however, to the instructions which his friends were willing to give him. At the age of thirty he employed a Latin tutor, and performed all the exercises at which he sneered when a boy. When his teacher examined him, he could not understand a passage in Virgil; after one year's patient and careful study, he could read almost any Latin author with tolerable facility. In the mean time he had been an indefatigable student of Dante, whom he greatly admired in proportion as he could understand him, and he had gone to Tuscany with the view of chastening his style by learning the pure dialect of that country.

But almost constantly as he studied now—leaving himself but little time for recreation—he was destined to fall in love once more; and now, too, the object of his passion was a married woman—no less a personage than the wife of Charles Edward Stuart, the lawful heir to the British crown, known as the Pretender. The exiled prince was much older than his wife; and it is said that disappointment and misfortune had so embittered his mind that he was a very disagreeable husband. His wife was the beautiful Duchess of Albany, a daughter of the princely house of Stolberg. She was, in a word, just the sort of person that Alfieri was most anxious to meet at this time, when his literary tastes had improved so much. Those acquainted with his character would readily believe this from his description of the lady. "The sweet fire," he says, "of her very dark eyes, added (a

thing of rare occurrence) to a very white skin and fair hair, gave an irresistible brilliancy to her beauty. She was twenty-five years of age, was much attached to literature and the fine arts, had an angelic temper, and, in spite of her wealth, was in the most painful domestic circumstances, so that she could not be as happy as she deserved. How many reasons for loving her!" In short, there was none like her now. According to his language she wanted nothing in body or mind. And in proportion as he elevated her thus he lowered the objects of his former passions. "This fourth and last passion," he says, "manifested itself by very different symptoms from the others. In the three former the *mind had no share;* in the present instance a sentiment of esteem, mingling with love, rendered the passion, if less impetuous, more durable and profound. Far from impeding my progress in useful knowledge, like the frivolous women with whom I was formerly enamored,* the object of this attachment urged me on by her examples, by everything dignified and laudable. Having once learned to know and appreciate so rare and valuable a friend, I yielded up myself entirely to her influence."

The Pretender is blamed for having a violent temper, by certain of Alfieri's biographers, because he objected to his constant visits to his wife, and to her constantly keeping company with him. Whithersoever she went, with or without her husband, thither Alfieri went also before many days had passed. It is not strange that a separation between Charles Edward and his wife soon took place; even then she was under the protection of the Pretender's brother, Cardinal York, at Rome. First, the Cardinal placed her in a convent; at the instigation of Alfieri she implored him to allow her to reside at private lodgings in the city. With the permission of the Pope he gave her apartments in his own palace. No sooner does Alfieri hear this that he resolves on taking up his residence at Rome. He immediately paid his court to the Cardinal and begged to be permitted to have an occasional interview with the Countess. First it did not occur to his Eminence that

* Many years afterwards he happened to get a glance of one of the women thus disparagingly alluded to as he was hastening to the packet-boat at Dover. As he had not time to speak to her he wrote her a letter from Calais full of affection, kindness, &c. She, confiding in him still, wrote him a long letter in reference to their former relations and other circumstances evidently intended for no eye or ear but his own. This frank and generous letter he publishes in full in his Memoirs!

there could be any harm in this, and he acceded to his request. But his visits became so frequent that suspicion began to be excited, and supposing that he could induce the Pope to save him from expulsion from the residence of the Cardinal, he presented copies of some of his recently-printed tragedies to his Holiness, who graciously received them and, according to the author's own words, instead of suffering him to kiss his toe, he "patted him, with a grace truly paternal, upon the cheek." The kindness of the Pope emboldened Alfieri to make another offer. He told his Holiness that he had an unpublished tragedy on Saul, which, being a Scriptural subject, he wished to dedicate to him. The Holy Father replied, in as gentle terms as possible, that he could not allow any theatrical subject to be dedicated to him, let the subject be what it might. All of a sudden Alfieri discovers that Pius VI is but "a narrow-minded monk" and that all his clergy at Rome are but "priestlings." Nay, in his anger he betrays his own meanness by proclaiming that before he made either offer to his Holiness he had but little respect either for his office or his person. If Alfieri had had as much power as Henry VIII. he would doubtless have pursued a course somewhat similar to that of his British majesty. As it was, he thought it better to leave Rome as quickly as possible. Soon after the Countess announced to the Cardinal that she was very unwell and that her physician thought her health would be much benefited by a visit to Baden, in Switzerland. His Eminence could not refuse a request that seemed so reasonable. She only stayed at Baden a week or two, when she proceeded to Paris, where Alfieri immediately joined her, and they separated no more. It was not long after until the Pretender died; then the Countess was entirely free and they lived together openly. Some say that a private marriage took place between them; but there is no evidence of this fact. The more general, and doubtless more correct, opinion is that Alfieri never married any one.

So early as the age of forty Alfieri regarded his intellectual powers as in a state of decay; and accordingly resolved to write no more tragedies. He was also in the habit of predicting his own death. When he heard that the French were about to invade Tuscany, after he had published his *Misogallo*, he regarded his early death as almost certain. Under the influence of this feeling he sent copies of the work to all his friends, in order that they might distribute them after his

death. His first care was to write his own epitaph and that of the Countess, but he had to admit afterwards that if he was in any danger of being killed by the French, it was only by their polite attentions to him. We have already seen illustrations of this; we may now add another, namely, that after the battle of Marengo Napoleon offered him an important position in the Academy of Sciences at Turin, which had now become a National Institute.

Although Alfieri changed his resolution as to writing after the age of forty, he said that it was a weakness to do so, and the results showed that, however erroneous most of his other predictions had been, he was right in this. At the age of forty-eight he resolved to try what he could do in comedy; accordingly he wrote the six which are published with his other works, but only one of these, *Il Divorzio*, is even tolerable; the rest are utter failures as dramas. But he proves himself a much better satirist in them than in any of his earlier productions, not excepting his *Misogallo*.

At the age of forty-seven—long after he had written his last tragedies—he became ashamed of his ignorance of Greek, and resolved to master that language if possible. He applied himself with such untiring perseverance and industry to his self-imposed task that before the end of one year he could read almost any Greek author with very little labor; in two years he was capable of translating the most difficult; and he even acquired considerable skill in writing the language. The chief fruits of his Greek studies are his *Alceste Prima* and *Alceste Secunda*, which, however, are little more than paraphrases of Euripides' fine play of that name. His severe and almost constant study of the Greek for three years, combined with the labor he bestowed on his six comedies—writing four in less than one month—completely broke down his health. Thus, on the 8th December, 1802, he wrote the last stanza of his poetry, and on the 8th October of the following year he breathed his last. In the meantime he amused himself in writing the conclusion of his *Memoirs*, until one of those attacks of inflammatory gout to which he had recently been subject put a sudden stop to all his labors.

However much the conduct of the Countess of Albany may be censured in other particulars, it is certain that she bestowed the tenderest care on Alfieri to the last; and when he died she had him interred in the Church of

Santa Crosa, side by side with Machiavelli. Galileo, and Michael Angelo, and had a monument erected to his memory by the famous sculptor Canova. This truly magnificent tomb bears the following simple inscription: "Victorio Alfierio Astensi Aloisia e principibus Stolbergis Albaniæ Comitissa, *m. p. c. an.* MDCCCX." In addition to this she got out a splendid edition of his complete works in thirty-five quarto volumes soon after his death. His posthumous writings, including his translation of Sallust into Italian, his imitation of the Panegyric of Trajan by Pliny, some satires, and his Autobiography, fill thirteen of these volumes.

The personal history of Alfieri is so prolific and interesting a theme that it has left us but little room for criticism on his writings; but we cannot take leave of the author of *Mirrha*, whatever his faults may have been as an individual, without giving our impressions of the peculiar character of his genius. It is hardly strange that a man like Alfieri should be in turn the subject of exaggerated praise and exaggerated censure; that his friends should declare him equal if not superior to the greatest dramatists of the ancient and modern world; while his enemies would hardly allow him the third rank. As men of undoubted abilities have written on both sides, it is easy to understand how it is that scarcely two of those who have depended on the opinions of others without making any effort to examine for themselves agree in their estimate of Alfieri either as a dramatist or a poet. It is idle to deny that he is entitled to high rank; no unbiased person who has read his works and is capable of appreciating them would deny this. At the same time no such person would maintain that he is equal to any of those who are recognized in every enlightened country as the world's greatest dramatists; such as Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Corneille, Racine. It is true that those German and English critics who refuse to rank him with the greatest of their own countrymen do not hesitate to place him above the leading French dramatists. In our opinion this is not just; Alfieri is really not superior as a dramatist, or as a poet, either to Corneille or Racine—nay, more, he is not superior to Voltaire; it is by no means clear that he is equal to the author of the *Henriade*. Judging him by the test applied by his most ardent admirers—namely, the influence he has produced on his own countrymen—he can hardly claim a higher position than any of the three French dramatists we have mentioned.

Probably neither Corneille, nor Racine has been so popular in France as Alfieri has been in Italy; but either of the former has improved the taste of his countrymen much more than the latter. Nay, Corneille and Racine have improved the taste of all Europe; this will not be denied by any intelligent person. But can the same be said of Alfieri? His writings have been very little read out of his own country; and of the foreigners who have read them, the majority have been led to do so much more on account of the romantic character of the author than their intrinsic merits. As to the criterion of influence, it may be doubted whether Voltaire has not influenced the mind even of Italy more than Alfieri; that he has more influenced the philosophic mind of that country is beyond question. But need it be asked which has exercised the greater influence on the mind of Germany or England? Who will deny that it is Voltaire? Nor must it be supposed that we mean by the influence alluded to, what the arch-scoffer has said and done against religion. This is Voltaire's great fault, and it is the one that has done most injury to his fame; it has made most of us blind to his virtues. It is just because he was such a scoffer that comparatively few appreciate the true universality of his genius, and that wonderful fecundity of ideas which enabled him to furnish thoughts on human progress to every country in Europe.

We speak of Alfieri, more particularly in comparison with the French dramatists, because his tragedies are more like theirs than those of any others; and what is more, he has undoubtedly borrowed more from them than from any others. From none has he borrowed so much as from Voltaire; by none has he profited so much; although he affects to despise him more than he does almost any other dramatist, which, however, is rather natural than strange.*

But whatever conclusion we may arrive at when we compare Alfieri to the dramatists of other countries, he is undoubtedly the best dramatist of his own country. But he is by no

* The Countess of Albany once mentioned to him in a letter that she had been much pleased at seeing Voltaire's *Brutus* performed on the stage. This excited his jealousy. "What!" he exclaimed, "*Brutuses* written by a Voltaire? I'll write Brutuses, and two at once. Moreover, time will show whether such subjects for tragedy are better adapted for me or for a *plebeian-born Frenchman* who, for more than sixty years, subscribed himself 'Voltaire, Gentlemen in ordinary to the King.'" The "plebeian-born Frenchman" was, however, a much greater thinker than the "noble-born Italian" who thus summarily, but illogically, condemns him.

means the best poet; on the contrary, he is far inferior not only to Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, but to at least as many more, including Petrarch.* He takes the palm as a dramatist in Italy, not because even modern Italy has not produced as great intellects as any other country, but because the opera takes the place in Italy which the regular drama does in other countries. Metastasio would unquestionably have been a great dramatic writer had he not devoted his fine talents almost exclusively to the opera; for with a genius which was certainly not inferior to that of Alfieri, he had a much higher culture, a much more refined taste.

But let us remember this fact in his favor; he had many competitors among his own countrymen in opera, whereas, Alfieri can hardly be said to have had one in tragedy. Metastasio is the best in opera, as Alfieri is the best in tragedy. That the latter is grander than the former—that there is more sublimity in it—far be it from us to deny. "The opera," says Sismondi, "is not, like tragedy, of noble origin. Born of the voluptuous courts of princes, it could not be destined to form heroes; it was required to combine all enjoyments, all emotions; to captivate at the same time the eyes, the ears, and the most tender affections of the heart; to ennoble voluptuousness, to sanctify it in some degree by the mixture of delicate and exalted sentiments; and if a political object is to be looked for beyond that of actual enjoyment, to take from the prince all remorse for his luxuriousness, and from the subjects all thought beyond the present time."

Thus the field of Metastasio was but a narrow one, whereas that of Alfieri was coextensive with the world. Now let us see for a moment or two what is the real resemblance between the tragedies of Alfieri and those of the great French dramatists we have mentioned. None has pointed out this difference better than Ginguené, who was a personal friend and admirer of Alfieri. "Our drama is meagre," he says, "com-

* Schlegel, one of the best modern critics, compares the other Italian dramatists of his time to Alfieri as follows:

"The performances of Metastasio, Goldoni, Gozzi, Alfieri, singly display all the elements of scenic poetry generally found united in the finished dramas that have possession of our own stage. Metastasio is celebrated for the highest degree of melodious expression; Goldoni depicts ordinary life easily and agreeably, his characters and masques being after genuine Italian fashion; Gozzi's fantastic extravaganzas, while replete with really poetic invention, lack musical perfection and imaginative embellishment, which can, alone, give due effect to their poetical contents; Alfieri's aspirations after antique sublimity merit the praise bestowed on laudable efforts even when *falling short* of complete success." —*Hist. of Lit.* p. 315.

pared to that of the Greeks; that of Alfieri is so in regard to ours. almost in the same proportion."* English critics censure the French drama for its coldness, its statuesque, artificial characters, its long monologues, &c. but if all these are faults, Alfieri has erred in these respects still more than the French, for he is decidedly more artificial than they; he exhibits less feeling, less reality. The most intelligent of his own countrymen.and those who admire him most, are obliged to admit this. "Alfieri's poetry," says Mariotti, "was sculpture. His tragedies are only a group of four or five statues; his characters are figures of marble, incorruptible, everlasting; but not flesh, *nothing like flesh*, having *nothing of its freshness and hue*. He describes no scene. Those statues stand by themselves, isolated on their pedestals, on a vacant ideal stage, without background, without contrast of landscape or scenery, all wrapped in their heroic mantle; all moving, breathing statues perhaps, still nothing but statues." †

This is a just estimate; it certainly does no injustice to Alfieri, for he is neither true to nature nor to history. All the subjects of his tragedies are historical, but in only one or two does he portray his characters as they are represented in history; indeed, it may be said that *Brutus* is the only one in which he pays any attention to accuracy in this respect; and be it remembered that he had carefully studied the *Brutus* of Voltaire. Whenever he depends exclusively on his own resources, certain it is that he indulges in great exaggeration; he makes his characters either angels or devils, generally the latter.* But even his good and evil spirits are not like those we find in other authors; no beings could be more unlike the angels and devils of Dante and Ariosto; and they do not approach any nearer to those of Milton or Shakespeare. True, it is not so great a fault not to portray supernatural beings faithfully—that is, in accordance to the characteristics which are popularly attributed to them—as it is to misrepresent familiar historical personages. A glance at almost any of his tragedies will show that he errs egregiously in the latter respect. Take his *Ottavia*, for example, and

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* Notre théâtre est déjà maigre, auprès de celui des Grecs; celui d'Alfieri est, à l'égard du nôtre, presque dans la même proportion.

† "Mais il me semble, says Mme. de Staël, que quelques-unes de ses tragédies ont autant de monotonie dans la force que Métastate en a dans la douceur. Il y a dans les pièces d'Alfieri une telle profusion d'energie et de magnanimité, ou bien une telle *exagération de violence et de crime*, qu'il est impossible d' y reconnaître le véritable caractère des hommes. Ils ne sont jamais ni si mechants ni si généreaux qu'il les peint."

see how he treats those characters that are known to every student; there is scarcely one of them to whom justice is done; scarcely one that could be recognized by the portrait of Alfieri if the historical name were not attached to it.

No one admired Alfieri more than Madame de Staël, nor has any one bestowed more praise on whatever is worthy of praise in his works; at the same time she could not overlook such glaring faults as the violations of nature and history to which we have alluded. There is no finer passage in her *Corinne* than that in which she criticises Alfieri's *Octavia*. "Seneca," she says, "incessantly lectures Nero as if he were the most patient of men, and Seneca himself the most courageous of all. The master of the world allows himself to be insulted, and put in a passion in every scene for the pleasure of the spectators, as if it did not depend on him to end all with one word. Certainly, these continual dialogues give Seneca an opportunity of making some very fine responses; but is this the way to give a correct idea of tyranny?" *

In his *Don Garzia*, *Merope* and *Timoleone*, he transgresses in a similar manner; yet, as we have already intimated, his genius for tragedy cannot be disputed. There is not one of his tragedies in which there are not noble portraitures and sublime passages. Perhaps no poet expresses resentment in stronger terms than he, or presents evil in a more odious light; yet he rarely touches the heart; he convinces by logical argument rather than subdues by impassioned eloquence. Before we close we will make room for a specimen or two, for the satisfaction of those who may not have had an opportunity of seeing his works. We select the opening dialogue from the tragedy of Brutus, partly because it is good in itself, and partly because it will afford the reader an opportunity of comparing it with the corresponding dialogue in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and this comparison renders it needless for us to make any comment in this place:

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* "Sénèque y moralise sans cesse Néron, comme s'il était le plus patient des hommes et lui, Sénèque, le plus courageux de tous. Le maître du monde, dans la tragédie, consent a se laisser insulter et à se mettre en colère à chaque scène pour le plaisir des spectateurs, comme s'il ne dépendait pas de lui de tout finir avec un mot. Certainement ces dialogues continuels donnent lieu à de très-belles réponses de Sénèque, et l'on voudrait trouver dans une harangue ou un ouvrage les noble pensées qu'il exprime; mais est-ce ainsi qu'on peut donner l'idée de la tyrannie?"

BRUTUS AND COLLATINUS.

Col.—Ah! where,—ah! where, O Brutus, would thou thus
Drag me by force? Quickly restore to me
This sword of mine, which with beloved blood
Is reeking yet. In my own breast——

Bru.—Ah! first
This sword, now sacred in the breast of others
Shall be immerged, I swear to thee. Meanwhile
'T is indispensable that in this Forum
Thy boundless sorrow, and my just revenge,
Burst unreservedly before the eyes
Of universal Rome.

Col.—Ah, no! I will
Withdraw myself from every human eye
To my unparalleled calamity
All remedies are vain: the sword, this sword,
Alone can put an end to my distress.

Bru.—O Collatinus, a complete revenge
Would surely be some solace; and I swear
To thee, that that revenge thou shalt obtain.—
O, of a chaste and innocent Roman lady
Thou sacred blood, to-day shalt thou cement
The edifice of Roman liberty!*

Col.—Ah! could my heart indulge a hope like this,—
The hope, ere death, of universal vengeance!

Bru.—Hope? be assured of it. At length, behold,
The morn is dawning of the wished-for day:
To-day my lofty, long-projected plan
At length may gain a substance and a form.
Thou, from a wronged, unhappy spouse, mayst now
Become the avenging citizen: e'en thou
Shalt bless that innocent blood: and then if thou
Wilt give thy own, it will not be in vain
For a true country shed,—a country, yes,
Which Brutus will to-day create with thee,
Or die with thee in such an enterprise.

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* For the benefit of the reader who is familiar with the Italian, though unacquainted with Alfieri, we transcribe the original of the beginning of the dialogue, so that an idea may be formed of the author's style:

Col.—Dove, deh! dove, a forza trarmi, o Bruto,
Teco vuoi tu? Rendimi, or via, mel rendi
Quel mio pugnal, che dell'amato sangue
Gronder pur anco . . . Entro al mio petto . . .

Bru.—Questo ferro, omai sacro, ad altri in petto
Immergerassi, io 'l giuro.—Agli occhi intanto
Di Roma intera, in questo foro, è d' uopo
Che intera, scoppi o il tuo dolore immenso,
Ed il furor mio giusto.

Col.— Ah! no: sottrarmi
Ad ogni vista io voglio. Al fero atroce
Mio caso, è vano ogni sollievo: il ferro
Quel ferro sol fia del mio pianger fine

Bru.—Ampia vendetta, o Collatin, ti fora
Sollievo pure: e tu l' avrai; tel giuro.—
O casto sangue d' innocente e forte
Romana donna, alto principio a Roma
Oggi sarai.

Col.—O, what a sacred name dost thou pronounce!
I, for a genuine country's sake alone,
Could now survive my immolated wife.

Bru.—Ah! then resolve to live; coöperate
With me in this attempt. A god inspires me;
A god infuses ardor in my breast,
Who thus exhorts me: "It belongs to thee,
O Collatinus, and to thee, O Brutus,
To give both life and liberty to Rome."

Col.—Worthy of Brutus is thy lofty hope:
I should be vile, if I defeated it.
Or from the impious Tarquins wholly rescued,
Our country shall from us new life obtain,
Or we—but first avenged—with her will fall.

Bau.—Whether enslaved or free, we now shall fall
Illustrious and revenged. My horrible oath
Perhaps thou hast not well heard; the oath I uttered,
When from Lucretia's palpitating heart
The dagger I dislodged which still I grasp.
Deaf from thy mighty grief, thou, in thy house,
Scarce heardest it; here once more wilt thou hear it,
By my own lips, upon the inanimate corse
Of thy unhappy immolated wife,
And in the presence of assembled Rome,
More strenuously, more solemnly renewed.
Already, with the rising sun, the Forum
With apprehensive citizens is filled;
Already, by Valerius' means, the cry
Is to the multitude promulgated
Of the impious catastrophe; the effect
Will be far stronger on their heated hearts,
When they behold the chaste and beauteous lady
With her own hands destroyed. In their disdain,
As much as in my own, shall I confide.
But, more than every man, thou shouldst be present:
Thine eyes from the distracting spectacle
Thou mayst avert: to thy affliction this
May be allowed; yet here shouldst thou remain;
E'en more than my impassioned words, thy mute
And boundless grief is fitted to excite
The oppressed spectators to indignant pity.

Col.—O Brutus! the divinity which speaks
In thee to lofty and ferocious rage
Hath changed my grief already. The last words
Of the magnanimous Lucretia seem,
In a more awful and impressive sound,
To echo in my ears, and smite my heart.
Can I be less inflexible to avenge,
Than she to inflict, her voluntary death?
In the infamous Tarquinii's blood alone
Can I wash out the stigma of the name
Common to me and them!

Bru.—Ah! I, too, spring
From their impure and arbitrary blood:
But Rome shall be convinced that I'm her son,
Not of the Tarquins' sister; and as far
As blood not Roman desecrates my veins,
I swear to change it all by shedding it
For my beloved country.—But, behold,
The multitude increases; hitherward
Numbers advance; now it is time to speak.

The reader has doubtless seen in this passage one of the secrets of Alfieri's success—namely, his skill in arresting the attention of the audience at the opening of his dramas; it may be added that he also does his best to secure that attention to the last, and that he generally succeeds in doing so. Yet, no one uses a simpler groundwork or fewer incidents. He introduces no characters but those that are essential to the development of his plot. The confidants of other Italian dramatists he entirely discards; and for the purpose of explaining the nature of his fable he substitutes soliloquies for under-plots. Thus we see how closely he approached the form of the Greek drama without knowing anything about it except what he learned unconsciously through the French; but he omitted one great attraction of the Greek drama, namely, its delightful choral songs. In this too, he imitated the French; for one of the most serious faults which they find with Shakespeare is that he introduces songs and amusing scenes into the middle of his most bloody tragedies.

It is worthy of remark that in nothing does Alfieri succeed better than in the horrible and repulsive. This is well exemplified in his tragedy of *Myrrha*, whose hideous story forms the subject of one of Ovid's Metamorphoses, but which is so objectionable, although not at all exaggerated by the Roman poet, that it is omitted in almost every edition intended for schools.* Myrrha was the daughter of Cinyras, King of Cyprus; she had a son by her own father, called Adonis. When the king became aware of the crime he had unknowingly committed, he attempted to stab

* Even the amorous and somewhat licentious Ovid was rather afraid of the subject. In order to disarm the abhorrence of the reader, he introduces the loathsome story as a fable, one in which he has no faith in himself, and expresses the hope that the melody of his verses will remove any disagreeable impressions which so repulsive a tale is so well calculated to make:

"Dira canam; procul hinc natæ, procul este parentes;
Aut, mea si vestras mulcebant carmina mentes,
Desit in hac mihi parte fides; nec credite factum."

his daughter; but she fled into Arabia, where, as the fable has it, she was changed into a tree called myrrh. Alfieri makes the most of all the circumstances in his tragedy; yet it was the favorite of the Countess of Albany; what is perhaps still stranger is that it is dedicated to her. In the dedication the following passage occurs:

"The at once innocent and horrid love
Of the unhappy maid from Cinyras sprung
Always caus'd tears from thy bright eyes to flow;
These tears imperiously my bosom move
To consecrate to thee (who heard'st it sung
With sympathetic feeling) Myrrha's wo."*

The first scene of the tragedy presents Cecris, the mother and Euryclea. the nurse of Myrrha, on the morning of the day fixed for the marriage of the latter to Pereus, son of the King of Epirus. The mother calls the nurse to tell her all she has observed of the mysterious melancholy of her daughter, asking what can be the reason of it, seeing that the young prince was her own choice. The nurse overheard Myrrha's sighs and sobs during the night. An altercation ensues, Myrrha having become angry; but although the kind, affectionate words of the nurse readily subdue her anger, all she reveals is that she does not love Pereus. The nurse give her impressions to the mother:

"I know her to possess a lofty heart;
A heart in which a flame that were not lofty
Could never enter. This can I safely swear:
The man that she could love—of royal blood
That man must be, or he were not her lover.
Now, who of these have ye admitted here,
Whom, at her will, she could not, with her hand,
Make happy? Then her grief is not from love.
Love, though it feed itself with tears and sighs,
Yet still it leaves—I know not what, of hope,
That vivifies the centre of the heart;
But in her deep, impenetrable gloom
There glimmers no coy radiance; in her wound,
Festering and irremediable, there lurks
No sanative, balsamic antidote!"

The mother thinks the only difficulty is that Myrrha does not like her intended husband, and accordingly resolves that the marriage shall not take place, at the same time sending

* Della figlia di Cinìro infelice
L'orrendo a un tempo ed innocente amore,
Sempre da' tuoi begli occhi il pianto elice:

Prova emmi questa, che al mio dubbio core
Tacitamente imperíosa dice;
Ch' io di Mirra consacri a te il dolore.

back the nurse to comfort her. The king is informed of the grief of his daughter and he agrees to break off the marriage if his doing so will contribute in the least to the happiness of a daughter who was so dear to him. To this he adds that her mother must induce her to reveal the cause of her melancholy, and then while she is doing so he sends for the young prince in order to prepare him for the worst.

At the opening of the second act Pereus comes in compliance with the king's wish. Cinyras compliments him highly, telling him how much gratified he is with his daughter's preference for him among her many suitors; but he thinks it is his duty to inquire whether Myrrha returns his love. The reply of the prince is undoubtedly a noble strain:

> "Thou, Cinyras,
> Although thou be a father, still retainest
> Thy youthful vigor, and rememberest love.
> Know, then, that evermore with trembling steps,
> And as if by compulsion, she accosts me;
> A deathly paleness o'er her countenance steals;
> And her fine eyes towrds me are never turn'd.
> A few irresolute and broken words
> She falters out, involved in mortal coldness;
> Her eyes, eternally suffused with tears,
> She fixes on the ground; in speechless grief
> Her soul is buried; a pale sickliness
> Dims, not annihilates, her wond'rous charms.
> Behold her state. Yet of connubial rites
> She speaks; and now thou wouldst pronounce that she
> Desired those rites; now that, far worse than death,
> She dreaded them; now she herself assigns
> The day for these, and now she puts it off.
> If I inquire the reason of her grief,
> Her lip denies it; but her countenance,
> Of agony expressive, and of death,
> Proclaims incurable despair.
> Me she assures, and each returning day
> Renews the assurance, that I am her choice;
> She says not that she loves me; high of heart,
> She knows not how to feign. I wish, and fear,
> To hear from her the truth: I check my tears;
> I burn, I languish, and I dare not speak.
> Now from her faith, reluctantly bestow'd,
> Would I myself release her; now again
> I fain would die, since to resign quite
> I have no power; yet, unpossess'd her heart,
> Her person would I not possess."

The king is unwilling to say that he wishes Pereus to release his daughter from her engagement; but Pereus easily divines the truth, and declares that he would sacrifice his life to pro-

mote her happiness. The king requests him to make known these sentiments to herself, and if possible to ascertain the cause of her misery. This being decided upon Cinyras withdraws and Myrrha enters in her wedding dress, but looking as sad as if it had been intended for her funeral. Pereus complains of her coldness and silence, telling her that he sees he is an object of dislike, not of love, to her. She feels hurt at this, and tells him that it is unmerited on her part, since she not only preferred him to all others, but was now ready to fulfil her engagement:

> "'Tis true, perchance, my spirits are not buoyant
> As her's should be who doth obtain a spouse
> Distinguish'd like thyself; but pensiveness
> In some is nature's cast; and ill could be
> Whose spiritts stagnate in a constant ell,
> Trace the dim cause that interdicts their flow:—
> And often an officious questioning,
> Instead of making manifest the cause,
> Redoubles the effect.'

This is not very satisfactory to Pereus. He tells her he knew at the outset that she did not love him, but that he hoped she would in time learn to do so. Now he is convinced that he deceived himself in this, and he is willing therefore to release her from her promise. Her grief is still the same, but she denies that it is caused by any dislike of him; she would have him believe that she grieves so bitterly only at the idea of being separated, perhaps forever, from her parents.

> "The long, long pilgrimage to other realms;
> The change of manners and the change of place;
> The long farewell to all familiar objects,
> And all familiar friends, from childhood loved;
> And other thoughts, by thousands and by thousands,
> All passionate and tender, and all sad,
> And all indisputably better known
> And felt more keenly than by any other,
> By thy humane, courteous, and lofty heart.
> I gave myself spontaneously to thee;
> Nor have I ever, with repentant thoughts,
> I swear to thee, looked back on this resolve.
> If it were so, I would have told it to thee:
> Thee above all men, I esteem; from thee
> Nothing would I conceal that I would not
> Likewise from my own consciousness conceal.
> Now, I implore, let him who loves me best
> Speak to me least of this my wretchedness,
> And 'twill in time, I feel assured, depart.

Could I, not prizing thee, give thee my hand,
I should despise myself; and how not prize thee?
My lip knows not to speak that which my heart
Doth not first dictate; yet that lip assures thee,
Swears to thee, that I never will belong
To any one but thee!"

The hopes of Pereus revive. He asks is she really willing to be his; she answers that she is, but that she wishes him to set sail from Cyprus the moment the ceremony is over. This seems strange to him, in view of her avowed affection for her parents. He tells her so and she replies that she wishes to die with grief. At this he takes offence and leaves while she tries to prevent him. She cannot bear being alone in her grief and sends immediately for her nurse, at the same time bursting into tears, and prays that death would put a sudden end to her sufferings. Venus is here introduced with no very good effect. Myrrha finds that the goddess is angry with her and resolved on revenge; in order to anticipate this, she implores the nurse to dispatch her. The nurse, like a faithful servant, is about to run with the bad news to her mistress. This frightens Myrrha and she declares that she has found relief in tears and is now ready to have the ceremony performed. At the opening of the third act the King and Queen appear alone; they send for Myrrha, who soon joins them. She seems much more composed than usual until she sees her father, when her emotions again overcome her. It is in vain he addresses her in the most affectionate terms:

"If yet
Thy will is changed; if thy committed faith
Be irksome to thy heart; if thy free choice,
Though once spontaneous, be no longer such,
Behold! fear nothing in the world; reveal
All the misgivings of thy heart to us.
Thou art by nothing bound; and we ourselves
The first release thee; and thy generous lover,
Worthy of thee, confirms this liberty.
Nor will we tax thee with inconstancy:
Rather will we admit that thoughts mature,
Though unforeseen, constrain thee to this change.
By base regards thou never canst be moved;
Thy noble character, thy lofty thoughts,
Thy love for us, full well we know them all."

Myrrha replies, but in the most melancholy and hopeless terms. She is still willing to marry Pereus; nay, she insists on doing so; if she is not permitted she will die. All she asks of her parents is that they will allow her to depart immedi-

ately after her marriage. While she is dressing for the ceremony Cecris confesses to her husband the offence which she had committed against Venus in having dared to refuse incense to her; she also boasts that more votaries were attracted to Cyprus by Myrrha's beauty than by devotion to the goddess of the island. The only effect this revelation has on the king is to induce him to hurry away the daughter so that she may be able to avoid the vengeance of the goddess. The third act concludes shortly after the entrance of Pereus, when it is announced that the marriage will be performed in the palace.

In the fourth act Myrrha seems to have undergone a complete change. She has no appearance of melancholy now; on the contrary, few brides appear more hopeful or in better spirits, and she addresses Pereus as her "much-loved consort," &c.

"To find myself at once
With thee alone; no longer to behold
One of the objects in my sight
So long the witnesses, and perhaps the cause,
Of my distress; to sail in unknown seas;
To land in countries hitherto unseen;
To breathe a fresh, invigorating air;
And evermore to witness at my side,
Beaming with exultation and with love,
A spouse like thee; all this, I am convinced,
Will renovate me soon a second time
To be what I once was."

She is informed by Pereus, in reply, that if the marriage had been broken up he meant to end his life that day. Now, however, he pledges himself to be devoted to her forever; in short, it will be the business of his life to render her happy.

"To weep with thee,
If thou desire it; with festivity,
And mirthful sports, to make the time pass by
With lighter wings, and cheat thee of thy cares;
With strenuous watchfulness t' anticipate
All thy desires; to show myself at all times,
Whichever most thou wishest me to be,
Consort, protector, brother, friend, or servant;
Behold, to what I pledge myself: in this,
And this alone, my glory and my life
Will all be centered."

At length the ceremony begins. Myrrha tries to compose herself; but it is evident to all who see her that she is overwhelmed with grief. Efforts are made to console her;

but she grows worse—becomes terrified; cries out that the Furies are surrounding her and that such a marriage deserves the tortures with which they threaten her. Pereus prevents the ceremony from proceeding, declaring that he will never marry her. He reproaches her for having deceived him, but adds that he will soon give her abhorrence of him ample satisfaction, and then hurriedly withdraws. The king severely blames his daughter. She, in reply, entreats him to kill her, telling him that if he does not, she must herself. She is left alone with her mother, but is overheard declaring in frantic words that her mother is the cause of her fatal misery. But it remains for the fifth act to reveal the horrible mystery in all its revolting features. It opens with a soliloquy from the king, who is still entirely ignorant of the real nature of the case. He announces that Pereus is slain, and, insisting that nothing but love can explain her conduct, forces her to declare who is its object. After a most painful struggle she yields. But the moment the horrible revelation is made she seizes her father's dagger and stabs herself.

One peculiarity of *Myrrha* in the hands of Alfieri is that all the characters are virtuous, notwithstanding the incest committed by the father and daughter, whereas there are scarcely any of the characters virtuous in his other dramas. If all the poets and historians had represented Myrrha, her father and mother, as chaste and innocent, it is more than probable that Alfieri would have given them the opposite character. At least this is the course he has pursued in almost every one of his tragedies. Thus, for example, in his *Second Brutus* he represents Brutus as actually the son of Cæsar, who reveals to him the secret of his birth on the authority of a letter from his mother. The story is believed by Brutus, but has no influence upon him further than that he confines himself to giving the signal for killing him without striking with his own hand. Then he makes a long speech, in which he explains all these circumstances to the people. Thus Brutus is made to represent his mother as an adulteress, and himself as a bastard, without any object that can be regarded as reasonable under the circumstances.

But many as are the faults, both literary and moral, of Alfieri, his works are undoubtedly very remarkable. Statues though his tragedies be there is a strange fascination in them. They are truly Grecian in form, terseness, and vigor of style; yet no modern dramas have more originality. Even their defects invest them with interest, and serve to impress the

lessons which they teach more indelibly on the mind. Perversely erratic as the author was as a man, much injury as he did to society in his time, yet it cannot be denied that his works entitle him to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind.

ART. II.—1. *Review of the Memoirs of the Protectorae House of Cromwell.* By WILLIAM RICHARDS. London.

2. *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* THOMAS CARLYLE. London.

3. *History of the Puritans.* NEAL.

4. *State Papers.* CLARENDON.

5. *History of the Long Parliament.* MAY.

In general, the character of Oliver Cromwell has been greatly maligned. Indeed, it has only been within the last fifty years that anything approaching to justice has been done him.* It is true that at periods during his protectorate he disturbed what we should now call the constitutional system of the State. With an inflexible and iron hand he bent and modelled it to his own will. But by this very fault, as a constitutional ruler, he saved his country from falling into many of those errors which might have proved fatal to its newly-acquired freedom. Moreover, it must be remembered that after the brief interval of the protectorate of his son, Richard Cromwell, Charles II succeeded him in the government of England. Under the new reign the courtiers of this monarch, who had been so unexpectedly restored to the kingdom forfeited by his father, united in blackening his memory. When he was in his grave, impotent and silent, unable to defend his memory or justify his actions—for who was there that would have dared to cast such a reproach upon the living lion?—he was both branded as a traitor and condemned as a hypocrite.

Until the progress of time and enlightenment had partially impaired and chastened its influence, this censure had

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* We do not agree with the author of this paper in his estimate of Cromwell, but as it is well written and we wish to allow our contributors full liberty of thought and expression, as long as they avoid giving offence to religion or morality, we do not hesitate to give it a place —ED.

in a great measure proved fatal to that calm study and earnest research which alone would prove capable of forming a correct estimate of Cromwell's character. Some authors there have been who have cast an unqualified degree of blame, not alone upon his actions, but as unreservedly upon the motives which swayed the man towards them. By these history has been tampered with, or rather perverted. Its facts have been distorted or counted as nothing. Others are there who, not content with justifying his principles, have applauded even those faults of temper and errors of judgment which may be traced in him as they are to be detected in the careers of all men. Those actions which have been condemned by the former as criminal have found in the latter, not merely pitiful apologists, but conscientious defenders. While, perhaps, these may have gone too far in attempting to absolve his memory from every censure, the others have certainly been more than guilty in treating the character of one who stood in all respects so infinitely in advance of his own times with a gross and palpable injustice.

Amongst others of his relatives he had a nephew who was called Richard Cromwell; and Richard Cromwell was at this time by no means greatly overburdened with the possession of worldly goods. In most respects he might, indeed, be regarded in the light of a family retainer by his illustrious relative. This nephew was an active and energetic individual. He was possessed of fine talents, and was far from being too scrupulous as to the use he might be required to put them to. Consequently, he was employed by the Earl, under himself, in the task which he had undertaken. For this he proved himself most eminently fitted, and displayed an abundant and not altogether disinterested zeal in the work which was demanded of him. Neither was this zeal inadequately rewarded by the rapid increase of his fortune. The unreserved sale of the church property and the division of the ecclesiastical benefices were among the causes which led to the formation of, and gradually enriched, the middle classes of England. They could not, therefore, fail of enriching those who were charged with the superintendence of their sale and distribution. Knighted by Henry VIII for his services, Richard Cromwell shortly after died, leaving a son named Henry, who—probably on account of his wealth, which, for a commoner, was very great—received the name of the "Golden Knight" from his contemporaries. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, five sons of Henry

Cromwell were living. These were Oliver, Henry, Richard, Philip, and Robert.

Robert Cromwell had married Elizabeth Steward, descended from a distant branch of the royal family of Scotland, who had settled in England during the reign of one of the Edwards. His son was Oliver Cromwell.

We have been thus particular in recording the circumstances of his birth and family for the purpose of bestowing no factitious importance upon a name which does not demand it. Our object has simply been to corroborate that which we have already said touching the aspersions made against his character. He himself, in a speech made in Parliament on the 12th of September, 1654, said: "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity." If, after this avowal and with the knowledge of the facts previously stated, the defeated Cavaliers and the historians of their defeat could call him the "son of a brewer," it is obvious that but little reliance can be placed upon anything they say, either of his mental or moral nature.

Related by personal descent to the powerful Minister of Henry VIII, there are indeed still two letters extant, from Oliver's great-grandfather to the Earl, in which he signs himself as "Your most bounden nephew, Richard Cromwell." This fact would alone, as it appears to us, be sufficient to prove the paucity of materials to be advanced against him. Lies are rarely employed when the truth is found sufficient to justify an aspersion. Besides this, it is known that his father's property lay in the immediate neighborhood of Huntingdon, while the revenue accruing from it amounted to £300 a year. This, which is equivalent to at least £1,000 or £1,100 of the money of the present day, must have placed him beyond the necessity of following a trade; and this it must more especially have done, when it is remembered that in those days it would have been considered a degradation to his family.

Of the early years of the child who was afterwards to exert so vast an influence over the internal condition and external politics of England, but little, with any certainty, is known. It is indeed stated that when no more than four years of age, at the period when the old Queen died and James I was called to the inheritance of the English crown, he was staying with his uncle, Sir Oliver, at Hinchinbrook, on the banks of the Ouse, when a royal train

approached the old mansion. It was seen winding up the broad road which led through the sweeping elms and hoary willows of its grounds towards the house. King James, as yet scarcely a month in possession of his new kingdom, was to rest there on his way to London, whither he was then proceeding for the ceremony of his coronation. If this was so, it must have been a treat for the young and childish Oliver. Yet even here fable—although it would be hard to say from whence it comes, whether from friend or enemy—must have a hand in the narrative. The boy quarrelled with the young prince and struck him. We feel we need do no more than allude to this, as the remaining details of the visit preceding the monarch's departure prove this to be undoubtedly false. t took place upon Friday, the 25th of April, 1603, after a halt of two days at the hospitable Sir Oliver's. Immediately preceding it, a creation of knights was held in the hall of the mansion. One of the uncles of the future Protector received the honor of a blow upon the shoulder from the unsheathed sword of the King, which gave him the right to prefix "Sir" to his name. In the following year, Thomas Steward, of Ely, his maternal uncle, received the same honor.

It was in the year 1616, when he had attained the age of seventeen, that the young man quitted the house of his father and the dwelling of his uncle, in which alternately his education, such as it was, had until this time progressed. He was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he entered Sedney Sussex College, upon the festival of the Annunciation—said, in his after life, to have had little or no pretensions. This can scarcely be the case. Nor can he wholly have neglected those advantages for study which were here offered him, as he is known, upon one occasion, to have replied to a foreign ambassador, whose address to him was delivered in the Latin language. However, it may be admitted, to those who wish to depreciate his claims to learning, that the interruption which his collegiate education must have received from the sudden and unexpected death of his father may have prohibited him from pursuing his studies to any considerable extent. This occurred in June, 1617, and at the close of the same year his grandfather Steward also died. His mother, fatherless and widowed, was left with six daughters and one son. This was Oliver. He returned no more to college, and after remaining some months with his mother, repaired to London for the purpose of gaining some knowledge of the law.

Here commences another series of those calumnies which have been so industriously propagated by his enemies against Cromwell's memory. They have unhesitatingly affirmed that he led a most dissolute and thoroughly abandoned life in that capital. That such a charge can by no possibility have been founded upon truth we may with the greatest safety allege. Possibly, indeed, led astray by the common carelessness and love of dissipation which characterize the young, he may have engaged in some of those follies which marked the period. He may have shown himself a reveller and a spendthrift. Yet, very certain is it that this could have been to no very great extent. Even his most declared enemies and boldest traducers have been able to collect no instances of notorious or glaring vice to adduce against his memory, while all writers acknowledge that, whatever his career at this time may have been, in his after life he was neither addicted to drunkenness, gluttony, profane swearing, nor the love of women. Gaming he had apparently been guilty of, as some time after this period, when he was oppressed with those convictions of religion which had begun to gain ground within his soul, he is known to have returned the large sums—at those times they were large—of £80 to one man and £120 to another, of whom he had won them. In those days, however, gaming was so common a vice that we cannot but feel that it would have been almost incredible had Oliver, as a young man, refrained from its indulgence.

Events were now every day becoming more serious. James I was dead, and the accession of his son to the throne had been hailed with pleasure throughout the nation. Far more English than his father had been, the young monarch possessed a moral character which was exemplary in the extreme. Gifted with a more than ordinary share of intelligence, singularly handsome in his person—although his face was marked by that serene melancholy which popular superstition has considered to have been a presage of his subsequent fate—accomplished in all those somewhat old-fashioned graces, both of manner and sentiment, which had in previous years been considered necessary to the character of a Christian knight, and barely twenty-five years of age when he first ascended the English throne, great things were naturally expected from him. Writs had been issued for the convocation of a new Parliament upon the 29th of January, 1628. The time had at length come in which Cromwell

was to enter upon his public life. Summoned by that necessity which shapes the actions and develops the progress of all men, he became a member of the House of Commons for the same borough which had in aerlier years returned his father. This was Huntingdon.

Oliver took his seat on the 17th of March in the same year. As the young man did so and gazed around him, what must have been his thoughts? Had the conviction of that which he was ultimately to be called upon to accomplish yet shed any light upon his soul? Did he dream that his hand was to accomplish that work which it is more than possible his heart already foreshadowed? Or did he fancy that it was to be wrought by more potent will and a stronger and mightier arm than his own?

After a brief session of merely casual business, the House, seeming to be untractable upon the special subject for which it had been convened (the only subject which the Commons were at this period ever summoned to discuss—that of giving the supplies for the royal and national expenditure, then too often regarded by sovereigns as one and the same thing), was prorogued. It was not until the 20th of January, in the following year, that it again assembled.

On this occasion it resolved itself into a Committee on Religion upon the 11th of February, when Oliver Cromwell, now a man well nigh thirty years of age, rose to speak for the first time. He was dressed—so Sir Philip Warwick tells us in his Memoirs—in a plain cloth suit, which would by no means seem to have been made by a fashionable tailor. His linen was anything but to be commended for its particular whiteness. Old-fashioned and somewhat worn ruffles decorated his wrists. Around his hat there was no band. His sword hung close to his side. Somewhat swollen and reddish in his countenance, his voice was singularly harsh and untunable, although his delivery was both warm and animated. In stature somewhat exceeding the middle height, his frame was strong, muscular, yet well proportioned. He had a manly air, bright and sparkling eyes, and possessed a stern and piercing look.

Charles needed money. He therefore required that they should vote tne duties of tonnage and poundage for life. This alone would have formed a large and sufficient source of revenue for his government, and probably would for a considerable length of time have obviated any pecuniary necessity for summoning another Parliament. Feeling that

such would be the result, the Commons positively refused, after a prolonged and stormy debate, to give their assent to the measure. The Speaker, Finch, alarmed at this open resistance to the royal will, was desirous of adjourning the House; but the members resisted his wish. He then rose to quit the chair, but was pushed back into his seat and retained there by main force.

On hearing what was passing in the Lower House, the King sent immediate orders to the Sergeant-at-arms to withdraw with the mace. This was for the purpose of suspending their deliberations. Thronging around him, the members retained him also by force in his place. Then the keys were taken from him and the doors were locked.

Shortly after a loud knocking was heard against them. The voices of the members at once silenced, and they listened to hear what was coming. "Open!" cried the Usher of the Black Rod. "A message from the King." Even this was of no avail. The doors still remained closed. Upon intelligence of this daring hardihood upon the part of the Commons reaching him, Charles is said to have grown white with fury. He sent immediate orders to the Captain of the Guard to force the doors and eject the members. In the meantime, the Commons, who were conscious of the danger which they had incurred by their resistance to the monarch, had with all possible speed passed three resolutions. The first of these was directed against Armenianism, which had recently been acquiring a large sectarian influence in the nation. Growing bolder as they proceeded, the second was introduced and passed against the Catholics. The third, with oven more hardihood, declared the attempt to levy the dues of tonnage and poundage absolutely illegal; it went even further than this, for it denounced all who should levy and all who should pay such dues as guilty of high treason.

When the Captain of the Guard arrived at the House he found it empty. The doors were unlocked. Its members had adjourned almost immediately after recording their vote upon the last of these three matters. So bold a step upon the part of the Commons of England, which scarcely a century since had only been as mouthpieces to give utterance to the wishes of the Sovereign in matters regarding the taxation of the people, ought to have admonished Charles Stuart that the representatives of the nation had now begun to feel their own power. It was but an augury of that which must ultimately follow if he persisted in the course which he had

so blindly and fatuitously commenced. Opposition had inaugurated itself. It remained for him to make that opposition more bitter and to give it more permanence, or to quell and calm it. The last would require an astute and self-denying policy. The former demanded only obedience to the promptings of his inner will. This it was which the monarch now adopted.

Deaf to that warning which had been so unmistakably given him, he went down to the House of Lords upon the following day—it was the 10th of March. In a short and angry speech he dissolved the Parliament. In this address he complained to them, bitterly and angrily, of the Lower House. "In it," said he, "there are certain vipers which must look for their reward." Accordingly, it was upon the next day that Sir John Elliott, Hobbs, William Strode, and others, were arrested, heavily fined, and imprisoned. Almost immediately afterwards Cromwell returned to Huntingdon. This was the last Parliament that met and deliberated in England for more than eleven years.

One of Oliver's aunts had married William Hampden, of Great Kimble, Buckinghamshire. At his death he had left his widow with two sons. These were John and Richard Hampden. It was with the former of these two cousins that Cromwell had become intimate after that change in his opinions which had gradually developed and formed his character during the years in which, after his marriage, he had been dwelling near Huntingdon.

In his relations with his friends, John Hampden was quiet and amiable. He was eminently sincere in his nature and modest in his deportment. No great talker, he was an eminently good listener. Under this exterior lay a fund of deeper and more hidden feeling, which required necessity to develop it. A fearless will and a ready determination to confront either moral or physical difficulties were prepared to make themselves apparent when appealed to by such a necessity; and such a necessity was it that now summoned him to act, for it was destined that John Hampden should be the man to give the signal of resistance to the arbitrary measures of his monarch. Charles had determined upon collecting the tax which the Commons had refused to pass in defiance of their will. It so happened that amongst the first who were called upon to pay their proportion of it was John Hampden. The amount which was demanded from him was twenty shillings. Quietly, but resolutely, he

refused to pay it. Necessarily, the question was carried into the courts of law. But in those days it must not be supposed that law was what it has since become. The greatest might was then the greatest right; and the word of the Sovereign, although it might invariably shape the law, dictated in every case its application. Accordingly, the judges decided against him by a majority of eight to four. Our only wonder is that at this time even four judges could have been found who had honesty enough to register their decision in his favor. But although the suit was decided against him, a broader court of appeal justified the course which he had adopted. This was the people of England, who hailed him as the victor in that brief struggle in the face of this decision. His name became dear to every patriot. Thus it was that the family of Cromwell commenced the strife between the nation and its monarch which his hand was to conduct to its termination. Predestined to this work, he was not as yet fully conscious of its necessity. It yet lay within the womb of the future. But its awakening throes made themselves felt with a portentous, although at present an isolated, energy, which ought to have forewarned the doomed Sovereign from treading that path which he so madly seemed bent upon pursuing.

It was in 1631 that Cromwell quitted the neighborhood of Huntingdon and took up his residence at St. Ives, where he principally occupied himself in farming. Meanwhile those troubles which had commenced to agitate England continued rapidly upon the increase. The attempt which had been made by Charles to dispense with the parliamentary form of government, and to rule his kingdom by his own will rapidly impelled him to have recourse to more arbitrary measures.

But a portion of the higher nobility took the alarm. A liberty of spirit which had until this time been unknown manifested itself in the upper classes. Some of the greater lords marked their unequivocal disapprobation of the recent measures of the Court by quitting London and retiring to their estates. That literary spirit which had awakened in England during the reign of Elizabeth now occupied itself with the discussions of graver questions, and examined matters of deeper import than those which had previously occupied it: while, further still from the Court, men who were less distinguished by rank and less capable by learning entertained opinions which were more narrow, yet, at the

same time, far more decided. It was, indeed, in the middle class of the nobility and among the gentry that the feeling was more obviously declared. The difference of rank had gradually lost that power which it had formerly asserted. Regarding themselves as the descendants of those who had conquered the Magna Charta of England, they were indignant at seeing their rights, their persons, their freedom of thought and action, and their goods, delivered over to the pleasure of the King, and those counsellors who were urging him along upon his untoward and luckless path.

About this period was it that Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, a second time incurred the displeasure of the Court; Some time since he had been condemned to lose both his ears for having published a work called "*Histriomastyx*," or the "Scourge of Players." Now, at this period, masques, balls, and plays formed the favorite amusement of the Queen; hence the punishment which had been inflicted upon this insolent libeller by a court of justice, which did no more than reflect the will and prejudices of the government. The reason which now drew down the indignation of those in power upon the head of Prynne was his publication of a second work. This was written against church hierarchy. He was again condemned by the chief justice, Finch, to lose his ears; and having none, the stumps of those which were left from his former punishment, were sawn off. "I had thought," said the chief justice, with a fierce smile of pretended astonishment, "that Mr. Prynne had no ears." The victim of this barbarous sentence lifted his hand to heaven as he replied to him: "I pray to God, honored sir, that he give you ears to hear with!"

English discontent had during this period rapidly increased. The Earl of Strafford, who had been the Minister of Charles during the latter portion of that period which had added so greatly to the unpopularity of his government, was at this time the especial object of the hatred of the people. Yet it was by his advice, strengthened as it was by the pecuniary necessities of the monarch, that writs were at length issued for a new Parliament. The nation had long demanded this; yet they knew that it was summoned, not in obedience to their wishes, but simply in consequence of the wants of Charles. Can that spirit be for one moment doubtful which now animated them?

Cromwell was returned to this Parliament for Cambridge. The House met for the first time upon the 11th of March,

1640. Rumors were circulated of every description respecting the intentions of the representatives of the people. It is nevertheless obvious that neither the King nor his Minister could have had the slightest suspicion of that which was soon to follow. After various discussions of minor importance, but all of them tending to lessen the royal power, a bill of attainder was at length brought against the latter. The King as yet stood too high above them. Consequently, the indignation which was felt at his misgovernment impeached his servant, and Strafford was put upon his trial for high treason. He was condemned to lose his head upon the block, and Charles was compelled to affix his sign-manual to the death warrant of the Earl on Monday, the 10th of May, 1641. When the unfortunate Strafford heard of the King's assent to his execution, he exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart: "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

This compulsory assent—for it cannot be doubted that Charles suffered more than bitterly in being made an accessory to the death of the minister whose great crime had been serving him too well—was wrung from the monarch both by his fears and his necessities. It must, however, have been with an undescribably fearful pang that he traced the letters of his name, whose signature was to give effect to the sentence of condemnation. It does not appear that Oliver Cromwell was in any way connected specially with these proceedings against the Earl. In all probability, the stern Puritan revolted from the thought of spilling the blood of one who had only acted as the servant of his monarch. Even then the thought may have crossed him, as the axe was grinding which was to take Strafford's head from his shoulders, that it might with far greater justice have been whetted were it destined to fall upon another and a loftier neck.

Charles visited Scotland in the August following. It is more than probable that this visit was dictated by his wish to procure the proofs of a correspondence which was at this time being carried on between the English Parliament and the Scotch Covenanters. If so, his journey was of no avail. Conscience was at work against him, and that conscience is alike impervious to threat or promise. Personal advantage weighs with it no more than extraneous fear. He was consequently obliged to return to England.

Not long after this journey and brief visit to Scotland was it that a sudden rebellion broke out in Ireland. This

was accompanied by the most horrible barbarities. Blood flowed without stint or let. Men, women, and children were alike sacrificed. Although this was a rebellion against the government, it was said to be sanctioned by the King's name, which was proclaimed by the leaders in the outbreak to be appended to a letter which had been addressed to them.

A strong remonstrance was addressed by the Commons to the King, who turned a deaf ear towards it. Both parties now began to feel that a struggle was rapidly approaching, and commenced silently to prepare for the contest, which they felt might no longer be avoided. In pursuance of this, a bill was proposed in the Lower House on the 7th of December in the same year, that the organization of the militia and the nomination of its officers should only take place with the concurrence of Parliament. Necessary as this was under present circumstances, it was obvious that it undermined the royal power. Many of the members of that portion of the nobility which but a few years since had quitted the Court now returned to London and rallied round the King. In the almost constant collisions of the two parties, the terms Cavaliers and Roundheads were first applied, the latter taking its rise from the peculiar style of cropping their hair which had recently been affected by the Puritans. Brawls between them now became of almost daily occurrence. These occasionally ended in strife and bloodshed. The general temper of the English capital offered an ample testimony that this state of things could not long continue. In addition to this, the return of the greater proportion of the nobility and the very inclination which was displayed by many of the most considerable amongst them to support their Sovereign reinspired Charles with courage, and on the 3d of January, in 1642, he summoned the Lower House to give up to him five of their members. These were Pym, Hampden, Holles, Strode, and Harding. On the day following it was announced to the Commons that the King was advancing upon St. Stephens for the purpose of seizing these members. He was escorted by three or four hundred armed men. Shortly afterwards he entered the House and advanced to the Speaker's chair. His head was covered. The Members arose from their seats and stood uncovered before him.

Trembling with choler and perchance with some fear as to the ultimate results of that course which he had now so conclusively entered upon, Charles cast a hasty and impe-

rious glance around the chamber. He could not see the men whom he had come to seize. Taking advantage of the warning the Parliament had received, they had already absented themselves. "Since I see," he said, after a brief pause, during which the members of the House still remained standing, "the birds are flown, I expect that you will find and send them to me. Otherwise, I must take my own course to find them." Having said this, he descended the steps leading from the Speaker's chair and quitted the chamber. The members remained looking at each other in sombre doubt as to the way "this, which had here begun, was ultimately to end in."

And yet to us who look upon these circumstances after the lapse of more than two hundred years, it seems that scarcely a doubt could rationally have been entertained. This very moment commenced that revolution the seeds of whose spirit had already been so extensively sown. Henceforward the King and the Parliament were decidedly and unequivocally opposed. Up to the present moment the commonalty of England had taken little or no part in the national development. Perhaps it might with more propriety be affirmed that they had not manifested their capacity and power to exert a steady and controlling momentum upon its progress. But this commonalty was now emerging from its tutelage, and was about, for the first time, to take into its own hands in the seventeenth century that which it had heretofore allowed to be effected by the nobility. The only secure policy which Charles Stuart could have now adopted would have been a retrogressive one; but neither his own will nor the spirit which actuated his more intimate advisers could discern the wisdom of so doing.

At this period Cromwell had attained the age of forty-two years. He had six children. These were Oliver, Richard, Henry, Bridget, Elizabeth, and Mary. Francis Cromwell was subsequently born to him. He had been, and indeed always was, a good and tender, but firm and authoritative, parent. Essentially until this period a man of peace and occupied with the pursuits and habits of a country life, he had farmed and, perhaps, read some little. Among the fields and green trees and sloping hills of his own tranquil home had his mind been silently shapen and matured. Never having even thought of the profession of arms, he would seem to have been one of the last men whom necessity might have selected for or trained into a soldier.

Disturbed in their homes by the voice of discontent, the

gentry and the yeomanry of England had called on their Monarch not to disappoint the expectations of his subjects. When with a blinded soul and a contemptuous spirit Charles I had turned away and refused to listen to them, his doom was sealed. The hour had at length come.

Volunteers were raised on all sides. Cromwell felt the call of his country and responded to it. He offered £300 to the exigencies of the Parliament. When we remember his income and recall the value of money at that period, this must be considered a large sum. But Oliver did more. Raising two companies of volunteers at Cambridge, he girded his sword upon his thigh and, accompanied by his two eldest sons, joined that army which the Parliament was already collecting. It was a time which imperatively demanded sacrifices. These were made by Cromwell without a murmur. Long past that age at which ambition is most active in all of us, the homely farmer became the active soldier.

The royal standard was planted at Nottingham on the 22d of August, in 1642, and the Monarch of England called his subjects to arms. At no great distance from him the Earl of Essex was occupied in effecting the organization of the Parliamentary forces. When Cromwell joined him, he was at once made a captain. But the frankness of the man disdained to deceive his followers. Showing them his commission, he said: "Soldiers, I will not deceive you nor make you believe, as my commission hath it, that you are going to fight for the King and the Parliament. If the King were in front of me, I would as soon shoot him as another. If your conscience will not allow you to do as much, go and serve elsewhere." These are his words as they are given to us by a royalist historian. Did we not feel that these must have been truly his, we should not have cited them. More strongly than anything else could do, they mark the hard, robust, and self-reliant nature of the man's mind. Once embarked in the cause of the people, once convinced that to ensure their happiness and religious liberty blows must be struck, he never hesitated between his two allegiances. With a vigorous will and an uncompromising spirit he thrust the form of royalty aside from him and acknowledged no monarch but God.

The battle of Edgehill was the first positive collision that occurred between the King and the Parliament. Their troops met upon the 23d of October, in the same year, and a battle was fought which led to no very definite or decisive

result for either party. Shortly after this the troops retired into winter quarters—the army of the King occupying the country which lay around Oxford, while that of the Parliament held possession of London and the surrounding districts. The winter now gradually passed away, and the spring of the succeeding year opened upon the continuance of the war.

With the usual variability of feeling which marks the first efforts of a struggling nation, the popular party, already discouraged by their want of immediate success, began to doubt and reason upon the probable results of their efforts to control the power of their monarch. Murmurs and complaints began to be heard upon every side. Cromwell alone, at this time, would appear to have divined and distinctly appreciated the positive causes of their weakness. It was the intuitive perception of a great military leader that began to dawn upon his mind and opened his eyes to that which is at present so obviously apparent—the reason of their apparent failure. A letter of his is still extant which was written at this period. This letter is addressed to John Hampden. In it he speaks thus: "Your troops are most of them decayed serving-men, tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and there are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. But I will remedy that. I will raise men who will have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten." Are not these the words of a man who already seems to feel that it is his spirit which must be the pervading impulse in this war?

About this time he lost a friend and relative—one of the few men with whom he had been wont to commune from his inner soul, and who had learned to know him thoroughly. This was John Hampden. A skirmish of cavalry had occurred on the 18th of June, a few miles from Oxford. Before the close Hampden had quitted the field. As he rode out of the *mêlée* his head was hanging down and his hand was leaning heavily upon the neck of his charger. He died upon the 24th of the same month. It would, of course, be impossible now to say what influence he might have exerted, had he lived, upon the mind of Cromwell.

For the purpose, it may be presumed, of giving his actions the appearance of legality, Charles, early in the ensuing year, summoned the Parliament to assemble in the city of Oxford. A portion of it obeyed him and met there

on the 22d of January. Forty-four of the peers and one hundred and eighteen of the commons were present upon this occasion. After having held a session of somewhat less than three months, the King adjourned it. He had been accustomed to call it his "Mongrel Parliament," and stigmatized it as "cowardly and seditious." It was summoned to meet him no more. The Parliament which, at this time, was sitting in London, consisted of twenty-two peers and two hundred and eighty of the commons—more than a hundred of its actual members being absent and employed upon the service of the state.

It was in January that the Scotch army entered England, being invited thither by the Parliament. Their march must have been a very toilsome and arduous one, as a deep snow lay upon the ground, which in many portions of it rose over the knees of their horses. They joined the Parliamentary troops in the North, and, after several months spent in minor operations advanced to and besieged York, which was strongly garrisoned and had the Marquis of Newcastle as its Governor. Prince Rupert flew to its relief. As he approached the city the Parliamentary leaders raised the siege in the hope of preventing him from entering it. By a masterly march he foiled their endeavors to hinder him from joining the garrison, and appeared within the city. Here he saw the Marquis, who strongly advised him to be content with his success. Discord was at the present moment rife in the Parliamentary camp. The Scotch and English troops could not agree. Old animosities not yet appeased under the reign of the first Stuart prompted daily differences. Moreover, the religious element was a fruitful source of disquietude. The Presbyterians and Independents mutually disliked each other. In addition to this, a reinforcement of three thousand men was expected. Rupert replied rudely in the manner which was habitual to him. He said that his orders from the King were imperative. On the 2d of July he commanded his troops to march upon the enemy.

He halted on the plain almost within musket-shot of the army of the Parliament. For more than two hours his soldiers and the enemy remained under arms contemplating each other. Rupert was inspecting the ground and arranging his plan of attack. At length the word was given, and his troops advanced, crossing the ditches with which the plain was intersected and bearing down upon the enemy. The Scotch

cavalry formed its right wing, and these, after a brief but sharp conflict, were totally dispersed. Fairfax who was the Parliamentary general, vainly endeavored to restrain them from flying from the field of battle. In less than an hour the tidings of the complete defeat of the Parliamentary army were so widely spread that a courier bore the news of it to Oxford. Bonfires were lit in the streets of that city, and for some hours its royalist population abandoned themselves to their joy.

While, however, the victorious Cavaliers were pursuing the routed wing of the enemy, their own right, although commanded by Prince Rupert in person, had undergone a similar fate. A greater man than the Prince was now opposed to him. This was Cromwell. Charging with his wonted reckless impetuosity, Rupert was met by the soldiers of the stern Republican. They were as a wall of steel. In vain did the fiery leader of the Royalist troops hurl them against the enemy. The nervous spirit of his antagonist seemed to have grown into the intrepid soul of a valiant warrior. His voice rang athwart the tumult and his sword struck heavily in the strife. After a terrible struggle, Rupert was compelled to yield. The Parliamentary infantry, which was also victorious, completed his defeat. But Cromwell forbade all pursuit, and collected his cavalry for the purpose of awaiting the return of the troops who had dispersed the Scotch. Worn out with the pursuit, their horses jaded, and their swords dripping with blood, the Cavaliers returned. A brief and glorious charge decided the fortune of the day. Scattered before him, the straggling Royalists were chased from the field, and the battle of Marston Moor first traced the name of Cromwell imperishably upon the page of English history.

Upon the same night the Marquis of Newcastle quitted the city of York. He hurried to Scarborough, whence on the following day he embarked for the Continent. Prince Rupert collected the shattered remains of his army and marched towards Chester. York capitulated at the end of fifteen days.

When the tidings of this defeat reached the army of the King, the whole of the Court were struck, as it were, dumb with grief and fear. Their own successes against the Earl of Essex had induced them to reckon upon a speedy and triumphant termination of the war. For the first time, perhaps, they recognized the full vigor of that spirit which

had at length thoroughly awakened, and possibly foresaw the long train of evils to which they had so blindly exposed themselves. On the contrary, in London the Independent party were almost wild with joy. Even the Presbyterians shared their triumph. The military talent of Cromwell had achieved a brilliant success for the nation. The "Ironsides" —for such was the name now bestowed by the popular feeling upon the squadrons of the Parliamentary leader—had overcome the Cavaliers under one of their most gallant generals. Should they now speak of peace as a necessity?

Nor were the consequences of this victory worthless to the nation. Its results were not confined to the reputation of the hardy soldier who had gained it. Nor were the hundred banners which his troops had taken from the enemy and rent into fragments to form bandages for the wounded its only fruits.

The whole of the North of England was at once abandoned by the forces who fought for Charles Stuart. There the Parliament became immediately paramount. His queen fled into France in spite of that warning which had a short time before been proffered her by the Cardinal Richelieu—not to quit the country with whose interests her own had been bound up by marriage if she ever calculated upon returning to it. His astute and reaching genius had already partially foreseen the possible result of that conflict into which she had so unfortunately urged the English king.

It was in vain that a partial success in the Western portion of his realm had smiled upon the arms of the King, and that the Earl of Essex, who commanded the Parliamentary army, had, after various defeats, been ultimately compelled to lay down his arms and surrender to the Royal forces. Only when the news came to him of the brilliant successes of the Marquis of Montrose in Scotland did he seem partially to reassume his courage. This nobleman, the account of whose exploits would seem more like the romantic legend woven by some dealer in chivalric lore than the dry and matter-of-fact details of reality, had, shortly after the battle of Marston Moor, crossed the frontiers of Scotland and appeared in the county of Athol. This long and toilsome journey he had made on foot, accompanied only by two friends, and attired in the humble garb of a domestic.. He was at once recognized by his clan, among whom the doctrinal rigor and practical license of the Presbyterians had as yet utterly failed to obtain a footing. Gathering them together, he had immediately taken the field at their head on

behalf of his Monarch. He required everything from their courage and devotion to himself, while he abandoned everything to their avidity. Scarcely more than two days had elapsed ere he had gained two battles. After this he had occupied Perth, taken Aberdeen by assault, and raised the whole of the Highlanders throughout the lower portion of the north of Scotland. Fear and terror had been everywhere sown by him up to the very gates of Edinburgh. No sooner had the King received this intelligence than his spirits partially revived. He determined upon forthwith advancing against the English capital.

Everything seemed at the time to be favorable to this movement. The defeated troops of Essex and the greater portion of the Northern Army of the Parliament were gathered in its neighborhood under the command of the Duke of Manchester. But their discontent at the manner in which their pay had been suffered to fall into arrearage had inspired the Royalist leaders with the most lively hopes of putting an end to the war at a single blow. In this conjuncture, wanting money and fearing to leave their soldiers unpaid at such a moment, the Parliament determined on seizing upon the whole of the royal plate which was deposited in the Tower of London. This was accordingly done, and it was melted for the purpose of supplying their present necessities.

Charles had already reached Newbury, when the Parliamentary army at length marched against him. A long and bloody, but indecisive, battle ensued there. This took place on the 27th of October. Both sides claimed the victory. Yet upon the morrow Charles moved northward with the intention, a second time, of taking up his winter quarters in Oxford.

The clamor which was addressed to the Parliament by all of the parties who had taken their side in the contest became very general, and in the Lower House Cromwell added his testimony to the imputations which were urged against Manchester. He said that the indecisive result of the late struggle at Newbury was wholly to be imputed to him, and that he was literally afraid of vanquishing. Nothing, as he alleged, could have been more easy than the destruction of the army of the King. He had in vain solicited permission to begin the battle, and when the Duke had refused this, he had said that if Charles' army were destroyed he would still be the King and might readily find

another; whereas, were they once beaten, they would be regarded as merely rebels and traitors, and would infallibly be condemned and executed, if taken, by virtue of the law. On the morrow, in the Upper Chamber, Manchester replied to this attack. He repelled the accusation in every point and attempted to justify his conduct. In a loud and angry voice he in turn accused Cromwell of treachery, falsehood, disobedience, and neglect of his orders. He affirmed that on the day of the battle neither himself nor his regiment had appeared at the post which he had assigned them. To this retort Cromwell vouchsafed no reply. He simply and coldly repeated his accusation.

For some time past Cromwell had been steadily gaining upon the public attention. His military reputation, which had been so rapidly and brilliantly achieved by a man to whom soldiery had been a new and untried field for exertion, had gradually fixed the popular eye upon him, and, on the return of the Army of the North, his capabilities as a leader had been generally discussed. His calmness in battle and his presence of mind were warmly extolled by the soldiery. They said that his charges were made with the rapidity and effect of lightning. In his *Defensio Secunda*, Milton says of him: "From his thorough exercise in the art of self-knowledge he had either exterminated or subdued his domestic foes, his idle hopes, his fears, and his desires. Having thus learned to engage, to subdue, and to triumph over himself, he took the field against his outward enemies, a soldier practised in all the discipline of war." But in addition to his military qualities he was a sound speaker, and his political knowledge excelled that of most of his contemporaries. He had ever openly declared his opinions to be in favor of the most perfect liberty of conscience. Is it any wonder that this man should have begun to excite the alarms of the dominant party in the Parliament?

At the commencement of 1645, Archbishop Laud, who had been long imprisoned, was executed upon Tower Hill; and shortly after the Liturgy of the Anglican Church was definitively abolished. The two parties in the Parliament, Presbyterians and Independents, alike concurred in both these measures. Nor indeed was it long after this that negotiations commenced at Uxbridge between the contending parties. These continued for some time and seemed tending to peace. They were, however, broken off suddenly by the King, who had received a letter from Montrose giving him information

of a great victory which he had gained over the Earl of Argyle. In it he implored his monarch not to entangle himself with any negotiations, and intimated that a long time would not now elapse before he should be both ready and able to come to his assistance. Those members who had been deputed by the Parliament to confer with Charles consequently returned at once to London, and the last chance which presented itself to the monarch for treating with his incensed subjects while he yet stood in a position where, to a certain extent, he could have dictated terms, was by his own will wantonly and recklessly cast behind him. A few months only were to elapse before Montrose was to be vanquished and a fugitive.

About the beginning of April Fairfax was named to the command of the Parliamentary army. He went sedulously to work, assisted by Cromwell, in forming it, and at the close of this month announced that in a few days he should be prepared to open the campaign. It was at this time that the famous ordinance was passed by both Houses which excluded all who were members of Parliament from holding commands in the army. Not a doubt can now exist that this ordinance was solely and exclusively directed against the man whom they had already begun to fear. Hostilities had once more broken out. Oliver would not return his sword to its sheath, and Fairfax wrote to the Parliament declaring that he could not and would not dispense with services which were so valuable to him. Nor need we marvel that the general should have made this declaration, when we learn that the King not long after exclaimed, in his irritation at the success which invariably accompanied him: "Who is there that will bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive?"

Orders had been given Fairfax to invest Oxford, and he was advancing against it when intelligence was brought him that Charles had taken Leicester and was besieging Taunton. He immediately decided upon marching in search of him, and on the evening of the 13th of June his scouts brought him intelligence, when he was in the neighborhood of Northampton, that the King was near Naseby. He instantly marched upon the field, which decided the fate of the English crown.

The battle was fought upon the 14th. Cromwell commanded the right wing of the Parliamentary army, and, as he had done at Marston Moor, vanquished the troops who were opposed to him. In the meantime Prince Rupert had

swept the left wing from the field. Unable, however, to profit by the lesson which had so roughly been given him in that battle, he suffered his men to disperse in pursuit of the flying foe. This error upon the part of one of the principal generals of the Royalists at once enabled Cromwell to turn the whole of his troops upon their centre, which was commanded by the King in person, and assist Fairfax in completely routing them. The victory, however, was bloodily contested. Charles fought there, and whatever may have been his faults, on this occasion he fought gallantly. At length, however, he was obliged to quit the field, and fled. The arms of the Parliament were again victorious, and the field of Naseby proved fatal to all the hopes and expectations of the Royalists.

Among the other spoils which fell into the hands of the conquerors after the battle was the King's private cabinet of letters and papers. This was immediately sent to London unopened. It was there broken open and its contents were carefully examined. Among the letters which it contained were several which gave the clearest proof that Charles, while emphatically denying that he did so, had constantly, during the late disturbances in the kingdom, been engaged in soliciting assistance from the principal powers of the Continent.

After a brief debate, the Parliament determined upon the publication of these letters. Under the title of the "King's Cabinet Opened," they completed the ruin of Charles in the minds of the people. Shortly after this battle Prince Rupert had retreated upon Bristol. This city he entered by the orders of Charles for the purpose of defending it from the Parliamentary army, which was advancing towards it. It was taken by assault upon the 14th of September in the same year.

The King was now a fugitive, or comparatively so, as the greater portion of his troops had been despersed at Naseby or broken up at the termination of the siege of Bristol. He wished again to open negotiations with the Parliament, and caused it to be intimated to them that he was ready to do so. His offers were at once indignantly refused. Later in the year he again retired to Oxford, but quitted it in disguise, with only a few followers, at the commencement of 1646. Wandering from castle to castle, and trying almost hopelessly to raise another army amongst those of his adherents who were yet faithful to their fallen

sovereign, he at length surrendered to the Scotch army who were stationed at Newark, and at the close of the year was given up by them to the English Parliament for the payment of £400,000. After receiving this sum they once more returned to their own country.

From this moment the two parties that we have already noticed as existing in the Parliament sundered more widely. In the House itself the Presbyterians were numerically, as they were in rank and personal importance, the strongest party. They were bent upon imposing on the nation a form of church government which should in every point coincide with their own views. An intolerance of every other form of religious worship dictated this desire. It was, therefore, obvious that with this party neither the Episcopalian nor Catholic predilections of their monarch could meet with any toleration. The army, on the contrary, was composed chiefly of men of a widely different stamp. Singularly enough it was here that the independence of religion was the most decidedly felt and the most evidently desired.

The first time that these found an actual voice was in the demand which was addressed to the Lower House for the arrears of pay which were due to them by the soldiery. Oliver, who had recently retaken his seat, was deputed by the Commons to reason with and quiet them. This he did, and was honored upon his return with a vote of thanks. But, in spite of this, matters became every day more serious, and it was evident to the leaders of the army that so long as the King remained in the hands of the Parliament the very possession of his name gave an increased strength to the Presbyterian party which was enabling them by degrees to engross the whole power of the realm. Under these circumstances action became necessary; and on the 2nd of June, 1647, an event occurred which changed the position of the parties, and threw the strength which was still possessed by the name of Charles into the hands of the Independents. A body of men under the command of Cornet Joyce, and amounting to four hundred in number, proceeded to Holmby House, where the King was then staying, and bore him away with them. Apparently the army seemed to foresee that struggle which must ultimately take place and was then approaching, although it is more than probable that the foresight which dictated this step was that of its leaders.

Necessarily, this daring act increased the jealousy and dread which began to be felt by the Presbyterian party; and it was, we may imagine, in consequence of this that on the 10th of June the principal officers of the army, including Cromwell, Fairfax, Hammond, Treton, Lambert, and others, wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor and Common Council of the city of London, demanding satisfaction for their claims as soldiers, protesting against the misrepresentations which had been made, declaring that their cause could not be separated from that of the Parliament and the people, and desiring an immediate "settlement of the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject." Religious liberty was evidently the principal point dwelt upon in this manifesto. It consented that Presbyterianism should be the State religion, but it demanded the full enjoyment of civil and religious rights for all Englishmen. Their blood had been shed for the Parliament, and they thought it strange that the Parliament should wish in return to give them no liberty but that of expatriation.

Beyond any doubt this petition proceeded from the pen of Cromwell. It was conceived and written in terms which were equally characterized by wisdom, moderation, and justice. No desire was expressed to intermeddle with the settling of the Presbyterian form of government. Nothing could be more temperate than the form of its phraseology.

However, this moderation in the temper of the army was of short duration. On the 16th of June it boldly accused eleven members of the House of Commons of high treason. When the accusation was laid before the Parliament, it was struck dumb with astonishment. None knew what answer they should make. The army, which had heretofore been nothing but a mere instrument in their hands, had spoken with a voice which they were compelled to hear. The members who had been named asked permission to retire from their duties for six months, and this was granted them.

Possibly this is one of the epochs in Cromwell's life which has been most severely handled. He has been represented by history as having fomented this discord with the view of sundering more definitely the army and the Parliament. This cannot be believed by any who scrutinize his previous and subsequent conduct. As an Independent himself, it was palpable that he must honestly have dreaded the determination of the Presbyterians to impose their form of worship upon the English nation. As a soldier, and a gal-

lant one, he cannot but have felt that having less need for the army, the House was disposed to rid itself of their importunities; while, as a politician, he must have known the utter incapacity of it as at present constituted to provide for or to deal with the wants of the nation. His enemies have said that he was a man upon whom none could reckon. He has been accused of daily changing his conduct and his language, and being entirely occupied with the desire in any case to be the chief of that great movement which, at this period, was convulsing the whole of England.

Those of his adherents and personal supporters who still remained faithfully attached to the fortunes of their fallen Prince grew daily bolder and more active. Some of them were, perchance, encouraged by the apparent neglect with which the Parliament had treated them; while others, suffering from the heavy fines and forfeitures which had been imposed upon them, and dreading the imprisonment, with its probable results, to which their fellows were and would be subjected, were equally inclined to embark in another struggle. In the spring of 1648, discontent, openly broke out amongst them, linked with a portion of the Presbyterians both in Kent and Wales. Officers who had gained distinction in the service of the Parliament openly associated themselves with this party and joined the Royal flag. Scarcely had this intelligence reached London than the information also reached it that a levy of 40,000 men had been voted by the Scotch Parliament for the defence and liberation of their imprisoned monarch. When they heard this the Royalists in the North of England rose simultaneously, while in Ireland even those chieftains who had hitherto supported the Parliament determined upon raising the standard of the King. In London itself, levies were made for him, and armed bands marched through the metropolis for the purpose of joining and strengthening the insurrectionary forces.

On the arrival of all this threatening intelligence the Parliament gazed around them to search for a man who was fit to deal with the perils of the emergency. Only one in whom they could trust for victory and safety might be found. Orders were accordingly given Cromwell to depart for Wales. These orders he obeyed, and with that fiery promptitude which almost invariably characterized his military actions. He immediately marched direct upon the principality at the head of five regiments. The Royalist army, which had already been levied in Scotland, crossed the

frontier which divided it from its sister kingdom upon the 8th of July.

Three days only after Oliver had halted before Pembroke Castle, it surrendered to him, and the tidings were brought to his camp that the Scotch army had entered England. His troops were ill supplied with food and all other necessaries, while the military chest was comparatively destitute of money. Nevertheless his determination was at once taken; it was to march immediately upon the North.

Accordingly, on the following morning the victor hastened thitherward with his ill-clad, ill-shod, and poverty-stricken, but resolute and conscientious, soldiery. A letter is still in existence which was written by him to the Parliament at this period; in it he desires that the necessary wants of those troops with which he was now about to deliver the nation from the danger which was threatening it might be supplied.

Traversing the country from North to South, followed by these soldiers, with the rapidity of lightning, he came up with the Scotch army near the river Ribble. It was commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. The first who brought the Duke news of Cromwell's approach was an officer from one of the outposts; but the Scotch general discredited the intelligence, not believing it possible that Oliver could be so near, and reproached him for suffering himself so readily to be duped. The tidings were, however, only too true. In less than half an hour his outposts were driven in and the English Puritans burst upon him. Rank after rank was scattered as the Scots collected hurriedly and in disorder to oppose that fiery onslaught. The rout became general. Broken and terror-stricken, the invading army crossed the river and fled southward. They were closely followed by Cromwell, who was determined to allow them no time to re-establish and rearrange their strength. In a narrow defile that was near Warrington he subsequently overtook them, and the Duke of Hamilton was compelled to surrender himself, with his whole army, to the general of the Commonwealth. The campaign of one solitary fortnight had, as it were, obliterated the invading forces and stamped the Puritan soldier as the greatest and most brilliant military leader who had ever yet trodden upon English soil.

In saying this we would have the circumstances under which the campaign was made remembered. The Parliament was panic-stricken. Those troops which he had at

his disposal were suffering from the want of all the necessaries which are required by every army. Nothing but their self-devotion and that blind confidence with which their leader was alone capable of inspiring them could have rendered them equal to the immediate emergency. No sooner had the conqueror achieved this success than he retraced his steps northward and entered Scotland. Shortly after he arrived in Edinburgh.

Elated by the defeat of the Scotch army and oscillating from the direction which had been imposed upon them by the presence of Cromwell, the Parliament had in the meantime decided that fresh negotiations should be opened with the King. Fifteen commissioners were accordingly chosen from both Houses of Parliament and ordered to present themselves at Cansbrooke Castle. Here they earnestly exhorted him to accept the proposals which they made to him before the army should be strengthened by the return of that portion of it which was now in Scotland. True to that double-dealing whose impulse might almost seem to be a constitutional infirmity, he appeared inclined to do so; yet, he knew that Ormond was about to re-enter Ireland from the Continent, provided with money and ammunition to carry on the war. This was also known to the commissioners, and for the purpose of quieting their remonstrances he sent a written order to the Marquis to desist from his preparations, while at the same time he secretly caused a letter to be conveyed to him enjoining him in all things explicitly and solely to obey the will of the Queen. It was obviously the wish of Charles himself that the struggle should still be carried on. Perhaps he thought that while arms were still in the hands of his followers and adherents better terms might possibly be afforded him. Whatever may have been the reason of his perverse and resolute faithlessness, it is certain that in their negotiations with him the Parliamentary leaders were invariably either dupes or simpletons. That crime which has been so constantly imputed to Oliver was almost a virtue. His hypocrisy simply consisted in his having too much discernment, after having once eluded the bait, to suffer himself a second time to be hooked by the princely angler.

That spirit, however, which the Parliament had hoped was departed for the North in company with Cromwell had not entirely quitted the army, which was still encamped in the neighborhood of London. A portion of it presented a

remonstrance to the two Houses. In it the remonstrants required that the sovereignty of the people should be definitely acknowledged, and that, for the future, the King should be elected by their representatives. There were some few of the Commons that, upon the receipt of this, boldly and unhesitatingly proposed that the remonstrants should at once be accused of high treason. The House were too timid to do this, but the proposal only widened the breach.

It must be remembered that the Parliamentary army was not composed of the same materials which are collected in ordinary armies. Neither was it sustained by the ordinary principles which generally actuate military bodies. In many respects it was emphatically the representative of national opinion. The wealthy farmers and moderate gentry who had joined the troops that were called together by the revolt against regal tyranny were better calculated to judge of the necessities of the people than that Parliament was whose battles they had been fighting. They had done the work which that Parliament had required of them, and had done this from free and untrammelled conviction of its necessity. Keenly alive to that which was required by the great body of the nation, and consequently to their own individual rights, they determined upon solving this matter. Accordingly, under the command of Fairfax, they marched from Windsor, and on the 2d of December entered London. Undeterred by this evidence of the determination of the Puritan soldiery, the Commons resumed their debate on the fourth of the month, and on the day following it was decided in favor of the King. Two regiments were posted around Westminster Hall on the morning of the 6th of December, under the command of Colonel Pride, who had strict injunctions to prevent the Parliament from assembling. Forty-one of the most determined of the members were driven back from the doors. A few of those who had the greatest influence were sent to the Tower, and others who were more timid were scared into the country, whence many of them hesitated to return. It was now determined by the army to bring Charles back to the neighborhood of London. He could have escaped from Cansbrooke, but, with a singular fatuity, still resolving to trust in his own diplomacy—should it not rather be called duplicity?—and reckoning still upon those dissensions of which he had hitherto availed himself in his dealings with the Parliament and the leaders of the army, he decided upon awaiting the arrival of the de-

tachment which had been despatched to escort him to Hurst Castle.

While residing in this fortress, although closely watched by the Puritans, to prevent his correspondence with the leaders of the Royalists, who were still in a state of incessant activity, he was treated with that respect which was considered his due. All of those ceremonies which were then considered almost as part of royalty were scrupulously observed. No merely chance observer of this observance would have believed him to be a prisoner. He dined upon a dais and in public; he was served upon the bended knee. The formalities which were thus preserved in the attendance upon his person beyond a doubt combined to foster his delusion, and encouraged those vain hopes which were soon to be so abruptly terminated by his trial and his sentence, the scaffold and the block.

A few days only elapsed before the return of Cromwell, who was even then upon his way from Scotland. The House of Commons, or as perhaps we should better say, that portion of it which remained in London after the operation of "Pride's Purge," as the step which had been taken by the leaders of the army was popularly named, received him with the warmest expressions of gratitude. Their thanks were voted him for his Scotch services. He was called by the people the Pacificator of Britain. But he remained silent and scarcely did more than answer those who addressed him. The weight of that which was to come, and which in all probability he now foresaw, appeared palpably to oppress him.

On December the 28th it was declared by the House to be treason in the King of England for the time to come to levy war against the Parliament. Almost immediately after a member arose and proposed to bring the King to trial "as the cause of the blood" which had been shed during the late contest. Cromwell then spoke, and his words sealed the fate of Charles Stuart. "Since the providence of God," he said, "hath cast this upon us, I cannot but submit to it, though I am not yet prepared to give you my advice." He recoiled from that necessity which he could not but feel. The initiative had not proceeded from him, and he was daily tormented by his doubts and harassing reflections upon the justice of this step. A terrible struggle was taking place in his mind. Let us see how it was solved. John Cromwell, a relative of his who was in the Dutch service, came to

England. He was charged with a message from the Princess of Wales to him who was believed alone to have the power of saving the King's life. Cromwell replied to him that he had fasted and prayed daily in the hopes of learning the will of God, but that it had not as yet been revealed to him. On that same night he once more sought in prayer the solution of his doubt, and while still upon his knees a lively conviction arose within his soul. From that moment the death of Charles was decided upon in his mind, and on the day following he told John to trouble him no more.

But although the ordinance for the trial of Charles had passed the Lower House, the peers refused to ratify it. In consequence of this it was determined by the Commons to erect a High Court of Justice and proceed solely upon their own power. This was immediately done, one hundred and thirty-five commissioners being chosen and John Bradshaw named Lord President. On the same day proclamation was made by Fairfax enjoining all malignants and Roman Catholics (Papists), as well as every person who had been engaged on the King's side in the late war, to depart from London.

Rumors of the approaching trial of Charles had no sooner spread through the country than the agitation caused by it became universal. The Episcopalians, as well as the Catholics, and generally the Presbyterians, denied the right of the Commons of England to sit in judgment upon one of the Lord's anointed. A strong protest was sent up by the Church of Scotland against it. Many foreign princes did the same; but from the moment indecision had vanished from the mind of Cromwell, his spirit alone pervaded the House of Commons. They did not hesitate.

It was upon the 20th of January, 1649, that Charles was brought to the bar. As he advanced towards it the eyes of Cromwell met those of the King, and he turned away as pale as death. How could it have been otherwise? His late doubts were still active. Although determined upon the course which he should take, and entertaining the positive conviction of its absolute necessity, he could not but feel a bitter pang as he gazed upon the royal victim who was bound as a sacrifice to the horns of the altar of national justice. The trial lasted seven days, and in some respects redeems the memory of the unfortunate Stuart from that obloquy which must otherwise have been inevitably heaped upon his name. He appeared to

forget his past duplicity of character in his present peril. More of the Prince and less of the political intriguer, he seemed to recur to the glories of his ancestors, and embody his own being with their spirit. Refusing to answer those charges which were advanced against him, he utterly denied the authority of the Court to try him, and when condemned to death appeared to be the only person present who was unmoved by doubt or oppressed by fear. Sixty-seven members of the Commission were sitting when sentence was passed upon him.

His execution took place on the 30th of the same month. After the blow was stricken which dissolved the connection of the English nation with their King, the body was put into a coffin covered with black velvet and removed into the Palace of Whitehall, where it was embalmed. It was then placed in a second coffin of lead and delivered to four of his servants, who attended the hearse which conveyed it to Windsor. There, by the permission of Parliament, it was buried in St. George's Chapel.

An act had been introduced in Parliament on February the 7th which prohibited the proclaiming any person king of England or Ireland, as the power and office of king were considered to be "unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty of the nation." Some six days later Prince Charles was proclaimed King of Scotland. Meanwhile the Marquis of Ormond had entered Ireland and raised an army in defence of the rights of the Stuarts. The nation rose with him. Unfortunately, he was not able to restrain them, exasperated as they had been by the government of the English Parliament.

Prompt and formidable measures were undertaken by Cromwell immediately after landing. He marched against Drogheda and summoned it to surrender. This was in the commencement of September. The garrison refuse to do so. An immediate assault was ordered. His troops were twice beaten back from the walls, and it was only when he himself led them in person that they succeeded in entering the city. Quarter was refused, and the whole of the Irish troops were mercilessly put to the sword. In his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Cromwell says: "To God alone the praise of this work belongs; for instruments, they were very inconsiderable in this work, throughout." Immediately after this exploit he marched upon Wexford. A similar summons to surrender was at once addressed to the Governor. Terrified by the vague rumors which had already

reached him touching the fate of Drogheda, and apparently apprehensive of a similar vengeance being wreaked upon him and his small garrison, he seemed inclined to comply with the summons of the English general. However, on the approach of the Earl of Castlehaven, who managed to throw a considerable body of troops into the town, he determined upon risking the event of a siege. Cromwell did not give him much time to compute the chances of foiling him. He was compelled to storm the fortifications, which he did upon the following day. After a gallant but not very protracted resistance, this city was also taken, and more than 2,000 of the enemy were slain by the infuriated conquerors. They believed themselves the appointed and chosen instruments to wreak the wrath of God upon the Irish nation. Upon the 17th of October the Lord Lieutenant arrived before Ross. A large reinforcement, consisting of 1,500 troops, had been thrown into this place by the Marquis of Ormond, and when Cromwell demanded its surrender, not the slightest answer was returned to his summons. This town was more regularly fortified than either Wexford or Drogheda had been, and he foresaw that its capture would be a task of greater difficulty. Accordingly, batteries were raised against it, and on the 19th of the month his heavy artillery opened their fire upon the walls. On the evening of the same day a large breach had been effected, and it became almost a matter of certainty that on the morning following the English would attempt to storm its defences. Apparently profiting by those lessons which had been given the Irish soldiery by the fate which had befallen the two places previously mentioned, the Governor now capitulated.

The eldest son of Charles I, who had already been proclaimed King of Scotland, was soon after invited by the Scotch Parliament to quit the Continent. He decided upon accepting the invitation which had been addressed to him. Early in the summer of 1650 he arrived there and soon after entered Edinburgh.

When news of this was brought to the Parliament of the Commonwealth it was accompanied by the rumor that the Scots had again determined upon crossing the frontier which separated the two peoples. After a brief discussion it was decided upon striking the first blow. Orders were accordingly given Fairfax to march northward. His lady, however, who was strongly Presbyterian in her religious principles, and was greatly influenced by the ministers of that persua-

sion, induced him to hesitate in at once obeying, and he intimated to the Parliament that he did not conceive they would be justified in carrying the war into Scotland.

Foreseeing that the longer it was deferred the more difficult it would become, Cromwell at once advanced to the Notrh, crossed the Tweed, and entered that kingdom with an army of 12,000 men. Scanty as these numbers were when compared with those of the forces which were opposed to him, he felt that they would be enough for the work. They were composed of those men who had already learned to conquer under him. The veterans of Marston Moor and of Naseby and a portion of the soldiery who, under his orders, had overrun Ireland, were serving under him.

In the neighborhood of Dunbar was it that David Leslie found the English turn upon him. Following them in the full conviction that they were retracing their steps for the purpose of quitting Scotland, he had entangled his troops in a false position. The eagle eye of Cromwell at once saw and his military intuition profited by this error. On the 3d of September he gained a complete victory, and more than 10,000 of the Scotch soldiery laid down their arms before him. After this Oliver marched upon Edinburgh, and that portion of the defeated army which had escaped thither after their recent defeat retired into the Castle.

But the great Puritan, who had shown himself so cruel and ruthless to the Irish Catholics, felt called upon to deal differently with the people of Scotland. He displayed patience, gentleness, and moderation towards the vanquished Presbyterians.

The entry which Oliver made on his return to London, after having gained so many victories, partook of the nature of an antique triumph. It was an ovation offered by the nation to the man who was now its hero. Members of Parliament, officers of the army, the Council of State, and the Aldermen and Common Council of the city, had gone forth to welcome him. These were followed by throngs of apprentices and soldiers, tradesmen who had quitted their counters, sailors, and handicraftsmen who had thrown aside their tools, thrifty citizens, and the frequenters of taverns, blooming maidens and matronly wives, prattling children in all the mirth of infancy, and aged men whose gray hairs were already trenching upon the shadows of the grave—all of whom were eager to look upon the man whom they proclaimed, in the intoxication of their pleasure, the Liberator of England.

That joy which had for the moment succeeded their previous fears seemed completely to have obliterated from the minds of every one his envy or his jealousy. The Parliament everloaded him with favors as the man to whose arm and sword they were indebted for their continued existence. A rich donation of lands was conferred upon him, in addition to that portion of the estates of the Earl of Worcester which had been settled upon him and his heirs in the spring of 1648. Hampton Court, which he had last known under other circumstances, was now assigned him as a residence. Those who had heretofore been the most backward in courting him, now could not weary of exhibiting to him their respect and affection. So is it always. The same enthusiasm which has hewn down and destroyed old glories is ever anxious to discover or reward new ones. It seems to fancy that in thus elevating a fresh image it returns to society that of which it had previously despoiled it. At least it did so now.

Many discordant elements were still agitating the country, and it was necessary to restore tranquility. The Long Parliament, or rather that small portion of it which was now called the "Rump" and had managed to retain its life and faculties after undergoing "Pride's Purge," although drawing undeniably near its end, still maintained a tough and resolute hold upon life. It was anxious, if possible, to prolong its existence.

It consisted at present of scarcely a remnant of its original number. Highly unpopular throughout the whole nation, it was disliked by every mode of thought, as it was denounced by every party in politics and despised by every sect in religion. From every side and by all shades of opinion it was loudly called upon to dissolve itself.

A new power was needed by the nation. It required one for the task of building up a form of government in place of that which it had so lately overthrown. But this power needed to be single and concentrated. The task of destruction can always be done by many. That of re-erecting generally demands but one will. Cromwell felt that this will must be his own.

Colonel Ingoldsby came hurriedly to Cromwell upon the 20th of April, in 1653. This was to inform him that the Parliament were then occupied in passing a bill for the purpose of prolonging their existence. "It is not honest," he exclaimed. "Yea, it is contrary to common honesty." Summoning a company of musketeers to attend him, he hur-

ried to the house, and, charging them to remain in the lobby advanced into it, and took his seat. He remained silent and motionless for more than a quarter of an hour. Then, as the Speaker, was going to take the sense of the House on the question which was before them, he turned to Lieutenant General Harrison, who was sitting beside him, and said: "I must do it." Subsequently he declared that on entering the House he had no intention of taking the step which he felt compelled to take at this moment. When he rose and addressed the House his tone was at first even and calm; but as he continued speaking it became more warm and bitter. "You are no Parliament" were his concluding words. "I will put an end to your sittings. Some of you are drunkards, others lead scandalous and corrupt lives. I say you are no Parliament. Get ye gone? Give way to honester men." Lenthall, the Speaker, would not quit his seat, but General Harrison strode up to him and, taking him by the arm, forced him to rise. "What," cried Cromwell, as he gazed upon the mace, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Take it away." So saying he pointed it out to one of the musketeers who had entered the chamber. When the members had all vanished, locking the door and placing the key in his pocket, he returned to Whitehall.

During the last two years a gradual improvement in the foreign relations of the Commonwealth had taken place. France, which had at first looked doubtfully and coldly upon the new Republic, now appeared inclined to approximate towards the victorious general.

His first step was to call together the principal military officers and those persons who had during the late troubles been occupied with civil matters and who were the most conspicuous for their sobriety of demeanor as well as for their talent. These were invited to meet at Whitehall and there consult together, for the purpose of forming an intelligent and stable government. By these a Council of State, consisting of thirteen members, was chosen. It has been said that Sir Henry Vane, who had been one of the most active leaders in the late Parliament, was invited to attend and become one of this council. Replying that he had no reason to doubt that it was the reign of the Saints which was about to commence, he intimated that he should prefer not taking any part in it until he was called to do so in heaven.

This assembly, which at first was called the Notables, was immediately convened. Their session was opened on the

4th of July by Cromwell, in person, at the Council Chamber in Whitehall. They immediately took the name of the Parliament; but unfortunately proved by no means equal to that which was expected of them. This was rather from an over-zeal than from an incapacity for their work. Order and economy were partially introduced by them into the financial affairs of the government. This alone might fairly be considered enough to redeem the Little, or, as it was more popularly called, "Barebones Parliament" from much of that obloquy which was cast upon it. After this they suppressed some of the taxes and desired to give the nation a code of laws.

It was, therefore, upon the 12th of December, that, after a brief session of five months and eleven days—it having been moved that, as the sittings of the Parliament in its present form could not be for the good of the nation, it was requisite that they should resign their functions into the hands of the Lord General. Immediately afterwards the Speaker, accompanied by the majority of the members, repaired to Whitehall. There, in the presence of Cromwell, they tendered their resignation of that office to which his word and his will had called them.

All parties in the State, with the exception of the faction of the Levellers, now turned their eyes upon Cromwell. They believed him to be the only man in England who was capable of ensuring the safety of the Commonwealth and consolidating a republican form of government.

Although evidently surprised by the resignation of the Assembly of Notables, he called together a Council of the leading officers of the army and advised with them upon the best mode in which the government might be carried on. After a lengthy discussion they came to the resolution that a form approximating to royalty would be the strongest and the most advisable for the necessities of the nation. It was accordingly determined that a Council of "godly and discreet" persons should be selected, consisting of twenty-one, and that Oliver himself should be named the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Ireland, and Scotland. They also decided that a Parliament of four hundred and sixty members should be elected and summoned together every three years, and that any neglect to issue the writs for its election by the Commissioners of the Great Seal should render them amenable to the charge of high treason.

In a few days England had bowed before and felicitated

its new master. Those who had hoped to revert once more to royalty were struck with fear. The Presbyterians had been witnesses to that which he had accomplished, and shrank from opposing that iron arm which they had once seen stretched over Ireland; while the Independents hailed, in stern and unbridled joy, the government of their favorite saint.

The Parliament had neither answered the expectations of Cromwell nor those of the people. They attempted to circumscribe his power and struggled to assert their own superiority. A vote was passed that none should be tolerated who did not profess the fundamentals of Christianity which they recognized. Another spirit than that which animated the Protector made itself glaringly obvious in their bigotry and intolerance. It was on the 22d of January, 1655, that they were summoned to meet him. He then administered them a scathing rebuke. Reproaching them for having thrown away their time and not prepared to encounter those dangers which were threatening the nation, he told them that they ought to have closed the breaches which divided it, and made it secure, happy, and well satisfied. He said that the army had been debauched and divided by the enemies of the Commonwealth; while they, by their inaction, had afforded them great advantages. With a singular advance beyond the spirit of the age, he also reproached them for their attacks upon religious liberty. "Is there not yet," said he, "upon the spirits of men a strange itching? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can press their finger upon their brethren's consciences to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the contest we had with the common enemy. * * Had not they themselves labored but lately under the weight of persecution? And was it fit for them to sit heavy on others? * * It is ungenerous to ask liberty and not to give it. What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the Bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves as soon as their yoke was removed?"

Recovering from their temporary depression of spirits, the Royalists coalesced with the Levellers, who shrank not from loudly declaring that even Charles was preferable to Oliver Cromwell. The reasons of this are obvious to the most cursory student of history. Under the government of the Protector they were unable to excite the disturbances which they had previously done. His hand weighed directly upon them and imposed a curb whose check upon them they scarcely had dared at first to murmur against. With these last

he dealt mildly. It was, however, necessary to maintain order and sobriety in the Commonwealth. For the purpose of doing this he accordingly divided England into twelve districts, over which he placed men of the most exemplary zeal and unimpeachable integrity. These officers were charged with the universal civil and military superintendence in their respective districts.

At this time many of the Lords and gentlemen connected with the Royalist party, who had been previously retained prisoners, were released, and a growing confidence in the stability of the government began to be manifested by the proprietors of landed estates, whose security had been violently shaken and disturbed during the recent wars which had disorganized England. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned that gentlemen of birth and quality began once more to serve upon the Grand Juries. This is only stated to demonstrate the satisfaction with which a strong and vigorous administration of the national resources began to be received even among the Royalists.

Nevertheless, he encountered great risks in having placed himself at the head of the Republic. Against him solely were now concentrated the hatred and enmity of that portion of the Royalist party which still retained their distrust of the Commonwealth.

The discovery of a plot was made on January 19th in the following year. Its object was to burn the palace of Whitehall and to assassinate the Protector. A day of thanksgiving for his escape from this danger was appointed by the Parliament, and the members of the House waited upon Cromwell and congratulated him upon his deliverance. Men's thoughts were now more narrowly directed to the means of strengthening the government against all such attempts upon the life of the Protector, and gradually these settled in one direction amongst the more sober portion of the nation. It wished to revert to the old forms to which its fathers had been accustomed. It had been used to the name of king. In his hands upon whom its eyes were fixed was all that power which their former associations taught them to link with it. Was it not natural that its inclinations should slowly but surely take this direction?

But, while a large section of the people thought thus, there was a more limited portion who had gradually drawn off from Cromwell since he had been installed in the Protectorate. To these the idea of offering him the crown was one

which caused them a deep and serious feeling of pain. Amongst them were the extreme Independents and many of the leading officers of the army, who were the most closely connected with him. At length, on February the 23d, 1657, Sir Christopher Pack, an alderman of the city of London, introduced a motion in the House of Commons that the crown, with the title of King, should be offered to the Lord Protector. This was seconded by Colonel Jephson. Being at table with Cromwell dining with him upon the following day, Oliver reprimanded him for having done this. Jephson replied that he had followed the dictates of his own conscience, and that he should ever, with God's will, take the liberty of so doing. When he answered thus, the Protector struck him lightly upon the shoulder, saying: "Go, go! You are mad."

This motion was violently opposed by the stricter Republicans, of whom there were yet many in the House. They admitted that the regal power was in the hands of Cromwell, but they declared that it would be impossible for them to return to a form of government which they had deliberately destroyed. However, the majority of the legal opinion in the present Parliament was decidedly in its favor. Necessarily this had great weight with a large proportion of its members, who were not yet decided, and, in consequence, the motion was ultimately carried. Upon the 31st of March, therefore, a petition was presented to the Protector by a commission deputed from the House that he should take upon himself the title and office of King, which the Parliament believed would be most conformable to the laws and temper of the people of England.

Praying that time might be afforded him for deliberation, Cromwell said to them: "Should I give any resolution in this matter suddenly without seeking to have an answer put into my heart and so into my mouth by Him that hath been my God and my guide hitherto, it would savour more to be of the flesh, to proceed from lust, to arise from argument of self. And if my decision have such motives in me, it may prove even a crime to you and to these three nations." Within three days the commission again waited upon him for the purpose of learning his answer. On this occasion he said to them: "I return the Parliament my grateful acknowledgments. But I must needs say that which may be fit for you to offer may not be fit for me to undertake. I am not able for such a trust and charge."

Do these words justify those aspersions which have been so constantly heaped upon Cromwell? Unless the hypocrisy be admitted which the whole tenor of his life so entirely and so consistently disproves, they must be allowed to prove the sincerity which actuated him in declining to accept that which he himself said was no more than a *feather in the cap.*

A singularly perverse, and, if we may say so, unlucky, fate would seeem to have attended and darkened the memory of Cromwell. Some writers distinctly allege that he entertained the desire of becoming, and actually intrigued to have himself proclaimed, King. There are others who as positively and unhesitatingly deny that he ever felt this inclination. Yet both have not only aspersed his memory, but have actually impeached his wisdom—these as strangely blaming him for cherishing this desire as those stigmatize him for not having done so.

In 1657, upon the 20th of June, was Cromwell, after having refused the kingdom, solemnly inaugurated as the Protector of the Commonwealth, after having held the office for the space of two years and a half. This inauguration took place in Westminister Abbey, where the Speaker presented him with a robe of purple velvet, a sword, and a sceptre of massive gold. Parliament was almost immediately after this prorogued to the 20th of January in the following year. From experience Cromwell had found the necessity of having two Houses of the Legislature. He already seemed to see the necessity of that system of weights and balances in a representative form of government which is now one of its admitted axioms. By the consent of the Commons he accordingly constituted the Upper--they invariably called it the Other—House. This consisted of sixty-one hereditary members, who were appointed by the Protector. Amongst these were Richard and Henry Cromwell, with his son-in-law, Fleetwood, who had married the widow of Ireton. In opening the two Houses, he addressed them as "My Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons."

Nothing more than this was wanting. Already jealous of that branch of the Legislature which, with their own consent, he had called into being, they at once took offence at the manner in which these appellations had been used. Refusing to give the other House their title, they grew sour and discontented. Their proceedings were by no means such as the Protector desired them to have been. He accordingly

summoned them to meet him on the 25th of January, when he addressed them at great length. His speech was masterly in the extreme. It was almost entirely addressed to the Continental relations of England, discussing the projects and intentions of the latter in a method the statesmanlike precision of which had, up to this period, never been equalled by any one in that nation.

Their own dissensions took the precedence with the Parliament,even of the internal government of England. Personal disputes occupied the whole of the time which remained to them from their one great annoyance, even when war was at their very doors; and the Spaniards incensed by recent differences and forgetful of the defeat of that armada which they had called the "Invincible," were again threatening to invade England.

It was about this time that a marriage was talked about between Frances, the youngest and most beautiful of the daughters of Cromwell, and the eldest son of Charles Stuart, who was called by the Royalists Charles II. This had been so fully canvassed by the heads of both parties that the young Prince had suffered himself openly to approve of it; and Lady Dysart, who was an intimate friend of the wife of the Protector, had spoken to her several times upon the subject. At length she ventured to broach the matter to her husband, and urge it upon his attention as a means of at once healing the differences which still existed in the nation. Patiently did Cromwell hear his wife to the end. Then, taking her by the hand, he said to her, sadly and seriously: "Charles Stuart can never pardon me his father's death. Did he do so, he would be unworthy of the crown." Meanwhile something had been going on with regard to Frances Cromwell of which neither the Protector nor his wife had the slightest suspicion.

Interest had been made by the friends of a young clergyman named Jeremiah White to procure him the appointment of one of Oliver's chaplains. This was accorded to him. In addition to his youth, he was eminently good-looking. Struck by the beauty of the Lady Frances, he had the presumption to pay her his addresses. Measuring his person rather than his position, she accorded him this liberty and suffered herself to be attracted towards him. The Protector chanced to surprise him one forenoon, upon his knees before her, kissing her hand. "What does this mean?" inquired Cromwell, as his eyes fell upon the young minister. Jeremiah immediately

started to his feet. Whether it was the stern and angry glance of his master which was fastened upon him that prompted the lie which rose to his lips, it would be impossible to say; it may, however, be presumed that it was so. He summoned up assurance enough to stammer out an answer. This was to the effect that he had for a length of time been paying attention to one of the maids of the Lady Frances; but not being successful, he had been entreating her Ladyship to use her influence in his favor. "How," asked Oliver, as he turned to the girl who was in attendance upon her mistress, "is this? Mr. White is one of my friends. I expect that you will treat him well." Blushing and trembling, the young woman stepped forward. Probably she had previously admired the Reverend Jeremiah and had desired him for a husband. Having the chance of obtaining him thrown in her way, she determined not to allow it to slip through her fingers. "If Mr. White wishes to do me that honor," she replied, "I will most assuredly not refuse him."

Oliver's eyes glistened with wrath, mingled with a good-humored malice, as he turned rapidly round and cried out, "Let my chaplain, Mr. Goodwin, come here immediately." Not the slighest chance of a retreat lay open to the Rev. Jeremiah White from the declaration which he had made at this juncture. He was accordingly married, and it is said that Cromwell bestowed a handsome dowry upon the bride who was improvised for the occasion. Shortly after, the Lady Frances was wedded to Robert Rich, the heir of the Earl of Warwick.

It was under these circumstances, while the Lower House was forgetting the necessities of the moment and lowering its own dignity by idle and angry discussions, that, on the 4th of February, 1658, the Usher of the Black Rod informed them that his Highness the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth had visited the House of Lords and was desirous of speaking with them.

When they hastened thither, it was to receive a just and well-merited rebuke. "You have not only disjointed yourselves, but the whole nation, which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat than it hath been from the rising of the last session, to this day. * * * I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament, and let God be a judge between you and me." He never spoke again in public

It was almost immediately after this dissolution that Oliver recalled Fleetwood from the government of Ireland, to which he had been appointed after the death of his son-in-law Ireton. He also cancelled the commission of Lambert, whom he knew to have been engaged in an intrigue for the purpose of displacing him, utterly regardless of the many pecuniary and other favors which had been bestowed upon him. Several others of the officers of the army were also dismissed or set aside.

Soon afterwards the ramifications of a plot were discovered. By this conspiracy Cromwell was to have been murdered and thrown out of a window of the Palace of Whitehall, or otherwise disposed of. The sovereignty of Jesus would then have been proclaimed by the fanatics. The leaders in this singular conspiracy for inaugurating the Prince of Peace by an assassination were, however, traced out and the majority of them apprehended. Neither was this the only design which at this period threatened the existence of the government.

For many weeks the Marquis of Ormond, who had opposed the army of the Parliament in Ireland, had been concealed in the metropolis for the purpose of arranging a combined movement upon the part of the Royalists. Charles Stuart had collected an army of 8,000 soldiers and had twenty-two ships already in readiness awaiting the moment which was to be indicated to him for making another trial to regain that kingdom which his sire had so dearly paid for misgoverning. These preparations were, however, disconcerted by the singular and wary vigilance of the Protector. He had by chance discovered one of the threads of the proposed movement and lost no time in tracing them out. Three of the principals who had embarked in this conspiracy were apprehended; but Ormond succeeded, in spite of the most sedulous research, in making his escape.

Yet, although apparently successful in every thing which contributed to uphold his power, the fiat had gone out from the Almighty for terminating the troubled and eventful life of Cromwell. His arduous toils and his many and wearing years had both slowly scored themselves against his name. His health had long been declining, and on the 6th of August a blow fell heavily upon him from which he was destined not to recover. This was the death of Lady Claypole. She had been, since the death of his eldest son, his favorite child. Her gentleness, yet firmness, of disposition,

combined as it was with her tenderness of sentiment, and a profound feeling of those Christian duties which so greatly elevate the human character, had exercised an empire over the more kindly portion of Cromwell's spirit that had never intruded itself upon the public eye. For fourteen days he never quitted her side.

He was attacked with a severe but remittent fever on the 21st of the same month. However, with his accustomed hardness of will, he would not give way to it, but continued to take his daily drive in the park at Hampton Court. In one of these he saw George Fox, the Quaker, who had formerly remonstrated with him upon the proceedings of the Parliament against his brethren. Lowering one of the windows of the carriage, he beckoned him to approach, and spoke with him for a considerable time. Twice only, after this meeting, did George Fox see him. The first time was before the Council, where the Protector "rated him soundly"; at least we have the evidence of Fox himself that he did so. The second time was also in Hampton Park. He says that on this occasion, as he passed him, riding at the head of his life-guard, he felt "a waft of death go forth against him."

Cromwell now grew slowly and steadily worse. In this stage of his illness the physicians strenuously advised him to keep his bed, and very shortly after receiving this counsel he was compelled by bodily weakness to do so. His ague-fits now rapidly increased in their frequency and severity, and at his own desire he was removed to Whitehall.

In all probability, feeling that he might not possibly have long to live, in his last moments he felt the wish to be nearer those who had been entrusted by him with the functions of government over a people he had loved so well, whom he had so arduously toiled for both in the chamber, in the council and on the field of battle, and to whose prosperity and well-being he had devoted the whole of his mighty vigor and dominant energy. As his illness now rapidly increased, public and private prayers were assiduously offered up for his recovery. Even those who had been the most pertinaciously occupied in conspiring against him were subdued into silence and stillness in the hour of his agony.

On the following day he was asked, in behalf of the Council of State, upon whom he wished the government of the country to devolve in the event of his death. He replied to them that he had left a paper in his library at

Hampton Court which contained his last injunctions. This paper, it is said, was never discovered. Probably it was destroyed either by Richard Cromwell or the Council who believed that they might profit by his indecision of character in carrying on the government of England. It has, at all events, been supposed that his second living son, Henry Cromwell, was designated by his dying father as his successor to the Protectorate, in this paper. From all that we are now able to learn of the two brothers, he would certainly seem to have been eminently the most fitted to succeed Oliver, partaking, as he is said to have done, in an eminent degree of all those sound and great qualities by which his sire was so singularly distinguished.

He spoke again on the evening of September the 2d, but it was for the last time. Something had been offered him to drink with which an opiate had been mingled. He pushed it feebly from him. These were his words: "It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." Surely these are not the words of the man, reported by his enemies to have been without conscience, a political intriguer and a thorough and consummate hypocrite.

On the morning of September the 3d, the anniversary of the victories which he had gained at Dunbar and Worcester, he was speechless and comparatively insensible. It was between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon that Oliver Cromwell died.

When the intelligence of this was made known to the nation at large, the sorrow which was expressed by the majority of them was both great and abiding. An unspeakable consternation and profound anxiety seemed at once to descend upon all Englishmen. Those even who had disliked and feared him now gazed with terror upon the future; while those who had opposed him paused and inquired gloomily into the chances that his death opened to them. Most of the sovereigns and princes of Europe assumed mourning for the Republican Chieftain.

ART. III.—1. *Histoire universelle de l'Église chrétienne.* Par J. MATTER. 4 vols., 4to. Strasburg: 1829–1836.

2. *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* By EDWARD GIBBON. Edited by Rev. H. H. MILMAN. 6 vols. London: 1865.

3. *Histoire de la Civilisation en France depuis la chute de l'Empire Romaine.* Par M. GUIZOT. Paris: 1862.

4. *Histoire de l'Église et de l'Empire.* Par J. LESUEUR. Amsterdam.

IT seems incredible, at first sight, how soon the public forgets important events. The most enlightened communities cease in a very short time to have any definite recollection either of the facts which they have read in history, or of those which have been accomplished before their own eyes. If, sometimes, one or the other are retained in the memory they receive a coloring from our prejudices or predilections which entirely misrepresent them even to ourselves. Thus it is that, with the most upright intentions, those who depend on their memory, without carefully and dispassionately reflecting on the past, so often deceive themselves and others. Unfortunately, there are many who consider themselves statesmen and public instructors who do not hesitate to draw conclusions from impressions thus vague and erroneous, and to influence the public to act in accordance with these conclusions, whatever evils they may lead to, however much they may disturb the peace of the world, or whatever tendency they may have to excite strife and discord even among those who have the same interests in common.

It is this defect of memory and thoughtlessness which cause the temporal power of the Pope to seem so monstrous an evil to many thousands of well-meaning people. We are not in the least biased in favor of Pius IX. more than we are in favor of any other sovereign, further than we think his conduct deserves more consideration. If his Holiness pursued a course which we thought wrong, we would not hesitate to criticise him; although we trust that in doing so, we should not forget that respect and veneration which are due to age, unblemished character and piety. We have studied his history pretty carefully; and we find that the worst that even his enemies lay to his charge can be regarded only as an error in judgment.

Why, then, should he be deprived of his temporal power,

more than any other sovereign who is equally blameless? Can it be said that he did not acquire it lawfully? Some will reply that if Pius IX. is a mild and indulgent sovereign, the same cannot be said of certain of his predecessors. But where is there a sovereign of any ancient State who would be safe if subjected to this test? Even her Britannic Majesty, whom we have always regarded as a good woman, could be told, with too much truth, that several of her predecessors, male and female, were bad sovereigns. She might reply in the affirmative; but ask could she be held responsible for errors committed fifty, a hundred, perhaps a thousand, years ago. Some Popes have proved bad men as well as bad rulers; but, we are bound to admit that those of this character have been very few—certainly not more than one out of a hundred. Then we have to make a still more important admission—namely, that the bad Popes were not legally elected. They were not chosen by the legitimate ecclesiastical authority; but forced upon the Church by those kings or emperors who happened to have most power in their time. Had the fact been otherwise, it would be both illogical and narrow-minded to condemn hundreds for the conduct of three or four; if this would be fair or just, should not the eleven apostles be held responsible for the treason of the twelfth?

Be this as it may, it is much more difficult to set aside an idea long entertained and cherished by the large majority of Christians than modern statesmen seem to be aware. This would not be the less true, though all the statesmen of Europe and America, Protestant and Catholic, would uanimously concur in the same view. They could, indeed, deprive Pius IX. of his temporal power; it would be easy to overthrow a sovereign who would scarcely make any armed resistance. Nothing more would be necessary on the part of the leading powers of Europe than to call on him to resign; if it were added that he must go into exile, this order, too, he would most probably obey. He might die in France, Germany, England or America; yet it would be by no means certain that the temporal power of the Pope was at an end, no matter what sort of a government ruled Rome in the meantime.

History furnishes us lessons and warnings enough on this point, although both are unheeded. It is forgotten that the Pope has several times been attacked and deprived of his power, and that as often it has been found necessary, even by those who had been most opposed to his rule, to induce him to come

back again. All this we will show as we proceed; but let us first see what is the origin of his temporal power, and ascertain whether there is any dynasty in Europe whose title is better founded, or whose rights are more clearly defined. Nor need we rely on the opinions of any Catholic writers for these facts; not only Protestants, but those known to be opposed to Christianity, do justice te the Popes in this respect. Of the latter suffice it to mention Gibbon and Hume, each of whom bears testimony to the legitimate rights of the Pope as a temporal sovereign—rights which, in point of fact, were originally conferred by the people and only ratified by kings and emperors.

In order to understand this, it will be necessary to remember that it was not until the Pope was known to be beloved by hundreds of thousands; until it was evident that hundreds of thousands had implicit confidence in him as a father, and would much rather pay taxes to him than to any other ruler, that temporal power was conferred upon him by the emperors. We must also do the Popes the justice to bear in mind that before they had any territories or recognized temporal power they had often protected the people from the tyranny of the emperors. They had denounced that tyranny, and by their influence rendered it dangerous, even to those who had the largest armies, to persist in it. Thus, it is not to the piety or superstition of kings or emperors the popes are indebted for their temporal power, but to the gratitude of a people who regarded them as both their temporal and spiritual protectors. In commenting on the attacks of one of the emperors on the Church, Gibbon makes the following remarks: "A strong alternative," he says, "was proposed to the Roman pontiff—the royal favor as the price of his compliance, degradation and exile as the penalty of disobedience. Neither zeal nor policy allowed him to hesitate; and the haughty strain in which Gregory addressed the emperor displays his confidence in the truth of his doctrine or the powers of resistance. Without depending on prayers or miracles he boldly armed against the public enemy, and his pastoral letters *admonished the Italians of their danger and their duty.*"*

The historian also tells us what the result was; he shows that Gregory was entirely successful in throwing off the yoke of the Greek emperors; although the latter left no effort untried to maintain their power. "The City (Rome)

* Decline and Fall of Roman Empire, vol. v, p. 19.

was repeatedly visited or assaulted by captains of the guards, and dukes and exarchs of high dignity or secret trust; they landed with foreign troops, they obtained some domestic aid, &c. But these clandestine or open atttacks were repelled by the courage and vigilance of the Romans.*" Further on Gibbon shows how the most enlightened of the Carlovingian sovereigns were glad to have an opportunity to confer temporal power on the Pope. "The Greek emperor had abdicated or forfeited his right to the Exarchate, and the sword of Astolphus was broken by the stronger sword of the Carlovingian. It was not in the cause of the Iconoclast that Pepin had exposed his person and army in a double expedition beyond the Alps; he possessed and might lawfully alienate his conquests; and to the importunities of the Greeks he piously replied that no human consideration should tempt him to resume the gift which he had conferred on the Roman Pontiff."†

Such is the testimony of one who has omitted nothing which he thought would tend to bring discredit on the Church of Rome. He has, indeed, suppressed many things, or only alluded to them derisively with that view; but had he failed to record such facts as those we have just noted, his work could not have attained the celebrity to which, with all its faults, it is justly entitled. We should also bear in mind that the sneers of Gibbon are not directed merely against the Church of Rome, but against all churches that acknowledge Christ as their founder. It is easy to understand, therefore, how it is that Gibbon does not present the gift of Pepin in a very favorable light; he fails to explain to us that Astolphus, King of the Lombards, had invaded the Roman Dukedom and seized all its territories. Pepin makes war upon him, defeats him in two battles, in 754 and 755; having thus conquered him, he compels him to deliver up to the see of Rome all the territories, cities, castles, &c., he had seized in the Roman Dukedom. Was this honorable and legitimate, or was it not? The best proof that it was no hasty or thoughtless act, but one that was approved by the best statesmen of the day, is to be found in the fact that it was not only confirmed by Charles the Great (Charlemagne) but that illustrious monarch added several cities and provinces to the grant of his father.

If the power of the Popes had no higher antiquity than this, it would still have been more ancient than that of any dynasty of Europe. But they had a temporal power which

* Decline and Fall of Roman Empire, vol. v, p. 19. † Ibid., p. 32.

was fully recognized centuries previously. Thus, be it remembered, that it was in 392 A. D. the law of Valentinian expressly empowered the Pope of Rome to examine and judge all other bishops, that religious disputes might not be decided by profane and secular judges. We have sufficient proof that this was no mere personal favor in the fact that the Council of the Church which met at Rome five years afterwards (378) solemnly confirmed the Valentinian law. Yet, certain writers, whose zeal is greater than their respect for the truth of history, inform us that when Adrian I. and Leo III. produced to Charlemagne a parchment represented to contain a large grant of territory from Constantine the Great, they acted under false pretences. There was no such grant, they tell us; that now exhibited was a forgery. But the acknowledged facts fully refute this charge. What need was there for forgeries when one of the first acts of Charlemagne, after coming to the imperial throne, was to ratify the grant of his father, Pepin? On having been remonstrated with by the Greeks for this, he replied that it was too small a grant for the purpose, and, consequently, that instead of withholding what his father had given he would make important additions to it. Nor did he fail to keep his word. This was no mere charitable, or pious donation; it was simply a recognition of the public opinion of Christendom—the same feeling which prompted him to proceed to Rome in the depth of winter in order to induce Leo III. to crown him as Emperor of the Romans; and thus was performed on Christmas Day, A. D. 800, the ceremony which laid the foundations of the new Christian empire in the West, which was to take the place of the fallen pagan empire. It is very clear that a Pope whose influence was such that he could command the greatest sovereign in the world to wait on him at the Vatican had no occasion to forge old parchments in order to induce that sovereign to grant him some additional territory. Those who make the opposite statements only stultify themselves; and no intelligent reader that is free from bigotry thanks them for their pains.

It may, then, be safely asserted that the temporal power of the Pope dates back to the time of Constantine the Great; although it was but little exercised for centuries afterwards. In other words, the right on the part of the Pope of possessing and exercising temporal power was recognized by kings, emperors, and people for several centuries before he availed himself of it—that is, before he was attacked by the

Greek emperors, as we have seen, and left no alternative but either to submit to degradation or go into exile, suffering the Romans, if not Italians in general, to be brought under a worse despotism than they had ever felt before.

We do not make these statements on any Catholic authority, but confine ourselves strictly to the testimony of Protestants, and of those who are neither Protestants nor Catholics—that is, to the testimony of men whose only motive in the discussion is to place the facts on record and secure for themselves the reputation of reliable historians. If it be alleged that they had other motives, at least it cannot be pretended that men like Gibbon, Hume, Milman, Robertson, &c., would say more in favor of the Church of Rome, or its Popes, than they deserved.

Now we will see what another Protestant writer says on the same subject. None who are acquainted with the writings of Guizot will assert that there is any more reliable authority than he on the growth of power in Europe during the middle ages. If in treating subjects connected with the Reformation and its results he shows any partiality, he does so towards the Protestants; this is what might be expected from a descendant of one of the most ancient Huguenot families in France, who still professes the religion of his ancestors. But what does this truly learned and impartial historian tell us on the subject under consideration?

In discussing the position and influence of the Church three centuries anterior to the time of Charlemagne, Guizot shows that the prevailing sentiment was in favor of its possessing and exercising temporal power. He informs us that four different systems had each their advocates; but that the following was the prevailing one: "The State is subordinate to the Church; in a moral point of view the Church takes precedence of the State even in chronological order; the Church is the first society, superior, eternal; civil society is only a consequence, an application of its maxims; it is to the spiritual authority that sovereignty appertains; temporal power should be only its instrument."*

No ultramontanist could claim more than this; and let it

* "L'Etat est subordonné à l'Église: sous le point de vue moral, dans l'ordre chronologique même, l'Église précède l'État; l'Eglise est la société première, supérieure, éternelle; la société civile n'est qu'une conséquence, une application de ses maximes; c'est au pouvoir spirituel qu'appartient la souveraineté; le pouvoir temporel ne doit être que son instrument."—*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome i, p. 69.

be borne in mind that Guizot is speaking, not of the eighth or seventh century but of the fifth. As already intimated, there is not one of our third or fourth rate Protestant writers who does not insist on the forgery story in reference to Constantine. But investigators like Guizot know better; and those who labor hard in search of truth are not apt to make falsehood of it after they have found it. Accordingly, Guizot tells us, in his third lecture on Civilization in France, that "Christianity mounted the throne with Constantine." "La situation de l'Église," he adds, "envers l'État a grandement changé à cette époque. Il serait *faux* de dire qu'elle est tombée alors sous le gouvernment de l'Etat, que le système de sa subordination au pouvoir temporal a prevalu. En général, les empereurs n'ont pas prétendu régler la foi: ils ont accepté la doctrine de l'Église."* The same philosopher gives his opinion of the motives which actuated Pepin in ceding territories to the Pope. "The principal were," he says, the peril which the Lombards caused to the papacy, and the need which Pepin had of the Pope to sanction his title of King. The alliance thus formed produced two important results; it raised in Gaul a new race of sovereigns, and it destroyed the kingdom of the Lombards in Italy; thus giving Gallo-Frankish civil and religious society an impetus in a direction, which tended to cause royalty to prevail in the civil order and the papacy in the religious order."†

Now, assuming that the Popes had no authority before this, their temporal power would still be older than that of any dynasty in Europe; as old, at least, as that of Charlemagne—and how many dynasties have passed away since his time? How many dynasties have ruled England, Spain, Portugal, Naples, &c.? Even the power of the Hapsburgs, who boast their descent from the Cæsars, is modern compared to that of the Popes. May it not well be asked, therefore, why should they be disturbed in their sovereignty? Who has a right to deprive them of their power? What have they done, taking the good with the bad, to forfeit rights which have been recognized by the majority of Christians for at

* Hist. de la Civilisation en France, tome i, p. 73.

† "Deux circonstances particulières, le péril que les Lombards faisaient courir à la papauté, et le besoin qu'eut Peppin du pape pour faire sanctionner son titre de roi, en firent une étroite alliance. Elle éleva dans la Gaule une nouvelle race de souverains, détruisit en Italie le royaume des Lombards, et poussa la société gallo-franque, civile et religieuse, dans une route qui tendait à faire prévaloir dans l'ordre civil la royauté, dans l'ordre religieux la papauté." —*Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome i, p. 112.

least fourteen centuries? Yet it is nothing new for them to be attacked. If Pope Pius were dragged out of Rome to-morrow, he would not be the first Pope who was dragged in a similar manner.

Of the many who protest with such strong indignation against the temporal power of the Pope because, as they tell us, it is so terrible an incubus on the people of the Papal States, it is evident that very few of them have any definite idea of the history of that people. For the information of such, we will here state a few facts, which they, as well as we, can find in any respectable history of France, or Italy referring to that epoch. By a series of artful intrigues —perhaps like some at present engaged in — Philip the Fair of France caused the seat of the papal government to be removed, in 1307, from Rome to Avignon, in France, where it remained until 1378.

All who give any account of Rome during this period represent its condition in the gloomiest colors. There were three parties in the city who, headed respectively by three powerful families—the Savilli, the Orsini, and the Colonna—were almost constanly at war with each other; and between them the people were cruelly oppressed. Prior to this experience, the latter rose several times in insurrection against the Pope, and more than once they expelled him. While the Popes were at Avignon, scarcely a month passed without an *emeute* at Rome. The opportunities thus afforded induced Colla Rienzi, in 1347, to attempt a revolution. During the temporary absence of the ruling senator, he excited a revolt among the lower order, who took up arms and expelled the nobles from Rome, and established a republican government, called the *Good Estate*. Rienzi had himself appointed chief magistrate, with the title of Tribune. His reign, however, was but brief; not content with wreaking his vengeance on the nobles, he soon began to act the tyrant towards his own friends—those by whose aid he obtained his power—and the result was that he was assassinated.

This, however, was not the end of Republican government in Modern Rome. Not long after the death of Rienzi, magistrates called Bannerets were duly elected by the thirteen districts into which the city was divided for that purpose, and they maintained their power by a militia of three thousand citizens. They, too, acted as if it was their duty to create disorder rather than order, to excite strife rather than to maintain peace; they hanged many nobles in the public

streets for little, if anything, more than their being nobles, while they allowed the banditti to plunder and hang nearly as many more as they felt disposed.

This was the condition of the Eternal City when Gregory XI. was induced, in 1378, by the earnest entreaties of the people of Rome, to remove from Avignon to the seat of so many of his predecessors. In proof of these facts also, we need quote no Catholic historians; we need not go beyond Hume, who, it is well known, has never spared the Church or the Popes when he had ny thing which he considered well founded to say agai nt either: "After the Pope had resided many years at Avignon," says Hume, "Gregory XI. was persuaded to return to Rome; and upon his death, which happened in 1380, the Romans, *resolute to fix for the future the seat of the papacy in Italy*, besieged the cardinals in the conclave, and *compelled* them, though they were mostly Frenchmen, to elect Urban VI, an Italian, into that high dignity."*

All did not do, however. When the kings of France could not prevail on the Pope to leave Rome by threats or promises, they had a pope of their own elected.† Now, is it not remarkable that, if the Popes were such despots as they are invariably represented by partisan writers, the Italians and the French were equally anxious to have them amongst them, and that in proportion as the former had experienced the blessings of "self-government" did this anxiety increase?

Thus, if Victor Emanuel seized his Holiness as if he were a malefactor, he would not be the first king who had seized on the Pope; but much greater monarchs than Victor Emanuel lived to see that, however much they showed their power and courage in making a captive of the sovereign pontiff, it had been better for them to let him alone. This we will now proceed to show. We need not go farther back than the time of Charles (the Constable) of Bourbon (1528), who sacked Rome and captured the Pope. When the Constable got a reinforcement of 14,000 Germans to his already large and victorious army he thought he could dispose of Europe as he thought proper. We are told that his German soldiers, being inflamed by the novel doctrines of Luther, clamored to be led against the Pope. Bourbon

* Hist. of England, vol. ii, p. 322.

† Instance Robert, son of the Count of Geneva, who took the name of Clement VII.

was either unable or unwilling to restrain them. Marching at their head with the whole imperial guard under his command, in the depth of winter, he arrived before Rome on the 5th of May, 1527. It was in vain that Pope Clement had in the meantime entered into a treaty with the viceroy at Naples. Being assured that there was no danger, his Holiness had disbanded the troops which he had raised on hearing that he was to be attacked. On arriving before the city, Bourbon did not hesitate a moment; he gave orders to assault the walls at daybreak next morning. Not content with this, he insisted on planting the first ladder with his own hands; but scarcely had he set his foot on it, when he was struck by a musket ball in the side, and fell back into the fosse mortally wounded. This afforded his fanatical army a new pretext for wreaking their vengeance on Rome. They stormed the ramparts and slaughtered the feeble garrison without mercy. The hordes of Alaric or Atilla scarcely perpetrated more horrible atrocities in any city they had captured than the Romans now suffered.

This was not for a day or a week, but for seven months. It is easy to understand that neither life nor property was safe during this time. As for the Pope, no indignity was too gross for him; he was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was treated as a common malefactor. Although the Reformation had at this time made considerable progress in England, the English people, as well as the French, were horrified at the news of the barbarities perpetrated on the helpless Pontiff and his capital. Whatever were the faults of Henry VIII., this strongly excited his indignation; and he immdiately entered into an engagement with the King of France by which they were to get up a joint expedition as quickly as possible for the liberation of the Pope. When Charles V. heard of these preparations he pretended that he too was in the deepest distress; but instead of sending troops he ordered public prayers in all the churches of Spain for his deliverance. The truth was that Charles was jealous of the friendship between the Pope and Francis I., and, while affecting to be deeply concerned for his Holiness, he wished at heart to put an end to his temporal power. He thought all was settled now, and that the prayers would satisfy his Catholic subjects. But he soon learned that the French and English were in earnest; for they captured Allessandria, Pavia, and Genoa in turn, although each was garrisoned by imperial troops. These rapid movements

brought Charles to his senses; but so anxious was he to be rid of the antagonistic influence of the Pope that he persisted under one pretence or other, in retaining him in captivity until the allied army made its appearance before Naples (April 29, 1528). Even then he did not liberate him until he was paid a ransom of 250,000 ducats, and received a solemn promise from the pontiff that he would do nothing contrary to the imperial interest in Italy. It is almost needless to say that when the fanatics saw the Pope imprisoned like a malefactor, and Rome sacked in the name and by the armies of the chief of the princes of Christendom, they regarded his temporal power, if not the papacy itself, as a thing of the past.

But the history of Pius VI. and Pius VII. alone should be sufficient to satisfy any thoughtful person that it is not so easy to set the power of the Pope aside as so many would have us believe; since it shows that France, even at the meridian of its power, proved unequal to the task. As Charles V. and the Constable of Bourbon mistook the fanaticism of the German rabble at the time of the Reformation for the public sentiment of Europe, so did Napoleon Bonaparte mistake the anti-Christian sentiment of revolutionary France for the same opinion. Wise as Napoleon undoubtedly was in many respects, he committed a great error in supposing that, because the revolutionists burned the Pope in effigy (1791) and passed a decree abolishing the Christian religion, he might easily accomplish what had so signally failed Charles V. and the Constable of Bourbon. Actuated by this impression, his first care, after his triumphs on the Adige and the Mincio against Austria, was to attack the Pope. He quickly overran the States of the Church, and dispersed the papal troops after a feeble resistance. In order to save Rome from being once more pillaged, Pius VI. signed an agreement by which he ceded to the invader the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna, together with Avignon and its territory. In addition to this, his Holiness had to pay a contribution of fifteen millions of francs; yet such was the rapacity of Napoleon and his desire to convince those who had abolished the Christian religion, that he had as great a contempt for popery as themselves, he plundered the celebrated galleries of Rome of their choicest treasures, and robbed the churches of all he could convert into money. Now, at all events, it was thought by all who disliked the Popes that their reign, at least as temporal sovereigns, was

at end. Rome was occupied by the French from November 19, 1797, to August of the following year, when the combined forces of Russia, Austria, and England forced them to capitulate; and by these three powers the government of the Pope was re-established.

Napoleon was determined, however, that there should be an end to the power of the Pope; accordingly his first care, as soon as the fortunes of the Republic began to revive, was to have him expelled from Rome. Even this was not deemed sufficient humiliation; his Holiness was formally deposed February 22, 1798; and he died at Valence the following year. At the beginning of 1800, Pius VII. was elected in exile; he, too, was dethroned; and he remained a prisoner at Fontainebleau till Napoleon's overthrow, when he was fully restored.

In this brief sketch of the treatment received by the Popes from Napoleon, we have omitted many facts which are highly creditable to the former and as highly discreditable to the latter; but to most of our readers they are sufficiently known. Napoleon admitted more than once, that his course towards the Popes was a serious mistake; but, he added, that he made the discovery when it was too late; although it was it that induced him to re-establish the Christian religion. When he saw that in proportion as the misfortunes of the Pope increased, public opinion throughout Europe—even in Protestant countries—became more and more favorable to his temporal power, he made a virtue, as usual, of necessity, and one day remarked to M. Fontanes, "Savez-vous ce quej'aime le plus dans le monde? C'est l'impuissance de la force à fonder quelque chose."

Those who are now firmly convinced that the Pope should forthwith be deprived of his temporal power would do well to bear in mind that it was not Napoelon alone who had learned in 1814, that force cannot set aside an idea which is deeply impressed on the public mind; all the Protestant powers of Europe, including England, recognized the same principle in regard to the Pope, and voted in favor of restoring him all the territories of his predecessors. Nothing astonished Napoleon more than this; nothing could have more excited the indignation of the anti-popery fanatics. Lord Castlereagh was everywhere burned in effigy by the Orangemen as a traitor to Protestantism, because, whatever were his faults in other respects, he scorned to be actuated by bigotry and fanaticism in deciding a question of such moment.

But a still more recent lesson is forgotten. Even Pius IX. was regarded in 1849 as forever dethroned; fanatics in religion and politics proclaimed throughout Europe and America that the temporal power of the Pope was now disposed of forever. This was the manner in which Pius IX. was rewarded for attempting to introduce a system of popular representation into his government for the purpose of gratifying the Romans. The more he gave the more he was asked to give; and because he would not surrender all his power into the hands of demagogues, an insurrection takes place through the influence of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others, and the Pope is obliged to fly from his capital. Louis Napoleon had profited by the experience of his uncle in dealing with the Pope; accordingly he did not hesitate to take the part of Pius IX. While it was boasted once more that there were no "States of the Church," any longer, a French army arrived before Rome. It was in vain that Mazzini and Garibaldi, with an army recruited from the banditti of all Italy, as well as of Rome, attempted to drive back the French. General Oudinot brought his cannon to bear on the city. On the 3d of July the "liberators" had ceased all resistance. The French entered the city, and restored the authority of Pius IX.

Those who are most opposed to the temporal power of the Pope think that they have established their case when they tell us what an anomaly it is that any individual should be at once the head of the State and head of the Church; but they forget that the governments which they represent as models are conducted on precisely the same principle. From the time of Henry VIII. to the present the kings of England have regarded themselves as the supreme heads of the Church, and their parliaments have fully sustained their pretensions. The 37th article of the Church of England expressly declares that "the Queen's Majesty hath the chief power in this realm of England and other her dominions, unto whom the chief government of all estates of this realm, *whether they be ecclesiastical or civil in all cases doth appertain*, and is not nor ought to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction." Nor is this any mere matter of form now become obsolete; it is strictly adhered to at the present day.

In order that there may be no jarring of interests or conflict of authority, the constitution of the Church of England is modelled on that of the State. The Church, too, has its upper and lower houses, known as the Houses of Convo-

cation; but neither can assemble more than the House of Lords or Commons without an order from the sovereign. When the Archbishop of Canterbury receives this order he can convoke the two houses, not before. Even when they are assembled all they can do is to propose such measures as they deem necessary to the well-being of the church; but those measures have no force whatever until approved of by the sovereign and parliamnet. Their royal and imperial majesties of Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, exercise similar control in spiritual affairs. But no sensible person maintains that any of them ought to be dethroned and expelled on this account. Nay, our own Presidents do not entirely disclaim the right of interfering in spiritual affairs. Is it not they, and not the bishops, or presbyters, of any church who proclaim days of thanksgiving, humiliation, prayer, &c., "to Almighty God" once, twice or three times a year, according as we are more or less fortunate in our business, or according as we are threatened with more or less serious calamities? Will it be pretended that those kings emperors, and presidents are better qualified to decide questions in theology than popes are to decide questions in civil government?

Now, in the name of reason, why is this broad distinction made between the temporal power of the Pope and that possessed by other rulers? Is it because he is richer than they? Is it because his temporal position is that of a sinecure? No one can reply in the affirmative. There is not one of the sovereigns mentioned so poor as Pius IX; almost any of the petty princes of Germany has a larger private purse than his Holiness. We do not say that the States of the Church yield less revenue than the generality of the principalities of Germany. The revenue of the former is perhaps three times as large as any one of the latter; but the Pope has to expend at least six times as much of his revenue on public institutions as the Prince has. There are but few who understand this; even the Roman Catholic writers lose sight of it; but it is nevertheless a fact which can easily be proved without quoting any Catholic authority.

In an elaborate sketch of the Popes and their power by the late Robert Southey, who was an eminent reviewer and critic as well as a poet, the following passage occurs: "In estimating the expenditure of the Roman court we shall restrict ourselves to the causes of disbursement which are peculiar to the pontifical treasury. In order to support the

missionaries that have been sent to various parts of the globe, there are several establishments at Rome, and one in particular, which, from its object, is called the 'Collegium de propaganda fide.' To prepare persons for the undertaking of missionaries, and to establish seminaries for their education, has been an object of primary importance, and has called forth annual sums, which have formed a considerable part of papal expenditure. In this article may be added the support of several hospitals, asylums, schools, and colleges, founded by various popes for objects in their times pressing, and still maintained by the apostolical treasury. Moreover, the same treasury has to keep all the public edifices in repair, especially those immense palaces which, though of little use as residences, are the receptacles of all the wonders of ancient and modern art; to protect the remains of ancient magnificence from further dilapidation; to support the drainage of the Pontine marshes; and, in fine, to continue the embellishment and amelioration of the capital and of its territory. When to these burdens we add the pensions which the pope is accustomed to settle on bishops when unusually poor and distressed, and the numberless claims upon his charity from every part of Europe, we shall not be surprised either at the expenditure of an income not very considerable, or at the difficulties under which the papal treasury labored towards the end of the late pontiff's reign."*

In addition to the various expenses alluded to in this extract, there are many others which are peculiar to the papal government; and the greater number of all are for purposes which, if submitted to-morrow to a jury of learned Protestants, chosen for their intelligence and liberality, in all countries of Europe and America, would be triumphantly sustained as beneficial to the cause of literature, science, and art, not only in Rome or Italy, but throughout Christendom. All educated persons who have travelled understand this; for the priceless treasures to be found in the libraries and art galleries of Rome, and whose preservation involves so large an expenditure, are not merely Catholic works, but embrace copies of all Pagan, Protestant, Mahommedan, and Hindoo works of distinguished merit which are known to be extant; and there are many Pagan works of great value in the library of the Vatican of which there are no copies to be found elsewhere. None but those who have taken some pains to investigate the subject can form any proxi-

* *Vide* "Rees' Cyclopædia, vol. xxviii," art. Pope.

mate idea of the large income it requires to maintain the libraries and galleries alone; not to mention the colleges, pensions, &c., &c., alluded to above, or the great churches, which are noble specimens of art themselves, and which no person of taste has ever beheld, be he Infidel, Mohammedan, or Protestant, without admiration and reverence.

So much, then, for the wealth of the Pope, and for that avarice which we are told is the cause of those appeals which he sometimes makes to the Catholics of other countries for pecuniary aid. The truth is, that no one who has spent one week in Rome and devoted his time to inquiries and researches would wonder if the Pope had to depend for half of the necessary expenditure of his government on "offerings" from abroad; whereas it is well known that the amount really received, even from wealthy Catholic France and Austria, is very small.

Now for the grandeur and pomp of the papal office. If the position of the Pope be a sinecure, so is that of the poorest prince in Christendom, who has to be his own Prime Minister, Secretary of State, Chancellor, &c., &c. We will quote on this branch of our subject the first Catholic authority we have given in this article—that of the late Cardinal Wiseman—only premising that we have not been thus exclusive through any want of faith in Catholics, as such, but because all Protestants have not this feeling; although we trust that there are few of our readers who think that an author is anything the less reliable for belonging to a church which has existed for nearly two thousand years and which is still that of more than two-thirds of Christendom: "Early hours," says the English Cardinal, "a frugal table, monotony almost of pursuits, by the regular round of official audiences fixed for each day, and almost for each hour, unrelieved by Court festivities or public recreation, such is the life, more or less, of every successive Pope. He is not exempt from any of the obligations of his priesthood. He celebrates mass each morning and assists at a second celebration. He recites the breviary like any of his poorest curates; his beads, too, most certainly, like any simple Catholic, both at home and abroad; besides, probably, other special devotions. He listens to sermons, not merely formal ones in his chapel, but to real, honest preachings, strong and bold, by a Capuchin friar, during Advent and Lent."*

One hundred Protestants bear testimony to these facts;

* Recollections of the Last Four Popes, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

that is, they testify that the office of the Pope, far from being a sinecure, is one of constant toil and anxiety. And whom has Pius IX. ever treated otherwise than in a kind, benevolent manner? Whom has he slighted or declined to see on account of his being a Protestant? If his government sometimes interferes with Protestant clergymen—who, however well they may mean, are over zealous and consequently endanger the public peace—what government does not pursue a similar course under similar circumstances? Even our own government does not form an exception. How often have street preachers been arrested and put in prison in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, not because they preached heresy or were evil-disposed or vicious persons, but because whatever they preached it gave offence to many of their auditors, who, if not protected in their consciences by the authorities, would soon take the law into their own hands? It is but fair to remember that twenty street preachers would not be as likely to create disturbance in New York as one Protestant clergyman would in Rome without leaving his church or his room, if he indulged in any violent attacks on the Catholic religion.

There is not a city in Europe, Protestant or Catholic, in which any man, however learned and pious, would not be arrested and placed under restraint if his speeching or preaching excited so much commotion that he could not be protected by the authorities without having recourse to extraordinary means. But were all the facts different—were Pius IX. harsh, overbearing, intolerant; did he carry his exclusiveness so far as to allow no Protestant to reside in Rome on any conditions, still, neither we nor any other foreign people would have a right to deprive him of his temporal power. As the case stands it would be less manly, and certainly not more just, on the part of the great Powers to attack his Holiness than to attack Switzerland; for he is far weaker and would offer less resistance than the Swiss. Far be it from us to say that that noble little Republic ought to be subverted or deprived of its authority; on the contrary, none would defend it more heartily than we. We speak of the Pope in comparison with Switzerland only because in more than one instance the same conqueror who seized the States of the Church and imprisoned the Pope also seized the Swiss cantons and imprisoned their chief patriots; and the same Powers, Protestant and Catholic, that restored the Republic restored the Pope with all the territories of his predecessors.

ART. IV.—1. *The Poetical Works of* THOMAS CHATTERTON, *with Notices of his Life, History of the Rowley Controversy, &c.* 2 vols. Cambridge.

2. *Life of Chatterton.* By DR. GREGORY.

3. *Preliminary Dissertation to Rowley Poems.* By DEAN MILLES.

3. *Warton's Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley.*

5. *Table de la Littérature au seizième siècle.* Par M. VILLEMAIN.

THE story of Chatterton is that of a wonderful life; of a boy who, at the age of fifteen years, wrote tragedies, idyls, and ballads, for which he had invented years before, a form, utterly foreign to him and belonging to the darkest age of our history; of an unfortunate youth who committed suicide when not eighteen years old. It is a tragedy than which human life can produce none more touching; full of agitated scenes, burning tears, unspeakable beauty, and most terrible despair; the story of a boy scarcely entered upon youth, not dissolute either in his mode of learning, but rather industrious as the best of men, and yet at that first dawn of life already so weary of it, so utterly joyless and worn out, as to look upon death as his only friend.

Woe to the man who, in the self-consciousness of extraordinary talents, surrenders himself to the dominion of an insane intellectual pride, as if his talents and faculties of intellect gave him superiority over other men, and whom this arrogance has deprived of all moral feeling, leading him from one crime to another woe. And woe to the man, who, with a cultivated perception of all that is beautiful, forgets, nevertheless, that the true ideal of beauty finds expression only in morality, and who, therefore, in a vain struggle for the abstractly beautiful, allows his inner self to grow into a misshaped caricature. Moments will come when the ugliness of this self shall flash upon him, and when the horrible torture of self-contempt shall slowly turn every drop of his blood into gall. Then even the delight at the beautiful will turn into an endless agony; and in the consciousness of his own worthlessness the sight of the most charming scenes of nature will only force from him wild sobs and bitter tears. The discord of his inner self he cannot but transfer into the outer world, for he lacks the faith in the power of human knowledge ever

to restore harmony otherwise. He sighs for a visionary past age of the world, when all the earth was yet, as he supposes, wrapped up in one grand simple harmony, and when discords were still unknown, which, he forgets, have first given birth to the only true music. Such an unfortunate man was Thomas Chatterton, born at Bristol, England, on the 20th of November, 1752.

The tragedy begins and ends upon a graveyard. It begins upon the romantic graveyard of the celebrated St. Mary Redcliffe cathedral, where the boy of ten years loved above all things to sit down on the grave of the great Bristol merchant and founder of this church, William Canyng, and there, lost in the contemplation of the ancient architecture of the building, to arouse the men of that remote age from their graves and maintain with them a secret, quiet, spirit communion. And at his call they did arise from their graves; the dead bards and minstrels of that time whispered into the boy's ears melodies so strangely beautiful and touching, old lays so full of music and mournful sentiment, that he threw himself, wildly sobbing, on the green ground, wetting with scalding tears the graves of these strange apparitions. It ends upon the London pauper-grave, where the body of the unknown suicide was buried in a gloomy corner.

The father of Chatterton was a school-teacher and member of the choir of the Bristol cathedral. He appears to have been a man of tolerable education and clear mind, but of rather unamiable character. He died three months before our Chatterton's birth. The mother of our boy-hero was, on the contrary, of a very amiable disposition; a simple-minded and somewhat melancholy woman, profoundly loving her two children, little Thomas and his elder sister. The family was in poor circumstances, and after the death of her husband Mrs. Chatterton was forced to provide for her family by millinery work and by opening a day school.

Young Chatterton soon developed into a bright, beautiful boy; but his mind seemed at first strangely fettered. He was very slow to learn; it was only by great exertion that he could be made to master the alphabet in his fifth year. All other children went ahead of him, and his mother considered her Thomas "a perfect dunce," and often told him this to spur him on; because all the time he gave signs of considerable vanity. Thomas was indeed so dull that Mrs Chatterton had great fear he might be an idiot, and this fear was increased by the fact that insanity had been hereditary in the family.

It was not until after his sixth year that the boy evinced a change. In the house of his mother there chanced to be an old manuscript prettily enclosed in a handsome cover, and illuminated with golden letters. This cover one day came into the hands of young Thomas, who was much delighted with its bright colors and urged his mother to teach him the letters. "He was quite in love with it," says Mrs. Chatterton. An old black letter Bible next excited the child's curiosity, and Chatterton learned to read. And how he did read! Every book he could get hold of or borrow from friends was devoured. He read from early morning till late at night, literally. The lost time was now to be regained. This severe study, of course, produced a corresponding change in the appearance of the child. The cheerful boy, with his bright, joyous eyes, became silent and moody, withdrawing himself from the plays of his companions and speaking but little. If at home, he locked himself up in his room and allowed no one to approach him. If out of doors, he hastened to the tomb of Canyng, or with his book mounted the high towers of the old cathedral, there to be alone with his dreams and wild thoughts; for a powerful ambition had taken possession of his soul since he had become acquainted with the works of the world's great men. "Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world," said he to a porcelain painter who wanted to paint a china cup for him. And he often promised his mother and sister lots of nice things when he should grow up as a reward of their care. At other times a sudden fit of weeping would come over him without any apparent cause, causing his mother and sister great distress.

When eight years old he entered the Bristol charity school. He did not like it there, because he thought he could learn much more at home and alone; and considering that he learned nothing in the school beyond the elementary rules of reading, writing, and arithmetic, he may have been in the right. Still he exerted himself considerably and made rapid progress. In this he was much encouraged by the friendship of the tutor of the school, Philipps, to whom he inscribed one of his most beautiful elegies in later years. This Philipps was of a poetical disposition, often made verses, and soon became Chatterton's bosom friend and confidant. Philipps would often invite the children of the school to a sort of poetical tournament, in which Chatterton, however, never enlisted. Locked up, as it were, in himself, he only

listened to the poems handed in on those occasions as they were read by the teacher, and showed by no sign that "he also had been born on the Parnassus." In fact, he seemed to have little affection for his school comrades, probably considering himself too much of a superior being. His whole life consisted in reading and dreaming. All the pennies his mother might give for pocket money found their way into the circulating library of the village. Whatever books he could find there were devoured with feverish delight—religious, historical, biographical, poetical, and scientific works. Particular attention he devoted to the study of heraldry and ancient writings. In his ninth year he made a catalogue of all the books he had read; they number seventy.

In his tenth year he received the rite of confirmation, and appeared seriously impressed with the significance of this sacred ceremony. About this time he began occasionally to read poems of his own composition to his mother and sister—poems written in modern style and generally of a religious turn—some of which are yet preserved. One of these, a Christmas poem, is distinguished by a peculiar beauty and energy of expression. He also wrote at that time several satirical poems, not without merit. His sister says: "He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but he became more cheerful when he began to write poetry." Some of these pieces, his first productions, were published anonymously in a Bristol newspaper.

About this time, also, the boy—not more than eleven years old—must have matured the project of originating one of the most remarkable literary forgeries of which the world has knowledge. We say "forgeries," because we do not wish to appear partial—leaving it to the reader to modify the expression as he may deem best. This project was to descend to the realm of the eternal "mothers," and call up from thence a number of fictitious poets, to whom he would impart life and his own highly poetical spirit, thereby obtaining for these self-created phantoms immortal laurels and the admiration of all mankind to the latest ages. One poet, the noblest of them all—to be named Rowley—was to be the central figure of this mythical poet-circle, and was to arise, like a lost English Homer, before the eyes of astonished mankind from his grave, with old, worn-out parchment manuscripts in his hand as the undoubted proof of his antiquity.

It is possible that this project was partly inspired by the

Ossian poems, which were first published in 1762, and the dispute about the genuineness of which had just broken out with wonderful vehemence. As Macpherson was said to have breathed life into Ossian, so Chatterton perhaps resolved—living, indeed, as he did, almost exclusively in the middle ages—to charm into life a Rowley. And in order that no question of genuineness might be raised as to *his* poet, Chatterton resolved to furnish him beforehand with faded and worn-out parchments, which would quench all dispute at the very outset.

But whence should he obtain these parchments? Supposing he were really able to cover new parchment with antiquated writing, and then to give the manuscripts an honest ancient appearance, what account should he give to the world of how he came into their possession? A glance at the St. Mary Redcliffe cathedral gave the answer; and the whole bold thought was completed in Chatterton's mind.

This church had been built in the year 1470 by William Canynge, the great Bristol merchant alluded to above. In one of its towers six or seven iron chests had been placed in olden times for the reception and preservation of parish registers, documents, &c. The sexton of the church had also the care of these chests and their treasured contents. For a century and a half the Chatterton family had held this office of sexton, the uncle of our hero being the last one. In the year 1727, whilst one of the family still held the office in question, the keys to the chests were lost and the wardens of the church gave orders to break the chests open. This was done, and all *valuable* papers were taken out and placed in proper safe-keeping. But the other manuscripts with which these chests were filled, and which did not relate to titles, births, &c., remained in the chests, and curious visitors frequently took away one or more of them. The father of our Chatterton is known to have taken home whole baskets full of these old manuscripts, which he used for binding books, &c. Probably between his tenth and eleventh year Chatterton saw one of these parchments in his mother's house, and, being struck with its ancient appearance, he hunted up all the others which had remained untouched, hoarding them like a sacred treasure.

These parchments then gave the answer which he sought. All Bristol knew that his father had possession of them, but no one knew what their contents might be. How

easy for him, therefore, to say the manuscripts with which he intended to furnish Rowley were the same which his father had taken home from the chests in the St. Mary cathedral. And as for the labor it would cost to forge the immense collection of manuscripts he should have to use for his Rowley poems, might it not be sufficient to counterfeit only a few short poems and to pass all the rest, written in ordinary handwriting, but in the same antique style, for *copies* of these old faded parchments? Most assuredly; only a few *original* manuscripts were absolutely necessary.

Chatterton's mother and sister are said to have insisted that he could not have entertained the project of his forgery before his fifteenth year; and the reason given is that he had no knowledge of the existence of these old manuscripts before that time. But this is in itself very incredible, when we look at the character of Chatterton. However, we know positively—and this is about the only positive knowledge we have of his schooltime, *i. e.*, until his fifteenth year—that while in school and most probably during the eleventh or twelfth year of his age Chatterton began to practise the forging of ancient parchments.*

Shortly after his tenth year—so this far more credible report tells us—Chatterton commenced to lock himself up in his garret-room during his leisure hours and generally every Saturday afternoon, when there was no school. To this room he always carefully guarded the key, and in it he used to keep a quantity of paper, parchment, powdered charcoal, a large piece of ochre, and a bottle full of black lead powder. Whenever he was thus locked up he allowed no one to interrupt him or to enter his chamber. Indeed, from this time forth he rarely allowed any person to enter his room, and if at all only for a few moments.

When he came out of this mysterious room his face was regularly covered with paint, which gave his mother the impression that he intended to disguise himself as a gipsey and run away. She was consequently very anxious about her son, and this anxiety was still further increased by his great melancholy and depression of spirits. The first result of this curious behavior on the part of Chatterton

* It is also to be remarked that in his fifteenth year, while at Lambert's, Chatterton had neither time nor opportunity to forge these manuscripts; for at Lambert's he slept in the kitchen with another boy. Moreover, his furnishing Borgum's pedigree proves conclusively that he knew of the existence of these manuscripts several years before he went to Lambert's.

whereof we have notice was a title of nobility manufactured by him for a conceited merchant of Bristol, Borgum by name. To this gentleman Chatterton one day introduced himself with the important communication that, in looking over a lot of old documents, he had discovered the family of Borgum to be of ancient noble extraction, and would be able to trace their pedigree to the time of William the Conqueror; that the family descended from a Simon de Leynite Lyze, who had married Matilda, a daughter of Waltheof, Duke of Northumberland. Borgum listened to the boy with mouth wide open, and besought him to furnish him a copy of the pedigree. Nothing easier for our young hero! A pedigree was made out, duly adorned with ancient crests, marks, &c., in the most approved style of antiquity. Generous Borgum gave the boy five shillings for this marvellous discovery; for which parsimony Chatterton repaid him by some most bitter satirical verses in his "Last Will and Testament." Still the five shillings must have pleased him highly at the time, for soon after he made a second important discovery, whereby the pedigree of the Borgum family was carried still further back into antiquity. "One of your ancestors," wrote he to Borgum, "was the greatest ornament of his age." "He was called John de Bergham, and one of his poems—'The Romance of the Knight'—I translate for you. He was the author of several books and translated some part of the Iliad." Whether Borgum gave Chatterton another five shillings for this second discovery and the translation of the poem we do not know. After Chatterton's death he went to London to have his pedigree examined, and of course discovered it to be a hoax.

It is not perfectly clear whether Chatterton commenced the composition of his "Rowley Poems" immediately after this first experiment or not. A friend of his asserts positively that he exhibited to him and to Philipps several of his Rowley Poems in the year 1764. He maintains, moreover, to have seen in that year in Philipps' room the original manuscript of "Elinore and Juga," one of the most exquisite productions of Chatterton's genius; and it certainly is remarkable that the original manuscript of this poem has never been discovered amongst his other manuscripts, all of which are now deposited in the British Museum. Chatterton exhibited to Philipps and this friend, a Mr. Thistlewaite, several poems, some on parchment, which were to represent

the original manuscript written by the mythical Rowley himself, and others on paper, which purported to be copies of other original manuscripts, which Chatterton said had been too faded and worn out to be still legible. Mr. Thistlewaite states that the parchments were pared round the margin, and that the letter writing was pale and yellow. The truth of this statement, as far as its contents are concerned, is indisputable; only the date has been questioned. If Mr. Thistlewaite is correct in the date, Chatterton must have written a majority of the Rowley Poems in his twelfth year; and this appears indeed, at least to us, the most probable version. If the reader doubt it, he may accept the statement of Chatterton's mother, that none were written before his fifteenth year.

When young Chatterton had been seven years at school his mother resolved to send the boy—now fourteen years old—to study law with an attorney of the town named Lambert; and, accordingly, Thomas was apprenticed to this gentleman for seven years. Whether this study was in accordance with the boy's inclination the mother seems never to have considered; her only view was to provide for him.

The poor boy-poet, who had felt lonely and deserted in Bristol even during his school years, because he knew not a single human being who could sympathize with him, by whom the narrow-minded spirit of the town was held in sickening detestation, now felt more lonely and sick at heart than ever. Full of a true poet-spirit, busied with grand projects for future advancement, excessively proud, a lawyer's office was perhaps the worst place for young Chatterton. His only Bristol delights were lost now; his Saturday afternoons, his holidays, his little garret-room. He had to be in the office from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M., excepting one hour for dinner, and precisely at 10 P. M. he was required to repair to his sleeping-room in Mr. Lambert's house. And this sleeping-room was the kitchen, where he had to share his bed with the errand-boy. Chatterton's pride felt deeply hurt at this treatment. Mr. Lambert, moreover, appears to have been a man of low, imperious, and arrogant character, who could not tolerate Chatterton's disposition for poetry. Still he managed to write verses at times, some of which he sent to the newspapers for publication. He also wrote some love verses for a friend of his, Baker, who had emigrated to Charleston, South Carolina, and who had asked

him to send him some lines wherewith he might woo his sweetheart. Chatterton himself cared little for the female sex. He once remarked to his sister that he would like well enough to become acquainted with an amiable woman, for it might soften his wild and proud character a little. The plan was tried, too, as it seems, but probably without success. He continued, at least, to live in the same secluded and moody manner. After his day's work at the office he generally went every evening to his mother's house, where he remained till near ten o'clock. He had, therefore, no time to frequent bad company, as has been laid to his charge; for even Lambert testifies that he was always faithful and industrious, and only at one time incurred a correction. This was when Chatterton had sent some satirical verses in a feigned handwriting to his old schoolteacher.

His manner of living was singularly frugal. He never ate meat, because he believed animal food to have a bad influence on the mind. He also never partook of strong drink. A roll or piece of bread and a glass of fresh water constituted his regular meal. Often his mother tempted him to sit down to a warm meal at home, but he invariably refused. "I have a work on hand," said he; "I must not make myself more stupid than God has made me." He slept very little. "I study best," said he, "towards the full of the moon." Whole nights he would sit up in bed and write by moonlight. Sundays he generally employed in making excursions into the country, enjoying nature, sketching ancient ruins, towers, &c. Often he was seen walking to and fro along the river bank in violent emotion, wildly swinging his arms about and uttering passionate words. Then his dark, fiery eyes, with their wild, unearthly look, sparkled in wonderful ecstasy, until, breaking out into a sudden, violent fit of sobbing, the strange boy threw himself down on the ground. For many hours he could weep thus, in his pythonic ecstasies, over the lost Eden, of which but a moment ago he had dreamt to be a citizen.

And it was these ecstasies and visions which, at midnight, by the light of the full moon, he wrote down in his Rowley Poems, of which he certainly wrote a number, and amongst others the grand tragedy of *Ælla*, while in Lambert's house. In those hours of brilliant remembrance of his visions the phantom of time vanished altogether, and

centuries rolled back as minutes. From their graves arose the old Saxon princes and troubadours; from the tombs of their cloisters the monks; from their strange mounds the wild Northmen; and each bush and each moonbeam bore thousands of marvellous fairies. The mountains reverberated from the clatter of industrious gnomes; mischievous spirits glided mysteriously through the woods; and from the venerable ruins of ancient cloisters arose the *miserere* of pious monks. Amongst this ghostly people, in this buried century of the past, the boy-poet moved and had being in these midnight hours. Here all was poetry and harmony to his soul, while the present only repelled and disgusted him.

And now for the first time we find him trying to palm off a forgery on the public at large, as if to assure himself that his ultimate project had no chance of failure. This was done as follows: In September, 1768, a new bridge had been inaugurated at Bristol. Shortly afterwards there appeared in a Bristol newspaper a detailed report of the ceremonies which had taken place at the inauguration of the *old* bridge, some centuries ago. This report was prefixed by the following lines:

> Mr Printer—The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not (at this time) be unacceptable to the generality of your readers.
>
> Yours, &c.,
>
> Dunhelmus Bristoliensis.

This account threw the whole town into intense excitement; the office of the newspaper was crowded with good citizens, who were anxious to know who had written the report and where the ancient manuscript could be found. Nobody was able to answer these questions, and Chatterton laughed in his sleeve at his desk in Lambert's office. Highly elated with the success of his scheme, he soon after sent a second manuscript to the same newspaper. The similarity of the handwriting led to the discovery of the author of the famous bridge account. All Bristol was talking of the boy Chatterton, who had brought the ancient manuscript of the bridge ceremony to light. The excited citizens went to Lambert's office to learn from Chatterton where the famous manuscript had been discovered. He refused all explanation. Threats were resorted to. The boy steadfastly remained silent. Finally entreaties were tried, and then Chatterton stated that he had discovered the manuscript amongst his father's parchments. This explanation was considered sufficient. Whether the parchment was

publicly exhibited is not known. Chatterton had taken a piece of parchment, written the account upon it with a peculiar ink, and then held the document over a candle until it had received a blackened and old appearance. The success of his discovery filled Chatterton with joy. Soon after this affair he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Catcott, who appears to have been a highly cultivated man, and through this gentleman of a Mr. Barrett, who was at that time engaged in gathering materials for writing a history of the town of Bristol. This was exactly the thing for Chatterton. He exhibited to both friends some of his Rowley Poems, written upon parchment, which Mr. Barrett examined carefully and pronounced genuine. Barrett suggested that the Rowley manuscripts might contain some historical data suitable for his great work. "Doubtless!" replied Chatterton and promised to search. A few days after their interview he brought to Barrett a "true and particular account of the *ancient* churches of Bristol." Barrett was delighted and gave Chatterton a piece of money for his labor. This reward encouraged him to discover manuscripts not only of mythical churches, but also of mythical castles, palaces, cloisters, &c. These descriptions and drawings (for Chatterton had learned to sketch buildings in the ancient style) were all handed to Barrett and incorporated by that gentleman in his very valuable history as curious documents of a remote past.

And now Chatterton was certain of the success of his great plan. Full of confidence and hope, he prophesied his mother and sister a career of splendor and greatness. He showed his Rowley Poems, as if to test credulity, to a large number of his friends, or read them aloud with musical voice and poetical inspiration.

On the 21st of December, 1768, in his sixteenth year, he made the first attempt at a publication of these Rowley poems. He offered the manuscript "Ælla, a Tragedy," to the well-known London bookseller, J. Dodsley, in a rather characteristic letter, which we shall quote hereafter. Mr. Dodsley either replied not at all or refused the offer. Probably the statement of Chatterton appeared too mythical.

By no means discouraged, he tried another, more daring experiment. He wrote a letter to Horace Walpole, Lord Oxford, a man of eminent literary and poetical renown, who had just published an interesting book, "Anecdotes of Painting;" and in this letter he stated that he had

discovered some very interesting ancient manuscripts on painting, of which he had taken permission to enclose one.

This enclosed manuscript the extraordinarily gifted boy manufactured with great care. It purported to be an ancient treatise on "the rise of painting in England, written by T. Rowley, 1469, for master Canynge," which he sagaciously interspersed with allusions to several unknown poets, specimens of whose talents, he said, he thought it not inopportune to annex. The whole manuscript he accompanied with notes in his own handwriting, wherein he pretended to criticise the treatise from an utterly objective point of view, always laying particular stress on the beauty of the poetical works of that same Thomas Rowley, whom he had made the author of the treatise, which he asserted to have in his possession. "Rowley," said he, "was a monk of the fifteenth century."

Walpole appears not to have doubted the statements of Chatterton, although afterwards he said that he had recognized the forgery at once. He replied with politeness and gratitude, and asked for further specimens, as well of the anecdotes as of the poetry of Rowley, and of a certain Father John, whom Chatterton had also called into existence.

Chatterton was delighted, and immediately sent a second edition of manuscripts accompanied by a letter, which, unfortunately, has not been preserved, for in this letter he alluded to his disagreeable position, altogether unsuitable to his pursuits, and besought his Lordship to procure him a proper place. His second batch of manuscripts comprised various poems and articles by divers mythical poets, painters, and architects; also detailed reports concerning ancient church-windows, colors, &c.

This was carrying things a little too far. Walpole began to suspect. He exhibited the poems sent by Chatterton to some competent friends, who immediately pronounced them forgeries. Thereupon he wrote to young Chatterton, advising him of the judgment pronounced by qualified critics upon his poems, hinting his own suspicions, and urging the youth to make a clear confession. Walpole appears to have done nothing to alleviate Chatterton's distress; but, as matters stood, this was perhaps but natural. Chatterton replied to this letter, insisting on his former statements, and urging that it was by no means surprising Thomas Rowley

should have written his poems in such beautiful harmony,* "as Ossian's poems are altogether as harmonious." When we reflect that this Ossian was quite as mythical as Rowley, we are forced to smile at this daring attempt of Chatterton "to place the elephant upon the tortoise," as Walter Scott expresses it.

Walpole made no answer to this letter. Chatterton, indignant, wrote again, demanding that his manuscripts be returned to him. Again no answer came. The proud, irritated boy wrote a third letter, calling upon Walpole to "either explain or excuse his conduct." Marvellous language, most certainly, from an untutored boy towards Lord Oxford. Walpole, who had been absent on a visit to Paris, received this letter on his return, and sat down to write a soothing letter, gently reproving his passionate correspondent. He abandoned the idea, however, tore up the letter, and returned the manuscripts to Chatterton without a word of comment. And now again the high-tempered youth sank as suddenly from the highest pinnacle of hope into the lowest pit of despondency. Gloomy as he had been before, he now became a downright hypochondriac. For days he would not speak a word. In moody silence he sat at his desk in the law office, scarcely responding to the sallies of his comrades by a contemptuous smile. Often he would stare persons for five or ten minutes close in the face without uttering a word. He looked upon all mankind with hatred and disgust, and only for his mother and sister did he still entertain the same deep and unchanging love. His eccentric behavior inspired many with fear. Some believed him insane; others considered him a stubborn blockhead. His hatred of men turned even against his friends. He thought that Barrett and Catcott had not given him money enough for his services. Probably he calculated the value of these services by estimating the manuscripts he had given them as *original* productions, which they certainly were; but this the friends of course never suspected, and hence thought a few shillings, occasionally, sufficient reward for the hunting up of some old manuscripts. An account is still in existence which Chatterton actually sent his friend Catcott. It is a characteristic piece of writing and reads as follows:

* Chatterton's poetry has not that monotonous harmony which ruled the world of poetry before him, and which was produced by words of similar sounds (alliteration.) His harmony was a true one, produced by syllables of different sound. Hence it has a flow of wonderful poetic beauty, does not tire, and is full of life and change.

G. CATCOTT.

To the Executors of Thos. Rowley

To pleasure received in reading his historical works,	£5. 5. 0
" " " " " " poetical "	£5. 5. 0
	£10. 10. 0

His misanthropical disposition made him universally disliked, and some bitter satirical verses, moreover, made him some positive enemies. Once even he was knocked down on the street by a man whom he had thus insulted. In this gloom of soul his originally strong religious convictions were likewise giving way Dark doubts arose and made the chaos of his soul still more woful. He began to doubt everything; he lost all firm hold. Often he meditated suicide. In a social circle where this subject was under discussion Chatterton suddenly pulled out a pocket-pistol, held it to his forehead, and exclaimed: "Now, if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!"

With all this he still pursued his studies with untiring energy. His versatile mind was resolved to master all sciences and knowledge. "For God," it was his wont to say, "has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach everything, if they will only take the pains."

Heraldry, metaphysics, astronomy, mathematics, natural sciences, all books that fell in his way, he sought to master. He even studied music, and with particular predilection the science of medicine. He borrowed from Barrett all that gentleman's books on surgery, and pondered over them as if he cared for no other study in the world. He also studied Latin diligently; and amidst all these studies and his daily drudgery he yet found time enough to write a number of poems, mostly of a satirical character. For satire he had, indeed, a strange and unnatural liking; and his productions on this misanthropical field may be safely compared with the works of Swift and Dryden. Most of his poems he sent to London to public papers. His larger satirical poem, "Kew Gardens," was also written at this period, in March, 1769, but was not published until after his death. At the same time he kept up his passion for literary forgeries, and wrote to many persons in high position on antiquarian subjects. The tone in which these letters were written is altogether that of an infallible master, who knows more about the matter under discussion than any other living being. His chronic melancholy and the despair which had taken possession of his soul made him often meditate sui-

cide, as we have said. One day Lambert found a letter on Chatterton's desk addressed to his friend Clayfield, wherein he mourned his misfortune and expressed his resolve to commit suicide. "When you receive this letter," wrote he, "I shall be no more."

Lambert, excessively terrified, hurried to Mr. Barrett as Chatterton's most intimate friend and showed him the letter. Barrett, who always had a real affection for the passionate boy, went to Chatterton, showed him the letter, and began earnestly to reprove him and to point out the foolishness and cowardice of his purpose. He wept much during the delivery of this lecture, and replied next day to it in a letter, which we shall place before the reader in all its agony, bitterness, and heavy sorrow; and no one who has read the writings of Edgar A. Poe can fail to recognize a remarkable similarity in the tone, style, and despairful weariness of this letter. Nay, even the handwriting of it—the round, slowly written letters, so clear and elaborate, and the thick, heavy lines in the word Pride and the still heavier-accented Die—all these individual peculiarities might as well pass for those of the American poet of the "Raven" as of the boy Chatterton.

The letter is as follows:

SIR—Upon recollection, I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I will observe that I keep no worse Company than *myself;* I never drink to Excess, and have, without Vanity, too much Sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of Iniquity. No, it is my PRIDE, my damn'd nature, unconquerable PRIDE, that plunges me into Distraction. You must know that 19-20th of my Composition is PRIDE—I must either live a Slave, or Servant; to have no will of my own, no Sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such;—or DIE. Perplexing alternative! but it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavor to learn Humility, but it cannot be here. What it may cost me in the Trial Heaven knows!

I am yr. much Oblidged unhappy
hble Serv.
T. C.
Thursday Eveng.

"I will endeavor to learn humility, but it cannot be here." Often already had he expressed the wish to live in London. London was the Eldorado of his imagination. With such talents, cunning, and knowledge of human nature as he possessed, how could he fail of making his fortune in the great city? Did he not feel strong enough to lead all mankind by the nose? Did he not experience in his heart of hearts that most sovereign contempt of mankind which

conceives itself strong enough to oppose all the world, heaven and hell into the bargain? To London, therefore, in order to learn "humility." Alas, humiliation of the bitterest sort was there prepared for him! Unspeakable tortures for his pride! Agonizing torments for his presumptuous superiority of mind!

But how go to London without money? And where to get money? He imparted his plan to Mr. Barrett, and his "pride" did not send a blush of shame to his cheeks when this unselfish friend, whom he had so disgracefully cheated time and again, offered him a guinea to pay his travelling expenses; nay, Mr. Barrett took even the trouble and responsibility to ask other friends of Chatterton to subscribe the same amount, and he eagerly accepted these contributions. We again discover in this curious mixture of unbending pride and low meanness a remarkable similarity between the characters of Poe and Chatterton.

And thus he finally left his hated law office and took the road to London. Before leaving, however, on the 14th of April, 1770, he had made his "last testament;" a half poetical production, wherein the expression of contempt of mankind and of the utter despair of the poet borders upon insanity. Not without a cold shudder and the most wretched feeling of misery can one read this remarkable production, which gives us a deep insight into the chaotic condition of Chatterton's soul and his horrible wretchedness. On the back of this document are endorsed the following words: "All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind."

Chatterton was naturally of a sanguine temperament. His character seems to have originally determined him for an idyllic landscape poet. His proper frame of mind was quiet, cheerful, excessively serene. His best poems are written in this mood. But there was an impure demon in him, who would awake with the suddenness of the whirlwind and sweep away from his heart all that was humane, good, and lovable. Then he became a devil; acted, spoke, and wrote like a fiend. But with the same quickness the spirit of evil would depart, and after a refreshing shower of tears the sun would shine again with all the brilliant cheerfulness of Olympian Apollo, as if there were no sob or sigh in the universe.

Hopeful, therefore, and with the brightest visions of future glory, Chatterton entered London. His first letter

(April 26th) addressed to his mother breathes cheerfulnes and enthusiasm. Everything goes well. The booksellers and editors of periodicals received him favorably. One publisher gives him a regular salary of four guineas per month, and another four guineas he hopes to realize from a "History of England," on which he is engaged. These eight guineas are to be laid aside for his mother and sister; his own expenses he hopes to meet by writing for a daily paper. He is delighted by the grand style of life in London, and speaks contemptuously of the narrow-minded citizens of Bristol.

Letters of a later date are still more hopeful. He writes occasionally operettas for a theatre, comic songs for concert gardens, and commences to dress well "in order to gain admittance into higher circles." He advises his sister to take lessons in drawing, music, &c., and hopes soon to see her and his mother with him in London. He sends them also a few presents, not forgetting to enclose a small quantity of "good tobacco" for his grandmother and a handsome pipe.

And now he ventures upon a more dangerous sea. With characteristic contempt of mankind and overestimation of his own powers, he considers that it would be, after all, most delightful if he could fool these contemptible human beings on the sphere of politics and there display his inborn superiority. It seems as if the character of *Vivian Grey*, in Disraeli's famous novel, had been suggested by this episode in Chatterton's life. He writes a flattering letter to the Lord Mayor of London, Beckford, unfolding his political projects. Beckford received the letter favorably and invited the young man to a personal conference. Chatterton went and was received with great cordiality. "The rest is a secret," he writes to his sister. "My society," he adds, "is now sought everywhere. I must be amongst the great; State matters suit me better than commercial." But while thus writing for the "liberal" Beckford "liberal" essays, the "proud" boy was not ashamed to write at the same time anti-liberal essays for the "administration party." Nay, there are still two letters of his in existence, one of which is addressed to the Lord Mayor denouncing the administration in unmeasured terms, while the other, addressed to Lord North, is an energetic defence of the administration. Both of these letters bear the same date. At the bottom of his heart Chatterton appears to have been a democrat and liberal; and hence he must be blamed all the more when he

writes to his sister in excuse of this conduct: "But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this (liberal) side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides." The truth is, Chatterton was just as devoid of all moral perception as Poe. The conceptions of right and wrong never appear to have entered his heart, and his only desire was to have his "intellectual superiority"—this odious idol of modern days!—acknowledged, and to sneer over the duped.

It must be confessed, however, that his political writings evince great talent. Their style is noble and chaste, not unlike that of Junius. During all this time he continued his other occupations. He wrote several imitations of Ossian, a number of songs, and a burlesque, "The Revenge," for a concert garden, where it was performed after his death. For this latter work he received five guineas. His style of living in London, was as temperate as it had been at home. During his sojourn in this city he was but one night absent from his boarding place, and that night he had gone to spend with some relatives.

But suddenly misfortune came upon him. His friend and protector, Beckford, died; the booksellers refused to buy, and did not even pay what they had bought before.

This change again threw Chatterton into violent despair. He was forced to change his boarding-house for a more wretched garret, and there his old melancholy fell upon him heavier even than before. One more attempt he made to save himself. He wrote to Barrett asking him for a physician's certificate, which might serve him to get an appointment as assistant surgeon on board of a vessel destined for Africa; and during the brief interval of hope which this prospect gave him he wrote his beautiful "African Eclogues." And this last hope failed. Barrett could not conscientiously give him such a certificate. And now there was no more "balm in Gilead." Hunger came, too, and not a penny in Chatterton's pocket. Invitations of his friends to dinners and suppers he regularly refused; only once was he prevailed upon to partake of an oyster supper. Three days before his death he walked with a friend over a churchyard and suddenly tumbled over a newly dug grave. When he scrambled out his friend remarked: "How happy am I to have witnessed the resurrection of Genius!" "My dear friend," replied Chatterton, "I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave for some

time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish as I imagined; we can find an asylum from every creditor but that." When he came home he went to his room and locked himself up. Two days he remained thus alone—two eternities of most terrible self-communion. What horrible curses, what wretched tears may those two days have witnessed. His landlady, who knew that he had tasted no food during these two days, sent him up some dinner at last. He refused to accept it, and said simply: "I am not hungry!" On the third day, the 24th of August, 1770, he drank a glass of water with arsenic. When evening came the door was forced open, and Chatterton was discovered lying dead on the floor: his restless eyes now glassy and immovable, his lips pale and closed. The floor was covered with torn up manuscripts. Many beautiful works had probably been destroyed by him in these last hours before death! No letter, no note had been left to explain his suicide. The jury gave a verdict: "Suicide, committed in a fit of insanity." The body of the unfortunate youth was taken and buried in the pauper's churchyard in Shoe lane.

Thus died and was buried the poet, Thomas Chatterton, at the age of seventeen years and nine months—an age when most men have not yet taken the first step into real life. Thus he died, over-satiated and shrinking back from the too clearly perceived dark sides of life, with man-hatred and world-contempt in his boyish heart. It is foolish to represent his suicide as an outbreak of insanity, which is said to have been hereditary in his family. There is a vast difference between physical insanity and that self-created eccentricity springing from extreme self-conceit, boundlesss pride, and stubborn perversity, which pleases itself in whatsoever is unusual, horrible and a caricature, and which looks in its perverse irony upon suicide as a challenge to the Deity for the prize of a self-determination. Chatterton killed himself, not because he was hungry, not because he had no friends, for he had many and warm friends, and not because he was too ambitious, but because he looked with sovereign contempt upon all mankind and upon himself. "Myself is my worse enemy!" Such was his own characteristic; and with this contempt of himself and all others, which made him take a devilish pleasure in treating others as well as himself like dogs, he could not live; for self-esteem, as Kant beautifully remarks, is the salvation and nobility of mankind.

In this contempt of all the world Chatterton again resem-

bled our Poe. Poe gave expression to this satanic feeling in some of his writings, choosing, as he did on such occasions, the most disgusting and horrible themes, and on other occasions in literary trickeries or drunken maltreatment of his own person. The classical, fine feeling Chatterton, with more of an antique or Gôthe character, gave this devil his due in literary forgeries and a Werther suicide. As we have mentioned the name of Gôthe in connection with that of Chatterton, we shall hereafter show with what propriety. At first view it would appear as if the man whom we had compared to Poe would be of all others the last one to name in the same breath with Gôthe. But the solution lies in this fact—that while the character of the man Chatterton is so like that of Poe, as a poet there is no similarity whatever between the two.

Chatterton's poems are nearly all pervaded by a spirit of classical repose utterly foreign to Poe. They breathe a harmonious, contented, peaceful, and idyllic spirit. His idyls particularly are of enchanting beauty, purely objective and naive, without a tincture of sentimentality.

Two spirits seem to have inhabited Chatterton's breast —the one the poet-spirit, cheerful, serene, and divine, full of hope and glowing love, hanging with tender affection upon the breast of the whole universe and looking upon the lowest worm of nature as an object of unspeakable value; the other a dark, moody, repulsive, and negative spirit. Had Chatterton lived longer and hit upon books more suited to his nature, he might have probably worked himself out of this darkness and negative to universal clearness and light. As it was, death had to cut the gordian knot.

Chatterton's personal appearance was of a very prepossessing and agreeable character. His body had been as prematurely developed as his mind. His bearing was dignified, aristocratic, and manly. His gray eyes shone with supernal glory and flashed forth sparks of lightning in a truly terrifying manner when he was excited. "They were a sort of hawk's eyes," says Catcott; and one of the eyes was larger and brighter than the other.

Before Chatterton's departure from Bristol some of his Rowley poems had appeared in the public prints and had at once created an intense excitement in the literary world of England. Gradually others were published, and there arose the famous Rowley controversy which divided all literary men of Great Britain into two parties. One of these parties

disputed the genuineness of these poems, urging weighty enough arguments, as we shall see directly. Investigations were, therefore, set afloat to discover the poet-genius who had dared to attempt this cheat. Who shall describe the general astonishment when a boy of sixteen years was found to be the originator of these poems, and this boy asserting stoutly the genuineness of these productions, which he pretended to have discovered amongst the heaps of manuscripts from the iron chests of St. Mary Redcliffe. Nothing could make him retract this statement. He has never, by a single word or hint, suggested that he was their real author. This, his positive statement, and the extraordinary youth of the boy, which seemed to preclude all possibility of a cheat, gave great delight to the antiquaries who had insisted on the genuineness of the Rowley poems. And how, indeed, was it credible that such magnificent productions should have been written by a country boy in his fifteenth year? The dispute was kept up hotly; we only need to add that to-day nobody doubts any more but that Chatterton was really their author and that all his statements concerning the existence of Thomas Rowley, Father John, &c., were pure fabrications and lies. The chief proofs of this conclusion are as follow:

While the general character and spirit of the Rowley Poems are certainly altogether mediæval, their style, language and rhythm are equally and indisputably modern. Chatterton could feel, think, and act like a poet of the middle ages; but he could not speak their jargon nor write in their wretched metres and rhymes. Every Rowley poem shows clearly that it was written at first in modern English, and thereupon translated by the aid of dictionaries into their present antiquated dialect. The fact that the purely antiquarian words which occur in these poems are collected from various dictionaries appears chiefly from this—that they are of *various dialects*, and while some belong peculiarly to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, others are as late as the fourteenth. Then, again, there are innumerable passages in these poems wherein the spelling needs only to be altered a little in order to have correct modern English. But why Chatterton should undertake this forgery, and how he came to do it at so early an age, it is difficult to explain, unless one chooses to admit a boyish and not after all so very strange inclination in extraordinary men to mystify the public.* It

* In a letter to Schiller, Göthe complains that he is controlled by an inexplicable tyranny, which makes it impossible for him to write down his true

seems as if he might have published the poems under Rowley's name—if he chose to do this at all—and then afterwards have discovered the true state of affairs. But, to be sure, when he once commenced to forge parchments, he shut up all avenues of extricating himself.

In the history of literature the case of Chatterton is without a parallel. It may be that he found more pleasure in admiring his own cunning and intellectual superiority as displayed in the forgery than in having his poetical talent admired by others.

We shall now proceed to examine the works of this extraordinary poet-boy, wherein we hope to find a beauty not recognizable in his sad and wild life. And, first of all, let us look at the most famous of his productions, the Rowley Poems. Not all of these poems bear the name of Thomas Rowley. The fertile imagination of Chatterton had created a whole world of mythical persons, speaking a mythical, peculiar language for his purpose. With this world he had made himself so familiar as to feel more at home in it than in the real world. In this his fancy world he built peculiar churches of unknown architecture, or framed strange musical instruments (violins, for instance, of fabulous antiquity), or found remote and ancient pedigrees, or discovered marvellous historical events, as might best suit his purpose and be best applicable to his dupes. And since he had resolved to make, above all, the reading public his dupes, he had peopled this world of his with a host of wonderful poets, each baptized and named by Chatterton with immortal name. For what did he care about his own glory and fame? Had he not a whole life before him and within his heart an inexhaustible wealth of heavenly beauty? What a petty sacrifice, therefore, to relinquish part of his fame to his own creatures, to the mythical poets of his brilliant fancy! Hence the collection published now under the name of Rowley Poems is presented to us by Chatterton as a number of poems written in an ancient style, somewhat difficult to understand, and which he, the happy discoverer of these relics of the middle ages, presents to us in an altogether objective and impartial manner, accompanied by some notes, critical remarks, and explanations, as remarkable anthology of mediæval, unknown poets.

The historical and celebrated Bristol merchant, Canyng,

conviction and compels him to mystify. "Between myself and the expression of myself an inexplicable something always places itself as an obtacle."

is thus made to write the prologue of the tragedy "Godwyn.' A mythical priest, John Ladgate, writes an epistle to the equally mythical Thomas Rowley. The two magnificent epic poems, "Battle of Hastings," are represented as having been written by "Turgot," the monk, "a Saxon of the tenth century," and as having been "translated by Thomas Rowley, priest in St. John's parish, Bristol, in the year 1465." Of course Turgot, of the tenth century, writes in the same exquisite modern style which characterizes the other poems of Rowley. To another mythical John de Bergham, whom we have mentioned already, Chatterton ascribes "The Romance of the Knight." Another delightful poem, "The Parliament of Spirits," he states to have been written by the mthyical Rowley and the equally mythical Iscam. We shall dwell somewhat at length upon these poems, as they are very little known and exhibit Chatterton's talents in the most brilliant light. The truly great and divine in literature is not such an every-day affair that we can afford to throw these gems into the dust-room. On the contrary, the period of naïve poetry is so remote and so immemorable that each of its magnificent productions deserves to be carefully treasured.

We shall commence with Chatterton's greatest work, the tragedy, *Ælla*, which he calls a "tragical interlude," and a sketch whereof may not be uninteresting to the reader. The action of the tragedy is very simple. Ælla, a Saxon prince who has acquired much renown in making war upon the Danes, has just led his beloved Bertha home from church as his wife. In highly poetical language he expresses his happiness at being now in possession of the one for whom he has yearned so long; while she, not daring to express her own happiness, "because maidenly modesty will not permit it," delights in celebrating *his* glorious deeds and in showing her pride in *him*. They are interrupted in these mutual outpourings by Almonde, their common friend, who congratulates them and offers them some jugs of ale as a wedding-present. Before this and in the very first scene of the play this Almonde has appeared upon the stage in a short monologue, wherein he has expressed his consuming love for Bertha, which prompts him rather to poison her and her husband in their bridal night than to be haunted by the thought of her reposing in Ælla's arms. His congratulations are therefore hypocrisy, and the ale contains the poison which is to end the lives of husband and wife.

Still further to initiate the revel, as it were, Almonde beckons some minstrels and urges them to perform. They sing of the wooing of a shepherd in a delightful duet, which has all the charms Chatterton knew so well how to infuse into his idyllic compositions. Ælla desires a second song, in which he wishes them to sing the joys of marriage. Thereupon the minstrels strike up an alternate chant, the poetic fervor and beauty whereof must captivate every feeling heart. We quote two of the verses, from which the reader will also learn at once the sublime metre which pervades the entire tragedy:

"When autumn bare and sun-burnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfill the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripen'd sheaf
When all the hills with fallen seed is white;
When lightning fires and lemes do meet from far the sight;

When the fair apple, red as evening sky,
Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
When juicy pears and berries of black dye
Do dance in air and call the eye around;
Then, be the even foul or even fair,
Methinks my heart's deep joy is stainéd with some care."

When the minstrels have finished their song the prince rewards them, and is on the point of inaugurating the night's revel when a messenger hurries in to report the approach of two Danish princes, Magnus and Hurra, with armed forces, and to urge Ælla to prepare without delay and attack the enemy. This interruption gives occasion to a dialogue between Ælla and Bertha, of which Shakespeare might be proud. She seeks to keep him and reproaches him with want of love. He shows her the call of duty, and when she finally yields he calls out:

"Thy mind is now thyself; why wilt thou be
All fair, all kingly, all so wise in mind,
Alone to let poor wretched Ælla see
What wondrous jewels he must leave behind?

O Bertha fair, watch every coming wind.
On every wind I will a token send;
On my long shield engraved thy name thou'lt find."

Almonde interrupts them and reports that the knights are all in arms and waiting for their leader below. Ælla tears himself away from his wife. Almonde is left alone, and discovers his character most admirably in the following monologue:

"Hope, holy sister, sweeping through the sky
In crown of gold and robe of holy white,
Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,
Meeting from distance the enraptured sight,
Albeit oft thou takest thine high flight,
Wrapped in a mist and with thine eyes yblente, (1)
Now comest thou to me with starry light.
Unto thy robe the red sun is adente; (2)
The summer tide, the month of May appear
Painted with skilled hand upon thy wide aumere. (3)

I, from a night all hopeless, am adawed, (4)
Astonished at the festiveness of day;
Ælla, by naught more than his glory awed,
Is gone, and I must follow in the fray.
Almonde can ne'er from any battle stay.
Doth war begin? there's Almonde in the place.
But when the war is done I'll haste away.
The rest from 'neath time's mask must show its face,
I see unnumbered joys around me rise;
Bare standeth future doom and joy doth me alyse. (5)

O honor, honor, what is by thee had?
Happy the robber and the cottager
Who knows thee not and is not by thee led,
And nothing does thy myckle gastness (6) fear.
Fain would I from my bosom all thee tear,
Then there, deep scattered, thy lightning brand.
When my soul's withered, thou art the gare; (7)
Slain is my comfort by thy fiery hand;
As some tall hill, when winds do shake the ground,
It cutteth all abroad by bursting hidden wound."

Honor, what is it? 'Tis a shadow's shade—
A thing of witchcraft, and an idle dream—
One of the pretexts which the church has made
Men without spirit and women for to fleme. (8)
Knights, who oft hear the loud din of the beme, (9)
Should be forewarned to such enfeebling ways—
Make every art, alike their souls, be breme, (10)
And for their chivalry alone have praise.
O thou, whate'er thy name, or Zabalus, (11) or Ineed, (11)
Come steel my sable mind for strange and doleful deed."

(1) Blinded; (2) fastened; (3) robe; (4) awakened; (5) perpetrate; (6) great terribleness; (7) cause; (8) terrify; (9) trumpet; (10) furious; (11) devil.

The real act takes us to the camp of the Danes, where the army is being placed in readiness for the impending battle. The two Danish leaders, Magnus and Hurra, are sketched with bold strokes, for which sketch a violent personal quarrel offers the opportunity. The common danger, however, when messengers bring news of Ælla's approach forces these princes to drop the quarrel and prepare for battle.

The scene then changes, and we are transported to the

Saxon camp. Ælla enthusiastically inspires his troops for battle. The fight commences.

Danes hurry over the stage in great fright. The misfortune of the Danes and the valor of Ælla are told in a most powerful manner. Even Hurra is compelled to leave the field, and now urges his followers to withdraw to their hiding-places on the coast, taking revenge for their defeat in pillaging and destroying the whole country through which they will have to pass. The Danes pass away, and Almonde enters, enthusiastic in praise of Ælla's great bravery in the field, and telling how the great prince has been wounded on the field. But this admiration of Ælla's valor does not obliterate his love for Bertha, and he thinks her possession would justify even the most odious treason to his friend. He calls his servant and orders his horse to be speedily saddled.

The third act takes us back to Ælla's palace, where Bertha weeps over her departed husband. In order to cheer her spirits her chambermaid calls some ministrels, who thereupon begin to sing a ballad so exquisitely beautiful, so touching in form and content, that it may surely be counted amongst the highest achievements which poets have attained on this field.

"'Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide;
I die! I come! my true love waits.'
Thus the maiden spoke and died."

The night breaks in and brings the treacherous Almonde. He halts in front of Bertha's house.

"The world is dark with night; the winds are still;
Faintly the moon her palid light makes gleam;
The risen ghosts the churchyard fill,
White elfin fairies journeying in the dream;
The forest shineth with the silver leme.
Now may my love be seated in its treat,
Upon the brink of some swift running stream.
At the sweet banquet I will sweetly eate."

He sends for Bertha and tells her how Ælla has been wounded in the fight. Terrified, she cries out:

"O my agroted breast!"

ALMONDE —

"Without your sight he dies!"

BERTHA—

"Will Bertha's presence ease her Ælla's pain?
I fly; new wings do from my shoulders spring."

Almonde offers her his quick-footed steed and hurries away with her.

In a dense forest we are introduced to Hurra and his flying Danes, breathing revenge against the Saxons and their prince. Almonde and Bertha approach from the distance; he confesses his violent, insane love, tells her that he has carried her off, and implores her love in return. She hurls him back with contempt. He uses threats, and on Bertha's cries for assistance Hurra's men fall upon them and take them prisoners. In the scuffle Almonde, after a desperate resistance, is killed by Hurra. Bertha discovers herself to be Ælla's wife and implores the protection of Hurra, which he generously promises.

The closing act leads us back to Ælla, who, recovering from his wound, feels a deep yearning for home and his Bertha. On the way he meets the maid of Bertha, all terrified and unsettled, who tells him that her mistress has gone away. Jealousy takes possession of Ælla's heart; he violently accuses his wife and mourns over his own unhappy fate:

"Call me not Ælla, I am him no more."

The maid tries to establish the innocence of her mistress, but Ælla continues to doubt:

"But yet it must, it must be so; I see,
She with some lusty paramour has gone.
It must be so—oh! how it racketh me!
My race of love, my race of life, is run;
Now rage and furious storm and tempest come;
No living upon earth can now ensweet my doom."

In despair he stabs himself. The bells sound a funeral chant, when suddenly enters Hurra with Bertha. Her innocence is established while Ælla is yet conscious, and upon the corpse of her husband Bertha swoons down, "making his grave her bridal bed." A servant of Ælla concludes the tragedy with a short epilogue in praise of Ælla, and saying of him:

"In heaven they sing of God, on earth we'll sing of thee."

Thus ends grandly and beautifully this magnificent tragedy—a masterwork, not only as a poetical creation, but also as a work for the stage. It is a work which Shakespeare might have written; and how could greater praise be awarded to it?

The simple and yet so intensely dramatic action em-

braces a period of scarcely three days. It moves with energy, and the vigorous diction of the play the few sentences we have quoted sufficiently illustrate. The death of Almonde by the hand of the Danish prince, the generous behavior which Hurra evinces towards Bertha, as well as the death of Ælla, which he receives from his own hands and not from the hands of his enemies—all this is conceived with great judgment and poetical feeling.

Such a tragedy certainly deserves a better fate than has been its lot heretofore. If a stiff and mediocre poem like *Enoch Arden* deserves to be printed in hundred thousands of copies, and to be illustrated and bound in the most splendid manner, how much more would such popular and elegant editions be appropriate to this grand production of the boy Chatterton?

Chatterton has also published an "Ode to Ælla, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe, Ynne Daies of Yore," which he also asserts to have been written by Rowley, and sent to "John Ladgate, a priest in London," with a copy of the tragedy. We have also the reply of this mythical priest, who sings the glory of Rowley in most hyperbolical style, and after quoting Virgil, Homer, &c., as models, he concludes with the following verse:

"Now, Rowley, in these glorious days,
Sends out his shining lights,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lives
In every line he writes."

Very naive on the part of Chatterton, undoubtedly.

Besides Ælla, we have also a short fragment of another tragedy in the Rowley Poems, which bears the name "Goodwyn." This is short, but its concluding chorus, an ode to liberty, must be classified amongst Chatterton's finest productions.

Next to Ælla his several "Eclogues" are undoubtedly Chatterton's best productions. They can safely be compared to the finest idylls of classics and modern times. Neither those of Virgil nor of Goethe rise to higher perfection, while Tennyson's must be ranked much lower. The first of these Eclogues reminds us of Virgil's first. It describes the sad condition of England during the war of the roses. The first stanza sketches a vivid and pathetic picture of the general distress, and in form of a dialogue two shepherds then take up the subject and explain to each other their private misfortunes among the universal suffering: devas-

tated fields, stolen herds, &c. One weeps over his son fallen in the war; the other has lost his father.

The second eclogue is in praise of Richard's deeds in Palestine, and does not attain the noble beauty of the first. The third is in the form of a conversation between man, wife, and noble. The man and his wife complain about their low condition, speak of equality of mankind, and accuse fate of injustice. The noble replies in a conciliating manner, pointing out both sides of the statement. The whole is written in genuine Goethe style and has great charms.

We would lack space to point out the numerous beauties of the Rowley poems. The preceding quotations are surely sufficient to prove the grand genius of the boy-poet and his true art spirit, wherin he is so unboyish. There is nothing subjective in him; all his descriptions and unfoldings are utterly objective. This highest perfection of genius, this true art culture, is chiefly what makes Chatterton so marvelous a phenomenon. He writes not as a youthful genius, but as a genius of lifelong experience who has educated himself into a self-possessed artist. His poems have all the deep-felt pathos of genius, and at the same time in their form all the calm majesty of ripened art. In this he is the true union of classic and the mediæval art spirit; throwing into the description of the passionate life of the middle ages all the genial and quiet beauty of the classics, and thereby realizing to a far higher degree than any other poet, as he also does in age and life, that famous child of Faust and Helena, Euphonon, which it has puzzled so many commentators to identify historically.

Before taking leave of the Rowley poems, which amount in all to about forty works, we must call attention to the "Bristow Tragedy," an ancient ballad of great merit, and the "Battle of Hastings," an epic poem of great force and beauty, in the production of which Chatterton probably himself a second Homer.

We now turn our attention to the acknowledged productions of Chatterton, which number about seventy, and which alone entitle him to a permanent place in English literature. We would chiefly instance a comic burlesque "The Revenge," which, in its truly exquisite humor and fanciful execution, may rank with "The Clouds" of Aristophanes. All modern poets Gœthe is the only one who knows how to represent the coarse and extravagant comic of the ancients, and in this gift again Chatterton resembles him.

this burlesque, with its accompanying songs, for a rather a low sort of concert garden, and received five guineas for it. After his death the manuscript alone sold for one hundred pounds. How exquisitely the human race knows how to contribute its gratitude!

The dramatis personæ of this burlesque are Jupiter, Bacchus, Cupid, and Juno. The scene lies in the Olympus and more particularly in Maja's bedroom. Jupiter opens the play, swearing like a trooper that he is cursed with such a scolding, jealous, and malignant wife as Juno, and vows that he will hasten to Maja in order to forget his matrimonial sorrows in her arms. But alas! Juno is seen approaching in the distance, and poor Jupiter tries to hide in a corner. Juno enters and sings a sneering satire on humbled husbands. Jupiter, though sorely trembling and pale as death, concludes to try for once to show his authority. He accordingly creeps out of the corner and begins to swear terribly at Juno. She evinces fear, and to pacify him takes to humbling herself, kissing and coaxing him with great warmth. But these love demonstrations Jupiter has not bargained for. He hurries away from his fond wife to find out Maja. Juno also resolves to go and meet her lover. But suddenly Cupid enters and tells her of Jupiter's intrigue with Maja. She is enraged, but accepts Cupid's advice to assume the form of Maja and meet Jupiter in Maja's bedroom. Juno hastens to carry out the plan. Then Bacchus suddenly enters, pretty well drunk, and, seeing Cupid, he commences to sneer at love in true bacchanalian style. Cupid replies angrily, and Bacchus throws a wine-bowl at his head. Cupid, in revenge, shoots an arrow into Bacchus, who now, in sudden agony of love, swears, he must possess Maja, whatever may be the consequences.

Then the scene changes into Maja's bedroom, where Juno, having assumed Maja's form, awaits her loving Jupiter. In the darkness Bacchus enters, whom Juno mistakes for Jupiter. Whilst they fondle each other Jupiter enters, and a most deliciously comic scene is occasioned which threatens to end in a row, when Cupid drops in and unfolds the true state of affairs. Chatterton is said to have written several similar burlesques, but unfortunately none have been preserved.

The greater part of his acknowledged poems consists of satires, which are partly of a poetical character and partly directed against religion and revelation. These satires must be classed amongst the best of English literature, and

have always excited universal admiration. It is truly remarkable how this talent for satirical writings had been developed in the boy at so early an age. "Kew Gardens," and "Resignation," belong to the best of his satires. Another one, "The Prophecy," is written with all the bitterness and energy of a Swift, and is perhaps the finest product of his excited invention. It breathes a glowing and honest spirit of freedom, and is another evidence that Chatterton, in spite of his political immorality, was a sincere friend of democratic freedom and hated the great as heartily as he despised them.

We have only a few words left to say on his other acknowledged poems. The elegy on the death of his friend Philipps is of great beauty. So are the other elegies. His African eclogues are very beautiful, but they cannot be compared to the Rowley eclogues. The flavor of naïveness which gives their peculiar charm to the Rowley poems seems to have deserted Chatterton in London, where all the circumstances of his life seem to have disposed him more for satire and comicalities. Time might have led him back to the original purity of his genius. His clear-sighted Shakespearean mind would doubtless have succeeded in restoring the lost harmony of his early life; and in thus reaching the highest pinnacle of artistic development, satire—nay, even humor—he would have abandoned again as unworthy of a true poet; for the truly beautiful and sublime, which constituted his real nature, can never be united with the negative character of satire.

For this remains an eternal truth: only in the representation of the sublime does art attain its highest object and development. "All the perishable is but an image;" but in art "the insufficient is to become event."* The momentary, accidental, negative, never gives satisfaction. It may cause us to smile, may amuse us, may even be a means to attain the highest end; but in itself it has no value.

Beauty, it is true, is only of the *form;* but the highest

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* Göthe's Faust, second part. The last words:

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss,
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist's gethan,
Das ewig Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

order of beauty can only be manifested in representing the highest content, *i. e.* the sublime. The more intensely the heart of a poet adores beauty, the more certainly will he throw aside accidental, negative, and insignificant contents to grasp the heavenly and sublime, which, because they task far more his genius and art skill, enable him to represent in far higher perfection the beauty he adores.

ART. V—1. *Elements of Medical Jurisprudence.* By THEODERIC ROMEYN BECK, M.D., LL.D. 1860.

2. *Traité sur le Venin de la Vipére, sur les poisons Americains, sur le laurier cerise et sur quelques autres poisons.* Par L'ABBÉ FONTANA. Florence. 2 vols. 4to.

3. *Philosophical Transactions from* 1810 *to* 1812. Articles by SIR BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE.

4. *Traité des poisons tires de règnes minéral, végétal et animal, ou toxicologie générale.* Paris.

THERE are few results for which we are more indebted to modern science than the increased facilities it offers for the detection of crime in cases in which, not many years ago, criminals escaped with impunity, and people were affrighted lest a way should be opened to the wholesale commission of secret assassinations while the law was powerless to intervene. The many dark ways of dealing death which were known to those versed in the secrets of alchemy made men tremble lest a word or an act would provoke the vengeance of those who knew how to strike without fear of punishment, and induced the general dread that every one had his hand raised against his neighbor. The stealthy poisoner laughed to scorn the laws which could not see death lurking in a crumb of bread or a pair of gloves, and in despite of whose most watchful efforts the monarch was not safe upon his throne nor the peasant in his hut. The best evidence of this general distrust is to be found in the practice handed down from time immemorial of having all eatables first tasted by those who had prepared them, lest some poisonous ingredient should be present. A system of police as active and prying as that engaged in bringing to light plots and conspiracies

against governments was kept in operation by every one who could afford it, and men were liable to arrest on the mere shadow of suspicion. This constant dread, and those untiring precautions, increased the very evil they were meant to avert, and at no time did the crime of poisoning flourish so widely as when governments labored most to suppress it. The mystery which attached to some of the most celebrated cases in the past gave birth to the grossest exaggerations, and the historical records of poisoning are defiled by much fabulous matter respecting the potency and *modus operandi* of secret drugs. Probably the most interesting fiction—if fiction, indeed, it be—is that which ascribed to many poisonous agents the property of gradually sapping the foundations of life and causing death with unerring certainty in a given period of time. Nearly every history contains interesting narratives of such cases; and oftentimes the narrator delights to paint in tragic colors the baneful operation of some deadly potion on the human system. To this property Tacitus alludes in his Annals when relating the iniquities of Nero. To avoid suspicion, he says, a slow and wasting poison was employed, so that the system seemed to sink under disease.*

Locusta, a well known sorceress, was Nero's tool in this nefarious business; and so well known had become her name that it was almost as universally abhorred as that of her master. The most celebrated case in which she was engaged was the poisoning of Britannicus, the son of Agrippina. It is, of course, doubtful what drug she used on this occasion; but it is probable that it was aconite, as this article was well known in ancient times, and its poisonous properties especially understood in Rome. Chemical extraction did not then exist, and so *aconitine*, the active principle of aconite, could not have been used.† But aconite produces symptoms so very decided, even when taken in small doses, that suspicion would be at once aroused, and so the project of slow poisoning be defeated. Yet it is not without temerity that some

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* "Exquisitum aliquid placebat quod turbaret mentem et mortem differret.' —Annal., xii, 66.

This is by no means certain. Several of the most celebrated toxicologists and chemists, including Fontana, Gay Lussac, Lavosier, and Brodie, are of opinion that aconitine must have formed at least one of the ingredients in the poison administered by Mithridates, the King of Pontus, to his wives and daughters, and which proved so rapidly fatal to them, but had no effect when administered to himself, because, as we are told, he had fortified his system by the constant use of antidotes. Poison having no effect on him, he had to fall upon his sword. (*Vide* Livy. Lib., 52.)

authors have entirely rejected the idea of slow poisoning, since the past, through its traditional records, exhibits many otherwise unaccountable facts which impartial criticism does not deny, but of which it confesses we have lost the principle of explanation. Some very grave authors—among them Plutarch, Quintilian, and Theophrastus—support this opinion by many examples; and these men were ever careful to sift popular traditions and cast away the chaff. Theophrastus, in speaking of aconite, says that the sorceress prepared a poison from this plant the virulence of which could be so regulated that it would kill in a month or a year; and Plutarch expressly tells us that Aratus, of Sycion, died from the effects of a slow poison which caused a disease of the lungs and impaired his intellect. To this may be added the authority of Tacitus and the almost universal belief which formerly prevailed that skilled poisoners could regulate the effect of their doses with mathematical precision.

If this art of slow poisoning ever did exist, we have certainly lost it, for not even the most delicate chemical processes can produce a poison the effect of which may be thus determined. In the present century the mysterious death of Prince Charles of Augustenburg, Crown Prince of Sweden, revived the question in an interesting manner on the continent of Europe, and led M. Lodin, Professor of Medicine at Lynkoping, to the belief that the Prince had been killed by slow poison.

Dr. Rossi, physician to the Prince, acted in a very suspicious manner, having made but a superficial *post mortem* examination. The body was therefore exhumed, and the disorganized condition of the liver and spleen could be accounted for by M. Lodin on no other hypothesis than the administration of a slow poison. This explanation, however, was rejected by the whole medical profession, and M. Lodin found himself compelled to surrender his opinion. This settled the question among scientific men, and to-day none are found who admit the stories of slow poisoning with which early histories are replete.

The principal vegetable poisons we know the ancients to have been acquainted with are aconite, hemlock, and poppy; and the various composite poisons contained all or some of these. Hemlock was extensively used among the Greeks, and after numberless private crimes had been committed by its agency, the government adopted it as a means for destroying malefactors; and we

know it caused the death of one of the best and the greatest men of antiquity. If nothing else, the fact that Socrates was poisoned by hemlock would render the study of this drug highly interesting, and we find that Wepfer has written a monogram on the subject. Owing to the varieties of the plant we cannot determine whether it was the *conium maculatum*, or common hemlock, or the more virulent *acuta aquatica* the Athenians employed. Wepfer suggests the latter, as its greater rapidity of action better accords with the facts related of Socrates and others. Moreover, the scarcity of water-hemlock explains the economy of the Athenian government, which allowed only a limited amount each year to the public executioner, who, on this supply being exhausted, had to furnish it at his own expense.

Plato, in his dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, remarks that the executioner advised Socrates not to talk lest the hemlock would operate too slowly; not being influenced by any motives of humanity but that less of the drug might be used. This is confirmed by what Plutarch relates of Phocion. The executioner had not hemlock enough to ensure a speedy death, and Phocion was compelled to pay for it himself, remarking, at the same time, that in Athens a man had to pay for every thing, even to his own death. It is not very clear, then, which variety of hemlock the Athenians used, nor to what previous preparation they subjected the plant before administering it. It is probable, however, that some other powerful ingredient was combined with the hemlock, as death generally supervened before the full effects of hemlock poisoning fully developed themselves. Nor could they depend solely on a drug the operation of which is so very uncertain that whilst a few grains will powerfully affect some persons, others can bear eight or ten times the quantity with impunity. At the best, it was a very barbarous mode of punishment; and when we reflect on the bitter sufferings Socrates had before his eyes after the fatal draught should be drained, we must admire still more the calm heroism of his last moments.

We find the train of symptoms from poisoning by water-hemlock thus enumerated by Orfila.* At first there is dazzling which is followed by obscurity of vision, vertigo, headache, often acute and excruciating, a vacillating walk, heart-burning, dryness of the throat, ardent thirst, vomiting of

* Orfila's Toxicology, vol. ii, p. 148.

greenish matter, frequent and uninterrupted respiration, and tetanic contraction of the jaws. The other symptoms differ; sometimes death comes on at once, or is preceded by delirium or attacks resembling epilepsy, and sometimes the head swells to an enormous size. The abdomen and face are generally swollen after death and the mouth is filled with green froth. This plant is eminently fatal to animals, and Linnæus, in his Tour to Lapland, relates that at Tornea hundreds of cattle were annually destroyed by it, and their flesh became so tainted with the virus that the mere contact of it produced loathsome and gangrenous sores.

Hemlock was frequently used for medicinal purposes, but its action was found to be so unreliable, and especially its narcotic properties so uncertain, that but little value is set upon it at present. Aconite and poppies were the favorite poisons of the Romans, and there is no doubt that Locusta mixed them in the deadly draught she administered to Britannicus. Theophrastus says that aconite formed the basis of all slow poisons, and that one Thrasyas had acquired a widespread reputation for the skill with which he prepared it so as to suspend its effect for any length of time. The ancients were acquainted with none of the mineral poisons, as far as can be ascertained*; and hence we must suppose that they were restricted chiefly to the articles mentioned.

There is one animal poison, however, quite celebrated in the annals of ancient poisoning, since by means of it Domitian

* This is another remark which a more extended research would have proved to be erroneous. None could have any familiar acquaintance with the principal metals without discovering that deadly poisons are combined with them. This acquaintance was possessed not only by the Greeks and Romans, but also by the still more ancient Hebrews. Homer frequently speaks of copper; the Greeks of his time wrote on lead and brass. (See Eschenburg's Classical Literature, Part iv, p. 331.) Could they have known these metals without having any knowledge of arsenic and verdigris? And what are we to say of Theophrastus' treatise on Mineralogy? Did this learned Greek treat of the minerals while ignorant that there were deadly poisons amongst them? Again, we read that Melanpus, of Argos, one of the most ancient physicians whose names have reached us, cured Iphiclus, one of the Argonauts, by administering to him the *sesquioxide* of iron. (Apollodor., 1, 9, § 12.) In several parts of Genesis the metals are familiarly spoken of. "Surely," says Job, "there is a *vein* for silver, and a place for gold *where* they *fine* it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and *brass* is *molten* out of the stone." (Chap. xxviii, 1, 2.) It will be admitted that this testimony is sufficiently satisfactory as to the fact that the ancients were *not* ignorant of mineral poisons; were it otherwise it would be easy to multiply proofs. Egyptologists have no doubt that the ancient Egyptians used *arsenic* in their embalming processes; but whether they did or not, certain it is that both the Greeks and Romans were well aware that there were minerals, very small particles of which would destroy human life as effectually as the sword.

destroyed his brother Titus. This was obtained from the sea-hare (*lepus marinus*), and, from what has been related concerning its operation, it must have produced very painful and disgusting effects. The surface of the body was covered with pustules and sores, and the blood reduced almost to the consistency of water. None of the properties, however, which were claimed for the vegetable poison belonged to it, and it was never employed where secrecy was desired. Every one is acquainted with the story of Cleopatra and the asp; but for us it does not possess much interest, since historians have failed to describe the peculiar symptoms which accompanied the action of the poison, and we are not able to determine what variety of the insect was employed. It is probable, however, that the immediate cause of death was suffocation, since Dr. Harris, in his lecture on Poisoned Wounds,* says, that in all instances where death results from the stings of bees or wasps, it arises from active inflammation, either in or about the larynx so as to interrupt respiration.† Serpents, adders, scorpions, and poisonous fishes are the subject of many interesting reflections in Pliny's Natural History; but modern researches have given us much ampler information on the subject of animal poisons, and chemistry has even determined their precise nature in many cases. "The terrible science of poisons," says Sismondi, "is the first branch of chemistry which is successfully cultivated by barbarous nations;" and hence we find that, with the revival of letters in the sixteenth century, alchemy was cultivated as much with the object of discovering venomous drugs as for the philosopher's stone. Secret laboratories were constructed where men held converse day and night with the mineral and vegetable products of nature, and sought to wrest from her bosom those occult treasures which would give them power over life and death. Arsenic, nitric acid, and the bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), quickly

* Medical Examiner, vol. i, p. 250.

† The Abbé Fontana has devoted much more attention to the subject than Dr. Harris, and accordingly his inferences are very different from those of that gentleman. After numerous experiments, Fontana found that the poison of the viper, or asp, exercises *no influence whatever* on an unbroken surface, nor on muscle, tendon, nerve, or any solid parts of the living body; but that it destroys life exclusively by being introduced into the circulation of the blood. "This fluid," he says, "conveys the venom to the animal and distributes it through its whole body. The action of the venom and it effects on the blood are almost instantaneous."—*Traité sur le Venin*, &c., vol. i, p. 198.

"Fontana's views are fully corroborated by those of Sir Benjamin Brodie." —*Vide* Philosoph. Trans. for 1812.

issued from the hissing crucible, and before long their deadly influence was felt both by experimenters and the victims of crime. The first cases we read of in modern times are those which have rendered the *Aqua della Toffana* so celebrated in the annals of medical jurisprudence. Poets, novelists, and historians have delighted to linger on this page of criminal lore and to paint in vivid colors the tragic scenes which in Italy, France, and Germany were enacted by the miscreants who administered this deadly compound for the sole purpose of taking away life.

In the year 1659, during the pontificate of Alexander VII, Rome was filled with consternation at the many sudden deaths which occurred every day, the arch-destroyer singling out, as if by predilection, the strong, the noble, and the young. Fear seemed at first to paralyze men, and they submitted to the scourge as if an epidemic had visited them. By degrees certain circumstances forced themselves on the public attention which showed that some human agency was concerned in the work. In the first place, it was noticed that no women died, nor men, but those who were young, distinguished by wealth or family, and who had been but a short time married. The suspicions of the government were aroused and the utmost exertions used to discover the perpetrators of those horrible crimes. Many arrests were made among the women of Rome whose relations to society were considered questionable, and at last a clue was obtained to the criminals. Certain young wives were in the habit of visiting each other's houses, and the officers of the government, having assisted, incognito, at some of these meetings, found out that a complete system of poisoning had been established for the purpose of ridding of their husbands those ladies of Rome who had grown weary of their lords or longed for a change. An old woman named Spara was at the bottom of the conspiracy and supplied the poison, the secret of making which she had learned from Tofania of Palermo. The infamous league was broken up, and Spara, with four of the most desperate of her comrades, was publicly executed.

The chemists of Rome tested the poisonous preparations, but to no purpose, as chemical science was not yet sufficiently advanced to afford the proper reagents for the mineral poisons which were then known. Four to five drops were sufficient to kill a man, and it was currently stated at that time that it possessed all the virtues of slow poison—that its effects could be suspended for an indefinite period. Tofania, who

was the original preparer of this drug, escaped detection for a long time by a simple yet ingenious expedient. The practice of preserving and distributing the relics of persons who, during life had been distinguished for their piety prevailed quite extensively among the faithful of the Church; and Tofania had her poison made up in little phials, labeled *Manna of St. Nicholas of Barri*, which she distributed among her customers as if catering to their pious wants. She was finally apprehended and put to the torture; and, though she confessed her crimes before being strangled, the secret of her poison perished with her. Garelli, physician to Charles VI, King of Sicily, gave it as his opinion at the time that Tofania was executed that the *Aqua Tofania* was a solution of crystalized arsenic, with the addition of some comparatively sweet ingredients for the purpose of disguising the more potent element. The Abbé Gagliani asserts that the mixture contained opium and cantharides, assigning as the principal reason of this opinion the slower action of this poison, which would seem to accord better with the prevalent idea that its effects might be deferred or suspended. The opinion of Garelli is more general at the present time; and to the objection that the Aqua Tofania differed materially in its operation from arsenic it may be answered that some strong narcotic may have been added and so modified the action of the arsenic.

The security of life received so powerful a shock from these discoveries that the closest surveillance was exercised by the public authorities in every State and kingdom, that men began to dread as much the suspicions of the government under which they lived as the fatal draught from the poisoner's hands; and, it must be confessed, that many innocent persons suffered death on evidence which would now be considered clearly insufficient. And yet, even this evil had not reached its zenith; it remained for the *Chambre ardente* to render government protection from poison infinitely more odious than many Sparas or Tofanias.

No sooner had the sensation caused by the aqua tofania died away than France became the theatre of more wonderful and more iniquitous transactions. A poor nun was observed to visit the hospitals and garrets of Paris, befriending the sick and indigent and bringing to them all the delicacies which her limited resources were supposed to allow. Her visits to the same individuals, however, were not

often repeated, as it was noticed that those who had been helped by her ministration had died with short shrift. When the danger of detection appeared the nun vanished as suddenly as she had made her *entrée* into the world of charity, and though search was made for her in every convent in Paris, she could be nowhere found. Shortly after this a man named Sainte Croix, who had once known the interior of the Bastile, was found dead in a private laboratory, where he was surrounded with the undoubted evidences of a poisoner's avocation. A little casket was found directed to the Marquise of Brinvillier; but the suspicious surroundings justified the authorities in opening the casket, and the first link in a long chain of almost incredible deeds of guilt was discovered. The casket contained various poisons, all labeled, and with the effects of each described as they had been tested by experiments on animals. The Marquise was arrested, and, being subjected to torture, confessed the following startling crimes. It seems that on the return of her husband from the campaign of the Netherlands he brought with him this Sainte Croix, who, profiting by his freedom of access to the house of the Brinvilliers, carried on an intrigue with the marquise, and on being found out was sent to the Bastile by her father. During his sojourn here he learned the art of secret poisoning from an Italian, and on his release he visited the marquise, now a widow, and imparted to her his fatal secret. Before attempting her art on any person of distinction she visited the prisons and hospitals of Paris, as we have stated, to assure herself that she might rely on the efficacy of the drug. This done, she began by poisoning her father, her brothers, and her sisters for the purpose of acquiring the family estates, and had many other infamous crimes projected when Saint Croix's sudden death brought the whole scheme to light. In reading the details of this history one is especially struck by the cold-blooded cruelty which incited this woman to try the efficacy of her poison on the paupers and patients of Paris.

In this respect the case resembles that of Madame Gottfried, related in a recent number of this Review,* though the Brinvillier case exhibits more blood-thirstiness, while Madame Gottfried was a more accomplished hypocrite. The probability is, too, that as the false chivalry of to-day

* No. XXII, September, 1865; art. "American Female Criminals."

would have discovered a moral insanity provoking Gottfried to crime, so Brinvillier would have been acquitted on the ground of some abnormality in her mental organization. Owing to the little progress which had been hitherto made in the science of chemistry, opinion is divided concerning the poison used by Brinvillier as it is with reference to the nature of the *aqua tofania*. Corrosive sublimate was found in large quantity in the casket Sainte Croix had directed to the marquise, and hence the surmise is pretty well founded that this entered largely, as an ingredient, into the poisonous compound.

The discovery of this crime induced the government to take strong measures to suppress future attempts, and an inquisition was established under the title of the *Chambre ardente*, before which all cases of suspected poisoning were tried, and the accused parties were in the majority of cases condemned to the stake. The famous *poudre de succession*, or diamond dust, was employed at this time by poisoners, as its purely mechanical action was so well calculated to defy detection. This was not, however, the first time it was employed; a well-known physician of the sixteenth century (Cellin) relates that the diamond dust was tried on him, though ineffectually, as the hydrochloric acid of the stomach was strong enough to dissolve the diamond. But the efforts of the *Chambre ardente* were soon turned from their legitimate purpose, and it became an instrument of political oppression in the hands of those who controlled it. It was abolished in 1680.

This rapid sketch of a few of the most celebrated cases of poisoning we find in history is replete with useful lessons. In the first place it may be inferred from the difficulty which attended the detection of the most flagrant cases, that countless crimes were perpetrated by crafty men who knew how to evade the slumbering vigilance of the law, and that their victims went to the grave without a suspicion of foul play having been committed. Then the uncertainty of the means used to bring to light doubtless cases was such, that in a great number of instances the innocent suffered with the guilty, or were punished, while the guilty escaped. To-day we find all this changed, and the force of medical evidence has become so strong that it is considered more satisfactory than the concurrent evidence of many witnesses; and the proof of this is found in the general abandonment of poison as a means of committing crime, and the substitution of the pistol or the knife. Those not familiar

with the various processes involved in the analysis of organic substances supposed to be certain poison would be astonished at the slow and laborious steps that are to be taken. In the first place, the action of the poisonous matter has to be tested, so that its peculiar effects and the train of symptoms accompanying its operation may be noted. Animals of the lower order, and in many cases criminals, have been made the subjects of these experiments; and if we could divest the proceedings of a certain cruelty which is inseparable from them, we could not but confess that they are highly interesting and instructive. As a result of these experiments it has been remarked, among other things, that the same poison produces the most different effects on different animals; that hogs feed on henbane, pheasants on stramonium, and goats on water-hemlock, while the same substances are fatal to man. It is said that an elephant in Switzerland took three ounces of prussic acid mixed with ten ounces of brandy and exhibited no evil effects.* The same elephant afterwards took three ounces of arsenic in a mixture of honey and sugar and escaped with equal impunity.† The hedgehog eats the Spanish fly, which is highly poisonous to all other animals. It has been noticed likewise that the dog approaches nearest to man in his susceptibility to noxious agents, while animals of duller nerves differ most from him. More astonishing still is the immunity which some individuals enjoy from the poisonous action of substances which are speedily fatal to the majority of men.

Wolfsbane (aconitum napellus) is a deadly poison, ten grains of which produce death with most distressing symptoms. The eyes and teeth become fixed a few moments after it is taken into the stomach, the pulse becomes imperceptible, and the breathing so short as to become almost undistinguishable; the body swells, and the unhappy sufferer dies in delirium. Notwithstanding, we have the authority of one of the first toxicologists‡ for stating that Charles IV of Spain was accustomed to take a drachm of this substance daily without any good or evil effects. He continued to do this to the advanced age of sixty-two, and still was an athletic man with good appetite.

"In the mines of Peru," says Humboldt, "from five to six thousand persons are employed in the amalgamation of

* Anglada, p. 40, Bibliothéque Universelle.
† Fodéré, vol. iv. ‡ Fodéré, vol. iii, p. 468.

the minerals, or the preparatory labor. A great number of these individuals pass their lives in walking barefooted over heaps of brayed metal moistened and mixed with muriate of soda, sulphate of iron, and oxide of mercury, with the contact of the atmosphere and the solar rays. It is a remarkable phenomenon to see these men enjoy the most perfect health."* Now, the vapors arising from mercury while undergoing oxidation are highly injurious and often fatal. Dr. Dickson† says that the crew of a Spanish vessel laden with mercury were all salivated and some killed by the fumes of the mercury which arose from one or two jars which had been broken in the hold.

One of the most extraordinary instances of the resistance of the human system to the effects of a very deadly poison is found recorded in the works of Dr. Pouqueville, and one which has been the subject of much controversy between Lord Byron and Mr. Thornton. Dr. P. states that an old man residing in Constantinople was in the habit of consuming a drachm of corrosive sublimate daily. Thornton denied the correctness of this statement, and said that the Turkish phrase which Pouqueville took to signify eater of corrosive sublimate, meant nothing but simple eater. Lord Byron, who was well acquainted with the Turkish dialect, confirms the opinion of the Doctor, and emphatically disagrees with Thornton.‡ The man was still alive in 1800, and collateral evidences have proved the truth of what Dr. Pouqueville advanced. It is well known that the peasants of those countries where arsenic is produced employ this mineral for cosmetic purposes by outward application, and swallow it in quantities which in ordinary cases would prove speedily fatal. Those who reside in the valleys of the Alps use it with the view of enabling them to ascend hills, as it it is well known that by means of it their breath lasts them a much longer time.

Dr. Strohmayer relates that a peasant who resided near a convent in the Tyrol took, for a long time, ten grains of arsenic daily with his food; a fact corroborated by the testimony of the monks.§ These anomalies are difficult of explanation, and many lawyers have sought to invalidate medical

* *Essai politique*, &c.
† Dickson's Practice of Medicine.
‡ *Vidr* Notes on 11th Canto of Childe Harold.
§ Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, vol. xii, p. 211.

evidence on this ground. Such exceptional cases, however, are entirely insufficient to shake a general law; they are just numerous enough to establish the rule that where traces of an irritant or narcotic poison are observed in human remains death has been the result of such poison. For this reason the decision rendered by the Academy of Berlin in 1752, when it declared the poisonous nature of copper to be uncertain, since many had swallowed it with impunity, is now generally discarded as calculated to destroy the very idea of a poisonous substance.

It has been observed that the action of poisons differs greatly according to the amount taken, or the virulence of the drug. Thus prussic acid kills almost with the rapidity of lightning, while the less active agents allow a longer interval. This difference in the action of poisons has given much rise to conflicting legislation. In England the law supposes that death cannot be traced to any poison after the lapse of one year, while in this country there is no statutory limitation, provided always death may be traced to the operation of the poison in question. In France the law is the same as in this country, with this difference, that where accident or ignorance renders the poison innocuous the criminal is acquitted.*

Such are a few of the general results bearing directly on the subject of poisoning which have been deduced from the investigations made in recent times on this question; and before proceeding further it would be well to state some interesting collateral truths which have been developed in the course of those inquiries. It has been remarked that a mania prevails at times for certain poisons, and that, without regard to the painful symptoms they produce, murderers and suicides evince a decided preference for them. This, indeed, seems to occur in virtue of some law of human nature which makes man imitative of evil as well as of good. Thus we find in the general prison report of England, made a few years ago, that in a certain prison near London suicides by hanging were of quite frequent occurrence. A little attention to the circumstances disclosed the strange fact that all hanged themselves from the same nail, and when this nail was removed the suicides suddenly ceased. In poisoning this imitative action is still more strikingly illustrated. In a paper published in the *Journal*

* Devergie, vol. ii, p. 426.

de Chimie Medicale the following statistics of poisoning are exhibited. In 93 cases

54	were by	Arsenic.	1	was by	Tartar emetic.
7	"	Verdigris.	1	"	Opium.
5	"	Cantharides.	1	"	Acetate of lead.
5	"	Corrosive sublimate.	1	"	White-lead.
4	"	Nux Vomica.	1	"	Sulphuric acid.
3	"	Fly powder.	1	"	Sulphate of zinc.
2	"	Nitric acid.	1	"	Mercurial Ointment.

1 was by Sulphuret of arsenic. 5 unknown.

It is well known that few substances produce so dreadful a train of symptoms as arsenic; and yet, notwithstanding this and the fact that in France many stringent regulations limit its sale, it has been more extensively employed both by suicides and those who attempted the lives of others than opium or any of the narcotic poisons.

In the United States, however, it has been noticed that suicides give the preference to the various preparations of opium, while other criminals employ arsenic and strychnine. The recent cases of poisoning which has been perpetrated by means of these agents and the wonderful train of circumstances which have led to the detection of the poisoners render the study of those deadly drugs especially interesting. Arsenic is probably more extensively used for murderous purposes than any other poison; and a few years ago scarcely a day passed that the community was not startled by the narrative of some dreadful case of arsenic poisoning. The unerring accuracy of Marsh's and Runsch's tests, which have enabled chemists to discover minute traces of arsenic in dead bodies, many years after death, has caused a marked diminution in the number of deaths from this poison, as men felt that an unseen and infallible witness would bear testimony against the poisoner by arsenic. But the delicacy and precision of those tests have not only rendered the detection of crime more certain but have precluded the possibility of those unjust convictions which have disgraced the annals of former times.

We find a very celebrated case of this sort recorded by Dr. Beck in his Medical Jurisprudence. Mary Blandy was tried in February, 1752, at Oxford, for poisoning her father with arsenic. It appears that she fell in love with a Captain Cranston; but her father opposed the marriage. Cranston conspired with the daughter to get rid of Mr. Blandy for the purpose of securing the property.

Miss Blandy mingled the arsenic which Cranston had brought her in her father's food, but in small quantities, so as not to produce immediate death. Mr. Blandy's health became rapidly impaired and his teeth underwent decay. Others who had shared the food in which the arsenic was mixed suffered similarly. At last, on August 6, she added a larger quantity than usual, and all the previous symptoms returned with increased violence. The abdomen swelled and there was excessive pain, with a peculiar pricking sensation over every part of his body. On being visited by a physician, the patient's tongue was found swollen, his throat inflamed and excoriated, his eyes tumefied, his pulse low, trembling, and intermitting, and his respiration difficult; there was also an inability to swallow even the smallest quantity. Blood flowed freely from his bowels; he became delirious, and, on the 13th of August, expired. On the 15th the body was examined, when the back and hinder parts of the arms, thighs, and legs were found livid. The heart was variegated with purple spots; the lungs resembled bladders half filled with air and blotted in some places with pale, but mostly, black ink; the liver and spleen were much discolored; the kidneys were stained with livid spots; the stomach and bowels were inflated and appeared, before any incision was made into them, as if they had been pinched, and extravasated blood had stagnated between their membranes.

The first symptom which denotes the presence of arsenic in the system is faintness, which occurs a very few moments after the poison has been swallowed. There is violent pain in the stomach, vomiting, dryness, heat, and lightness in the throat. Hoarseness and difficulty of speech are generally combined with these. Diarrhœa is a common sequel, and where it does not exist the abdomen is tense and exceedingly tender.* These symptoms vary but little, and an interesting question has lately arisen as to whether, from these *ante mortem* indications alone, it could be decided that arsenic had been employed. The question has been decided affirmatively by Drs. Christison and Beck.

These symptoms are observed in every stage and variety among the unhappy convicts who are condemned to work arsenic mines. In Germany the workmen thus engaged

* The *muriate of barytes* and *emetic tartar* produce effects on the human system precisely simi ar to those of arsenic, whether applied to a wound, or taken in sufficient quantity into the stomach.

rarely live beyond the age of thirty-five, and even then life is worse to them than death. Their hair and teeth are speedily decayed, their bones become diseased, and they are in a constant state of bad health. In order to prolong this miserable existence to the utmost, they are compelled to abstain scrupulously from ardent spirits, and even from meat, and live exclusively on vegetables, fat, and oil. As the poison continues to insinuate itself into their system, all the symptoms we have described begin to show themselves, and they go to their graves miserable wrecks of humanity.

In the Copper Smelting Works of Cornwall and Wales, owing to the presence of arsenic in the crude metal, the same phenomena are observed among the workmen; but here the cattle suffer similarly. Dr. Paris says: "The horses and cows commonly lose their hoofs, and the latter are frequently seen in the neighboring pastures crawling on their knees, and not unfrequently suffering from a cancerous affection in their rumps; while the milch cows, in addition to these miseries, are soon deprived of their milk.* The appearance of the internal organs on dissection is such as we would expect from the action of such a powerful irritant. The stomach and bowels bear especial marks of its virulent operation, large patches of erosion appearing here and there; and sometimes perforation takes place.

In August, 1832, a family named Terrier, living in France, experienced severe colic and nausea, followed by violent vomiting, after having partaken of soup at dinner. The mother and son died, while the daughter-in-law survived, but remained a chronic invalid. The disease was pronounced to be inflammation of the stomach, and no more was heard of the affair. The property went by law to a man named Urbain, who continued in quiet enjoyment of it for some time. Shortly after this, he called on a brother of his, and during dinner the subject of corn came up for discussion. Urbain expressed a desire to examine a sample of that which his brother had lately purchased. He took some in his hand, looked at it closely, and threw it back into the tub, remarking that it was of a superior quality to what he had. Shortly after this, the entire family was taken sick, and when their illness compelled them to forego the use of bread they became better; but when they became well enough to resume it the same symptoms returned. This awakened a suspicion

* Dr. Paris' "Pharmacologia."

that all was not right, and a portion of the bread was taken for chemical examination. Two chemists failed to detect the presence of any deleterious substance, and it was sent to the celebrated toxicologist, Orfila. The bread was steeped in distilled water, which was afterwards filtered and subjected to the action of sulphureted hydrogen. The fluid became instantly yellow on the addition of a few drops of muriatic acid; but only after the lapse of several days was a sulphuret of arsenic obtained in just such a quantity as to account for the symptoms which had been caused by the use of the bread. Not satisfied, however, with this result, Orfila continued his experiments, in order that, if possible, he might discover the poison in the shape in which it was supposed to have been used. For this purpose the sulphuret, which was mingled with certain organic compounds, was washed with ammonia, which dissolved the sulphuret. The solution was now evaporated, and the residuum being subjected to a red heat, the metallic arsenic appeared. Marsh's test gave the same result, and there was no doubt that poisoning had been intended.* It become known that Urbain would have succeeded to the property of his brother, and that he had also purchased a large quantity of arsenic some time prior to the death of the Terrier family. These circumstances led to his arrest and conviction.†

Another interesting case is that of Mino and Mrs. Chapman, in which, though investigations were pursued with a degree of care and minuteness truly surprising, the results were somewhat conflicting, so that one of the accused parties escaped.‡ Orfila and Lesueur have made careful experiments on this subject, and obtained interesting results. They found that acids become neutralized by the

* Another interesting circumstance connected with the tests for arsenic is the resistance to the process of putrefaction which this substance bestows on bodies, thus rendering the application of the test possible many years after death. Dr. Herepath (Lancet, May 27, 1843) states that he discovered arsenic in the bones eight years after interment. An extraordinary case of the same sort occurred in France in 1836. The body of a female which had been buried three years was exhumed, owing to suspicions having arisen that she had been foully dealt with. The body was readily identified, owing to the complete state of preservation in which it was found. The surface of the abdomen was untouched, and had merely fallen in on the vertebral column. The entrails had been converted into a mess of membranous flakes. These were tested for various poisons, when the application of the proper test gave evidence of the presence of arsenic. *Annales d'Hygiéne*, vol. xviii, p. 466.

† Annales d'Hygiéne, vol. ix, p. 410.

‡ Trials of Lucretia Chapman and A. E. Y. Mino for the murder of William Chapman.—E. Du Bois: Philadelphia, 1832.

ammonia which is set free during putrefaction, and are with difficultydiscovered if a great length of time has elapsed. On the other hand, opium, cantharides, and arsenic undergo but little change even after the space of many years. Prussic acid disappears in a few days, while strychnia remains unchanged for years.*

Arsenic is much less powerful than hydrocyanic acid. Two-thirds of a grain of this substance have been known to produce death, and taken in larger quantities it paralyzes every function, causing death by *sideration*, or blasting of the vital power. Dr. Heller gives the case of a man who applied a bottle of Scheels's acid to his nose, and he was soon seized with great oppression across the chest and rigidity of the entire body. This state continued for nearly twenty-four hours, and it was with difficulty the sufferer was restored after the administration of powerful stimulants.† When the quantity of prussic acid taken is not sufficient to cause death with the rapidity peculiar to it, the symptoms are still such as readily denote its action. There is giddiness with loss of muscular power; the head droops, the tongue protrudes, and there is a contraction of the throat as if strangulation were taking place. The action of the heart is especially interfered with, and hence the veins become congested; the eyes protrude, become fixed and stare wildly; the face is livid and bloated. Whoever has been present at a case of poisoning by prussic acid is especially struck by the smell of bitter almonds which is extensively diffused through the apartment.‡ Even the blood acquires this odor and retains it for several days. This is one of the most reliable tests for detecting the presence of prussic acid; and when it ceases, all traces of the poison seem to vanish.

In the London Medical Repository we read of a man who took half a table-spoonful at a swallow,and in a few seconds fell to the floor as if he had been shot. His teeth were closed, his respiration difficult, noisy, and rattling; his mouth was distorted, his face and neck red and swollen, his pupils fixed and dilated, and in all respects he seemed like one who

* London Illustrated and Physical Journal, vol. xi, p. 265.

† London Medical and Physical Journal, vol. lvii, p. 63.

‡ Brodie informs us that he felt the instantaneous influence of the poison of bitter almonds on his nervous system, on applying a minute particle of it to his tongue. The probe on which it was had scarcely touched his tongue when he felt an indescribable sensation with a sudden feeling of weakness in his limbs as if he had lost the command of his muscles, and he thought he was about to fall.—*Vide Phil. Trans. for* 1812.

had fallen in a fit of apoplexy. The speedy administration of powerful emetics and injections saved his life after some hours, and he remarked that the most distressing sympton he experienced throughout was one of constriction in the back part of the mouth and down the throat, as if some person were strangling him.

It has been noticed that all animals succumb promptly to its operation, from the humble grasshopper to the elephant, and that all exhibit the same train of symptoms —extreme rigidity of muscles, namely, convulsions. M. Robert poured some on a mattress, and, allowing it to evaporate, placed on the mattrass cats, rabbits, birds, and dogs, all of which died within a very few minutes. Another experimenter observes that when these animals experience the first effects of the poison, they utter "a cry of so peculiar a kind and so indicative of severe distress as to give the idea of consciousness on its part of impending death."

For a long time prussic acid was used by suicides who were acquainted with its rapid action but were not aware that it produced the most intense agony. The many published cases of death, however, with vivid descriptions of the sufferings endured, caused the use of it to be relinquished.

Another preparation in which prussic acid is the noxious agent, and one which, owing to its agreeable smell, has often been mistaken for cordial or *liqueur*, is the distilled water of cherry-laurel. It is now well known that prussic acid exists in an inert state in many plants, as the peach-tree blossom, almonds, and especially cherry-laurel. The acid is easily extracted in its active state from these plants by distillation. While Foderé, who has enriched the science of toxicology by so many valuable discoveries, was still a student at Turin, two servants in a nobleman's family, enticed by the pleasant odor of a certain bottle, purloined it, and, thinking it to be an invigorating cordial, hastly swallowed the contents and expired instantly.*

But one of the most interesting cases of poisoning recorded is that of Sir Theodosius Boughton, who was poisoned by his brother-in-law, Captain Donellan, with cherry-laurel water. The young baronet had not yet attained his majority; and in the event of his dying before that time, a large share of his property would revert to his

* Fodère, vol. iv. p. 27.

sister, Mrs. Donellan. A short time before he had reached his twenty-first year, Sir T. was under the care of an apothecary for some slight ailment. The apothecary sent him a draught, which he was to take on the following morning. Accordingly, his mother presented him with the medicine at the appointed time, and he swallowed it, remarking after he had done so that he perceived a peculiarly bitter taste in his mouth. His mother likewise was struck by the strong smell of bitter almonds that proceeded from the vessel which contained the potion; but, deeming this a trifling circumstance, she left her son for a while, and on returning to his chamber was horrified to see him with his eyes fixed and staring upward, his teeth clenched and froth issuing from his mouth. In a few minutes after this he died, never having spoken a word from the moment he swallowed the medicine. Captain Donellan gave directions that the bottle which contained the medicine should be thoroughly cleansed, as also a still which he had kept in his room. This awakened suspicion, and Sir William Wheeler, guardian to the young baronet, gave orders to Donellan to have the body examined by competent medical men. Though he assented to this, yet he evaded the inquiry till he could do so no longer without greatly strengthening the suspicions against him. When the body was exhumed it was swollen and distended, the face was black, the lips retracted, showing the gums and thus giving the countenance a grinning expression; the tongue protruded, and the body was covered with spots. In the opinion of four eminent surgeons, these appearances, as well as the condition of the internal organs, strongly indicated poisoning by cherry-laurel water, but one very eminent man refused to express an opinion, and that was the celebrated John Hunter. His testimony in this case is a finished specimen of evasive answering, but does not reflect high credit on his judgment or impartiality. Notwithstanding the favorable effect of Hunter's testimony, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against Captain Donellan in ten minutes, and in a few days after he was executed. The weight of Hunter's negative testimony led many to believe that Donellan was falsely convicted, and that a stroke of apoplexy would have produced precisely similar effects. One well-known surgeon has characterized this case as "a melancholy instance of the unhappy effects of popular prejudice and the fatal consequences of medical ignorance."

A case is recorded in the Transactions of the Medical

Society of London in which a whole family were poisoned by the use of sugar that had been put into a cask previously containing the carbonate of lead. Dr. Christison's experiments have given these results: Distilled water deprived of its gases and excluded from contact with the air is not acted on by lead; but if rain or snow water is thus exposed, the surface of the lead becomes quickly coated and white pearl scales are seen suspended in the liquid. This is the carbonate of lead, and if the water be received into the system in this condition, all the symptoms of lead-poisoning are witnessed. Spring and river water, however, contains a number of mineral salts, many of which, especially the sulphate of lime and the muriate of soda, neutralize the menstrual power of water, so that it can dissolve but a very minute quantity of lead. It is well known that wines and liquors are adulterated extensively with the acetate or sugar of lead, and that their astringent effect on the system is due to this. The ancients knew that the harsh qualities of wine were toned down by the addition of lead, though they used it for this purpose in sparing quantities. During the middle ages wines were so extensively adulterated with this substance that in many states the sale of the article was entirely prohibited. The most injurious effects of lead are observed among painters who are constantly handling it and inhaling the effluvium of white-lead. Paralysis of the fingers and wrists, convulsive motions, prostration of strength, a short dry cough, and entire prostration of strength, indicate the action of the poison.

Whenever oil or any fatty substance has been allowed to stand for a length of time in a copper vessel a compound known as verdigris forms, and this has been the cause of many sad accidents. In 1781 twenty-one Jacobin friars were poisoned in Paris by eating fish which had been cooked in a copper vessel with oil and vinegar, and the history of medical jurisprudence abounds with similar instances. There can be no doubt, then, that copper vessels, which so many good housewives delight to see glistening on their cupboards, contain the germ of death beneath their highly burnished surfaces.

We can no more than glance at the narcotic class of poisons, the principal one of which, as every one knows, is opium. As we have before stated, the ancients were well acquainted with the poisonous qualities of the *papaver*, or poppy, from which opium is extracted. Owing to the

length of time this substance takes to cause death and the ease with which its action on the system is perceived, it has never been much used by poisoners. Suicides, however, have of late years employed it a great deal, especially in the concentrated shape of morphine. It produces profound lethargy when taken in a fatal quantity, contraction of the pupils, slow and labored breathing, and from this state the slumberer rarely recovers.

The effects of narcotic poisons are pretty uniform, so that we might say of them : *Ex uno disce omnes.* There is another class of poisons which combine the irritant and narcotic characters and a prominent *exemplar* of which is strychnine. This is the extract of nux vomica and akin to the *Upas tiense* of Java. It is much employed in the East and is the basis of those dreadful secret poisons which the Asiatics use. Its effect on the system is to cause violent spasms and convulsions. During the spasms the legs are extended and separated, the head and trunk bent backwards, the foot incurvated, the hands clenched, and the arms sometimes extended; and just before to the paroxysm there is a sense of suffocation, with twitching and trembling of the limbs. It was this poison Wainewright, the celebrated English poisoner, used when he poisoned his niece to obtain the insurance policies on her life.

A late case of poisoning by belladonna, or deadly night-shade, which occurred near New York, will render a word or two on the peculiar properties of this plant not out of place. The first and immediate symptoms it produces are dilatation and immobility of the pupil, total insensibility of the eye to the presence of external objects, prominence of the eye-ball, which generally appears bright and furious ; there is then great dryness of the lips, tongue, and throat; inability to stand upright, twitching of the hands and fingers, lively delirium, loss of voice, silly laughter; and when the case does not terminate fatally, a gradual return to health and reason without any recollection of the preceding state.* It is strange that any intelligent person should have had recourse for poisoning purposes to an agent the effects of which are so very striking as to impress even the most unsophisticated persons with the belief that a poison must have been used.

* Orfila's Toxicology, vol. ii, p. 201.

ART. VI.—1. *Present State of Hayti.* By J. FRANKLIN. London: 1860.

2 *Histoire d'Haiti depuis sa discouverte jusq'en* 1824. Par CHARLES MALO. Paris.

3. *Notes on Hayti.* By CHARLES MACKENZIE, late English Consul-General to that Island. London: 1851.

4. *Revolutions de Saint-Dominique.* Par M. LACROIX. Paris: 1852.

THERE are few even of the older countries of the world whose political history is more instructive than that of the island of Hayti; it would be particularly valuable to the people of the United States, for various reasons, if they would only study it thoughtfully. If for no other purpose, it ought to be studied for the insight which it gives into the character of the negro as a citizen, possessing and exercising political rights, and as a member of society controlled and influenced only by the members of his own race who are similarly situated. Nowhere else can his characteristics be so fully examined; for we see him in Hayti, first in his native condition, just arrived from the wilds of Africa, then as a slave forced to obey a haughty, if not cruel, master, who regards him as little better than the orang-outang or the ape; then as an insurgent fighting for the rights of man; then as a free man who has accomplished his own freedom in spite of one of the greatest powers in Christendom, and, finally, as a politician, statesman, and sovereign.

Our legislators especially would do well, therefore, to turn their attention to Hayti. It is their solemn duty; but that they do not do it, however, is but too evident from the course they pursue; their speeches and mode of argument—and, above all, the manner in which they boast of what they have accomplished show that they are as ignorant of the events that have transpired in that island, so near our coasts, within the last two centuries, as they are of those which transpired in Tyre or Carthage thousands of years ago.

We have at least five millions of negroes and mulattoes in this country; the number is probably nearer to six millions. Whether one or the other, it is constantly increasing, whatever certain of our political economists say to the contrary. Nothing is more certain than that the negroes born in this country increase in a much larger ratio, in spite

of their privations, than the native whites. And while the former improve physically from generation to generation, the latter very perceptibly degenerate. If the whites increase in this country much more than the negroes, it is because so many thousands of emigrants are constantly arriving from Europe. In order that the most skeptical may satisfy themselves on this point they have only to look around them and examine the rate of increase or decrease of any of the older families that have been three or four generations in this country. They will be surprised at the proportion of the oldest that have become extinct altogether, or who at best are becoming less and less prolific from one generation to another. Without enlarging on this point we may safely assert that, notwithstanding the severe cold of winter in the northern States, the climate of our country is, upon the whole, more favorable to the negro than it is to the white.

Now that slavery no longer exists, this fact will soon become much more apparent than it has hitherto been; for the experience of all countries shows that, notwithstanding the indiscriminate licentiousness of slaves, they never increase as much as free people. On the contrary, their tendency always is to die out. We need not go beyond the island now under consideration for an illustration of this. The most reliable historians of the Spanish conquests tell us that when Hayti was discovered by Columbus it had a population of nearly three millions, if not more than that number,* and it is notorious that in an incredibly short time the whole aboriginal population was exterminated by the cruel manner in which they were treated, in forcing them to perform hard and constant labor, to which their strength was not equal. †

Had this extermination of a whole numerous population taken place in ancient times it would have been regarded at the present day as a fable. But even those of the Spanish historians who are most anxious to conceal the cruelties of their countrymen do not deny the melancholy fact, but admit that it was to take the place of the exterminated aborigines the negroes were brought in such large numbers from Africa. The latter would have become extinct in a similar manner had not new cargoes been arriving constantly. But no sooner did

* *Vide* Las Casas.

† "Traités par les Espagnols," says M. Eyries, "avec une cruauté révoltante, forcés à des travaux qui excédaient leurs forces, pour assouvir l'avarice de leurs conquérants, ces malheureux perierent. Vers le milieu du seizième siècle il ne restait plus un seul indigène à Haiti."—*Histoire d'Haiti, &c.*, *p.* 114.

they free themselves fom slavery than they began to exhibit a steady increase, although they no longer received any additions to their number from Africa. If slavery has not exhibited the same phenomenon in our Southern States it is because the Southerners treated their negroes very differently from the Spaniards; yet it is beyond dispute that even under the comparatively mild and indulgent treatment of the former the increase of the negroes was seriously retarded by the institution of slavery.

Another interesting fact which our legislators can learn from the history of Hayti is, that they were by no means the best or most humane men who were the first Ab litionists of modern Europe, except the bloody revolutionists of France —those who murdered helpless women and exhibited their heads on poles—can be regarded in that light; the same men who trampled on the Christian religion, and who set up a nude courtesan as a goddess to be worshipped, and under whose reign of terror fidelity, respectability, and virtue were crimes worthy of the most ignominious death. So early as 1790 the National Assembly of France abolished slavery. As there was some ambiguity in the decree the white colonists would not believe that the liberation of the slaves was really contemplated by the government. At least this was the representation they made; they did not remain inactive, however, but soon formed a Legislative Assembly of their own. A large proportion of negroes were elected to this; but the whites indignantly excluded them, solemnly swearing that they would perish rather than suffer the degradation of being the equals of the blacks.

This declaration was followed by the promulgation of several laws; but the French Governor, Peynier, called on the Colonial Assembly to separate; the members resisted, but the Governor was sustained by the regiment of Colonel Mauduit. As they were now forced to disperse, they resolved to proceed to France in order to state their case in person to the National Assembly; but, instead of giving them any satisfaction, that body had them all arrested and put in prison. Its next care was to pass a decree (October 12, 1791) annulling the decrees of the Colonial Assembly against the negroes, and sending troops to Hayti to enforce it. These troops were so much disgusted with the work they were required to perform that, instead of obeying orders on reaching the island, they formally declared themselves in a state of revolt. Mauduit's regiment, which had previously dispersed the

Colonial Legislature, imitated the example of the newly arrived troops, and on his attempting to remonstrate with them they instantly killed him. When this news reached France the National Assembly passed a new decree which, it was hoped, might be accepted as a compromise by both parties. It provided that the mixed bloods (mulattoes) of all colors, who were born of free parents, were entitled to all the privileges of the whites, and could sit with them in all provincial and colonial assemblies. As might be expected, the negroes were rejoiced at this; but it made the whites more indignant than ever. A new election was ordered; the mulattoes, fully aware of the feelings entertained towards them, armed themselves at once in order to defend their rights, and they were joined by the negroes.

It is almost needless to remark that these proceedings caused the greatest consternation among the whites. On learning the results of its new decree the National Assembly began to comprehend that it had committed a fatal error. Accordingly it despatched commissioners with a proclamation of amnesty to all who would lay down their arms within a specified time, and take the required oath of obedience to the new constitution. But they were pursued by the colored people of all shades with so much fury that they were obliged to return to France as soon as possible. The National Assembly changes its mind again and resolves to adhere to the spirit of its first decree. Accordingly it passes a new decree April 4, 1792, expressly declaring that all colored men are entitled to the same political rights as the whites. Three new commissioners were sent to carry this decree into effect, and they were accompanied with an army of 8,000 men of the élite of the French army. The commissioners with their troops arrive in due time, suppress the Colonial Assembly, arrest the governor, and send him to France, and declare themselves the protectors of the negroes. An intermediate commission is now formed composed of six whites and six mulattoes; by this contrivance peace is maintained for a few weeks, although the whites, as a body, formally refuse to be influenced by it. The commissioners soon find that they can effect nothing, although they are everywhere protected by the negroes against the wrath of the whites. Once more they issue a decree (August 29, 1793) increasing still more the rights and privileges of the negroes. This so much enraged the whites that they did

not hesitate to call to their aid those whom they regarded as the worst enemies of the negro—namely, the British. Nor did the latter refuse to come to their aid.

Be it remembered that the King of England at this time was George III., whose sentiments in regard to slavery are well known. We will, however, state one or two facts which will sufficiently illustrate those sentiments. In the year 1786, during the reign of this sovereign, England carried off 42,000 slaves from Africa. This number may well seem incredible; but let it be borne in mind that she had 130 ships engaged in the slave trade at this time.* There is nothing his Majesty admired in Queen Anne more than "her enlarged views on the subject of black labor." And what these enlarged views were may be inferred from a despatch which her Majesty once sent the colonial government of New York, directing it to take care "that the Almighty should be devoutly and duly served according to the rites of the Church of England; and also that the *Royal African Company* should be encouraged, and that the colony should have a constant and sufficient supply of *merchantable negroes* at moderate rates."

We mention these facts because it is very generally supposed in this country that the British were the first to liberate their slaves, whereas the truth is that while the French were abolishing slavery altogether and declaring the negro as free as the white man, even the philanthropists of England were only calling for the abolition of that disgraceful trade in which, as we have seen, 130 British vessels —often more—were regularly engaged. In one month after the French decree in favor of the slave (April, 1791) Mr. Wilberforce's bill for the abolition of the slave trade was rejected by the British Parliament with indignation.† Seven years after (1798) it was lost by a majority of 88 to 83; and the traffic was not finally abolished until 1807. But slavery remained in full force in the British West Indies for 27 years longer—that is, until August 1, 1834. Now, some idea may be formed of the number of negroes dragged from their homes in Africa by the British from the fact that, although the number of slaves had greatly diminished

* The Abbe Raynal computes that at the time of his writing (1789) 9,000,000 of slaves had been consumed by the Europeans. Cooper, in his *Letters on the Slave Trade* estimates the number destroyed by the traffic at 180,000,000.

† Nothing is more common than to denounce Austria as the enemy of human freedom, etc.; yet Austria abolished slavery in 1782—more than half a century before England did.

at the time of the emancipation, there still remained 770,280.*

It will thus be understood why it was that the British were invited by the white colonists of Hayti to help them to force back the negroes to slavery. Nor were they mistaken in thinking that such an invitation would readily be responded to. On the 29th of August, 1793, as we have seen, all colored people were declared by the French government to be the political equals, in every respect, of the whites; and on the 9th of the following month several British regiments landed on the island under command of General Maitland. They first pretended to the blacks that their object was only to recover some tracts of territory which had formerly belonged to them; but their statement was not accepted,

It was now that Toussaint Louverture first brought himself prominently before the world as a commander. Hitherto he had fought against the French in the Spanish service; now he turns over to the French, who had liberated all of his race under their control, in order to attack the worst enemies of that race.† Well aware from experience that he was an excellent officer and good soldier, the French made him commander-in-chief of the armies of St. Domingo. The result showed that this was the most judicious appointment yet made in Hayti; for although the British received a reinforcement of 7,000 men just at this time, it was not long until every British soldier was obliged to leave the island.

After expelling the invaders Toussaint turned his attention to the improvement of agriculture, the opening of canals, the making of roads, &c.; and in a short time his efforts proved remarkably successful. But Napoleon, now become First Consul, began to regard his acts as having

* From authentic documents presented to Parliament in 1833, it appeared that 3,500,000 Africans had been torn from their country after 1792, that is afetr France and Austria had abolished slavery.

† Some think that the Spaniards were worse than the English in their treatment of those under their control, but many Englishmen feel constrained to admit that the fact was otherwise, at least in relation to the negroes (vide Cooper and Butler on the slave trade). Assuming that the Spanish were the first to begin the work of cruelty and inhumanity, it must be admitted as too true that the British showed themselves apt pupils in imitating them in their worst atrocities. Their treatment of the Maroons, of Jamaica will sufficiently illustrate this. Speaking of one of the efforts of the latter to render themselves independent, Mr. Goodrich says: "The negroes were at first successful, but at length the English adopted the practice of the Spaniards *in the extermination of the natives*. They obtained *blood hounds* from Cuba, *by the help of which the Maroons were driven into the mountains, and ultimately obliged to submit.*" History of all Nations, vol. ii., p. 1190.

a tendency to render the colony independent; accordingly he sent a fleet of thirty-six war vessels and a large number of transports to subdue the island. When the news reached Toussaint he issued a proclamation, the chief object of which was to allay the fears of his countrymen; he told them that they should be prepared to receive the expedition, not as enemies, but as friends. The general opinion is that he did not believe the new troops would attack the negroes. Accordingly, General Rochambeau entered Fort Français February 2, 1802, without any resistance; but General Leclerc found a different state of feeling at Cape Haytien. The commandant here was General Christopher, another colored man; being called upon to surrender the town he sternly refused. Seeing that the French were preparing to attack it, and knowing that his small army was unable to dispute it with so superior a force, he set the place on fire and retreated into the interior. Several other towns were taken in a similar manner after more or less resistance; and it was not until now that Toussaint Louverture resolved to oppose the French. But once resolved, it was in vain that Leclerc made him the most tempting promises; it was in vain that Napoleon sent proclamations in rapid succession, offering a general amnesty, &c. His principal officers deserted him; a price was set on his head; still he did no-permit himself to be defeated, although several times attackedt However, as all the other commanders of the blacks ceased. to make any serious resistance, the French general (Leclerc) regarded the insurrection as put down; and issued a proclamation, as directed by Napoleon, declaring slavery re-established throughout the island. Now Toussaint attacked the French in earnest; hitherto he had not believed that any such measure was seriously contemplated.

Shortly after the decree was issued he succeeded in forming a junction with the army under Christopher; and the combined colored troops soon took possession of every post held by the French, who were forced to make a precipitate retreat to Cape Haytien. But Napoleon, having calculated on this reaction as a consequence of the restoration of slavery, had in the meantime despatched strong reinforcements to Hayti. Leclerc, finding himself reinforced by 4,500 men, again took the field at once; and this time the negroes were completely overpowered. All submitted and a general amnesty was proclaimed.

Not long after the yellow fever broke out with fearful

violence amongst the French; seeing their ranks thus decimated and regarding themselves as cruelly persecuted, the negroes broke out once more in rebellion. Toussaint, being suspected of having favored the new movement, if it was not he that had chiefly instigated it, was arrested at his residence; and before he was allowed to make any effort to vindicate himself from the charge, he was embarked privately on one of the war vessels and sent to France, where he died in prison only a few months after his arrival (April, 1803). But Leclerc, who had sent him, died before him (November, 1802) in Hayti. The latter was succedeed in the command-in-chief of the French by Rochambeau, and Dessalines, another negro, became general-in-chief of the blacks. The yellow fever continued to make frightful ravages among the French. It was found towards the close of the year that not less than twenty thousand had perished from the combined effects of disease and the sword. There was now but a remnant left of one of the finest armies in the world.

The British, on becoming aware of this state of things, once more made a descent on the island. Finding the small army left already closely invested by an overwhelming force of negroes at Cape Français, a British frigate cast anchor in such a position as to render it impossible for the besieged to receive any aid from the sea. The sufferings of the French were so severe that they were forced to surrender to the British on condition that they would not be massacred by the negroes, but be allowed to remove their sick and wounded. Thus ended the power of the French in the island of Hayti. And that the English were not allowed to gain a very strong foothold upon it is sufficiently evident from the fact that a proclamation was issued by Dessalines, March 29, 1804, for the massacre of all the whites on the island. This fact needs no comment; it is sufficient to remark, in passing, that it teaches a useful lesson to those who reflect upon it and may have dealings with armed negroes.

The French had scarcely been expelled in the manner indicated when the Haytians formally declared themselves independent and appointed Dessalines governor for life. But Napoleon had declared himself emperor; and so must Dessalines, who assumes the title of Jacques I. in October, 1804. But even his troops soon became disgusted with his tyranny;*

* Even when he proclaimed a general amnesty while in power, those against whom he had any spite derived no benefit from that pcoclamation, butwere put to death without mercy.—*Nouvelle Biog., Générale*, vol. xiii., p. 909.

his government was hardly worthy of the name; it was little better than a system of spoliation and fraud. Before he has completed the second year of his reign a military revolt takes place and the Emperor is assassinated.

The anarchy which prevailed during his reign was much increased now; for several claimed the right to succeed him, some as merely governor or president, others as king. For nearly a year the various chieftains continued to fight with each other; finally Christopher succeeded in having himself appointed chief magistrate for life, but only, be it remembered, of the northern part of the island, for Pétion became president at the same time of the southern part.

In this we have another instructive lesson; as there were no longer any whites the colored people must form themselves into separate nationalities, Christopher becoming the head of the black republic and Pétion the head of the mulatto republic. No two races ever hated each other more cordially than these, and, accordingly, they were perpetually at war. Christopher, like his predecessor, soon became tired of the democratic title of president, and declared himself king in 1811, after which he is known as Henry I. It may be doubted whether a baser tyrant has ever ruled even in Ashantee; a revolt takes place in October against his authority. Knowing how much he was execrated and having no means of escape, he shot himself in order to avoid a more horrible and ignominious death.

In order that the situation of the island at this time may be fully understood, it is necessary to bear in mind that in 1795 Spain had ceded her part of it to France; as the latter was too much engaged elsewhere to avail herself of the gift, the former reoccupied her old colony in 1808. She derived very little benefit from it, however; her possession of it was little more than nominal, her chief object in it being to have at least a good landing-place so near Cuba. It was sufficient, however, to give the blacks an opportunity of once more declaring themselves free and independent; and Spain scarcely made any opposition to their doing so. The change created some disturbance, however. Boyer, the successor of Pétion, as President of the mulatto Republic, took advantage of this and marched an army into the disturbed districts, and was so successful that in 1822 the whole of the island was united under his government.

But was it anything the better for this? Instead of improving under Boyer it grew worse and worse from year to

year. The prevailing anarchy increased to such an extent that Charles X. thought he could accomplish in Hayti what failed Napoleon—that is, force submission to such terms as it suited his plans to offer. The only excuse the government of France had at this time was that it had never recognized the independence of Hayti. On this pretext M. De Mackau was despatched to Hayti in 1825, with an ordinance of three articles. Article 1st provided that the ports of the French part of the island should be opened to the ships of all nations and that the taxes levied on those arriving and sailing should be uniform, except in the case of French vessels, which should be required to pay only one-half; article 2d required an indemnity of one hundred and fifty millions (150,000,000) of francs, payable in five instalments; article 3d accorded full independence to the Haytian government on these conditions.

Absurd as this proposition was, it was acceded to by the frightened President and his Legislature, because it was sustained by a squadron of two ships of the line, eight frigates and five brigs, which appeared before Port-au-Prince. Thirty-two years previously a fleet three times as large was sent more than once, in vain, by the greatest conqueror of modern times. Now the proposed treaty was signed at once, (July 11, 1825), and the same year the first instalment was paid by means of a loan obtained on high interest from French capitalists. In addition to this the Chamber of Representatives was required to pass a law recognizing the remainder of the indemnity as a national debt. But when the next instalment became due the government had become so insolvent and demoralized that it could get no loan. Thus did matters stand until 1838, when a new treaty was formed, France agreeing to reduce the indemnity to 60 millions, payable in six instalments, the last to be paid in 1867 (the present year); but only two instalments were paid when a revolution broke out (1842), which forced Boyer to flee.

This revolution resulted in dividing the colony once more into two republics—the black and the mulatto—one called the Haytian Republic, the other the Dominican Republic. The president of the former marched into the territory of the latter with 20,000 menfor the avowed purpose of conquering it; but he was soon anxious to return as speedily as possible to his own part of the island. The failure decided his fate, for he was immediately banished. He was succeeded by Guerrier who died in less than a year; some say that grief at the wretched state of his country was the cause of his death, while others

attribute it to poison. Pierrot was appointed to succeed him, but he only conducted the affairs of the government for a few weeks, when he resigned his power and retired into private life, regarding it as a hopeless task to bring order out of such chaos.

Pierrot was succeeded by Riché, who died so suddenly after being installed as President that there seemed good reason to believe that he was poisoned. The next president was Faustin Soulouque. Faustin, like several of his predecessors, did not like to see any republic in Hayti but his own; and, accordingly, one of his first exploits was to invade the eastern territory with an army of 5,000 blacks. He was opposed by a mulatto named Santana, with only 400 men; but the number was sufficient, for Faustin was completely defeated April 21, 1849, at Las Carreras and forced to make a precipitate retreat to his capital. He informed his people that he declined to fight, not because he had any fear of 10,000 mulattoes, but he feared that the French, English, and Americans had all combined to subdue Hayti and divide it amongst them. Of course, then, his best policy both as a general, a statesman, and a patriot, was to return home as rapidly as possible, and prepare to meet the treacherous combination that was being made against his country.

Absurd as the story was, it was readily accepted. He affected to make great preparations to resist the allied armies of Europe and America, and suggested that, as a strong government was essential in such a crisis, it was best for him to become Emperor; not that he cared anything for the title—he preferredthat of president—but he was always ready to sacrifice his own wishes for the good of his country! All this, too, was believed by the large majority of the people; and, accordingly, he mounted the imperial throne in August of the same year, assuming the title of Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti.

It would be impossible to burlesque the court with which the new sovereign surrounded himself; not only did he appoint princes and princesses of the blood, dukes, marquises, counts, lords, barons, &c.; he also founded two orders of knighthood, that of St. Faustin and the Legion of Honor. But all this had its serious as well as its ludicrous side; for, to support such pomp money was required, and accordingly the people were plundered without remorse. They endured the systematic robberies perpetrated upon them in virtue of arbitrary edicts—sometimes without any edict—until they could do so no longer. Then another insur-

rection takes place, headed by Geffrard, one of the imperial generals; Faustin is forced to fly, and Geffrard declares the republic and himself restored its President. This was in February, 1859; but in September of the same year the new ruler was attacked at his own residence as a tyrant, and his daughter was shot, through a window, having been mistaken for himself by the conspirators.

Brief as this sketch is, it may well seem a caricature; it is, however, but too true; indeed, it gives but a faint idea of the miserable, gloomy, constantly retrograding condition of the negroes in Hayti under negro rule. Far be it from us to attribute this to the emancipation of the slaves; we entertain no such theory; althoughcertain it is that the people in general were much better off while slavery existed than they are now. But they were so not on account of slavery, but in spite of its baneful influence; they were so because they had then the white man to think for them, to guide them, and show them how the products of their rich and prolific soil could be made available.

It may seem strange how well the negroes fought in their wars with the French, Spaniards, and English; how often they defeated some of the best troops in the world. But they had not then entirely discarded the guidance of the whites; and be it remembered that the black generals who distinguished themselves so well had the advantage of the best military instruction in the world. If they defeated the French by overwhelming superiority of numbers it was the French themselves who had taught them to do so. Several of them had been thoroughly educated in France;* and many who had never been in that country had been educated at home by French, Spaniards and English. When the degenerate rulers, not content with banishing the whites, caused large numbers of them to be massacred in cold blood, it is not difficult to understand that the condition of the country became worse and worse from year to year.

* This was true, for example, of Vincent Ogé, who was educated in Paris, and after his return to Hayti in 1790, was broken on the wheel with his brother, while 21 of his followers were hanged for having excited an insurrection.

Toussaint Louverture was well educated by his master, M. Bailly, captain of a French merchant ship, who had purchased him from his former owner with the intention of preparing him for his liberty. In short he allowed him all the opportunities possessed by his son, including the use of a good library. While Toussaint was reading the Abbé Raynal's *Histoire des deux Indes*, he met with the passage which says that "One day a black would appear whose mission it would be to avenge his outraged race," and passionately exclaimed, "*Raynal est prophète à moi.*"

For the proof of this we have not to depend upon mere assertion; the vastly diminished products of industry prove it. The change that has taken place in this respect would seem utterly incredible were it not supported by the concurrent testimony of all the commercial nations in the world. Nay, the markets alone, or the statistics of exports and imports of France, England, and the United States, would place the fact beyond doubt. Thus, will it be believed that the exports of Hayti were *eight times as great seventy years ago as they are now*, while the population is nearly, if not quite, twice as large now as it was then? In 1798 the exportations of the island amounted to 135,000,000 of francs, while its importations from France alone amounted to 54,000,000. In short, the products of its industry kept in busy occupation 710 vessels, manned by 18,400 sailors. But how many do they occupy at the present day? Certainly not more than one hundred, if so many.

A few plain figures which may be found in any of the works placed at the head of this article will explain the difference. Thus in 1791, the year the National Assembly passed a decree declaring the blacks equal to the whites, the exports of coffee for the island amounted to 68,151,180 francs; the sugar exported the same year amounted to 163,405,220. In 1804 the former had diminished more than one-half—to 31,000,000; and the latter in nearly the same proportion—to 47,600,000. In 1822 the exportation of sugar had diminished to 625,541 lbs.

At the present day there is no sugar worth mentioning exported from Hayti; the amount of coffee is not one-fourth as much as it used to be, and the amount of cotton is not one-tenth as much. Instead of cultivating sugar, coffee, cotton, and other commodities which would enrich the country, while they would contribute much to the comforts of the people of every country in Europe and America, both the blacks and mulattoes devote their attention to cutting wood and to the crudest kind of agriculture.

In a word, the negro has abandoned the plantation for the forest; and hence it is that almost the only exports worth mentioning made by either of the two republics, which divide the island, and between which there is just now a sort of armed truce, are different kinds of wood. These few plain, undisputed facts afford more instruction as to what negroes will do, and what they will come to when left to themselves, and taught to believe that they are the equals of the whites, than any amount of declamatory speeching.

ART. VII. 1. *United States Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere during the Years* 1849, '50, '51, '52. *Vol. III. The Solar Parallax.* By LIEUT. J. M. GILLISS, LL. D., Superintendent Pub. Doc. Washington: 1856.

2. *Astronomical and Meteorological Observations made at the United States Naval Observatory during the Year* 1863. By CAPTAIN J. M. GILLISS, U. S. N., Superintendent Pub. Doc. Washington: 1865.

NEXT to the earth the sun is to us the most important body in the universe. A body on which so much of our physical happiness depends must, at an early age, have stimulated mankind to make exertions to ascertain its distance. At first appearance it might have seemed impossible to measure the distance of a body to which it is impossible for us to go. But the ingenuity of man seems to know no bounds; and when he has once determined to solve a question, the means of doing it are certain to be discovered.

"The measure of the sun's distance," says the English Astronomer Royal, Airy, "has always been considered the noblest problem in astronomy." To this Dr. Gould adds: "This distance, known or unknown, is, and must ever be, the standard length in which every linear measure of a celestial object beyond the moon is directly or indirectly expressed; whether it be the distance of a satellite, a comet, or a fixed star; the dimensions of a planet, or the gauge of a nebula. It is the astronomical unit, and every stellar distance is only known as a proportional one until this unit is established. It is, therefore, manifestly the duty of astronomers to flinch from no labor which gives a remote prospect of increasing the precision of our measurement of this fundamental quantity."

Let us now sketch the history of the many attempts that have been made by astronomers in all ages of the world, from the most ancient of which we have any account down to the most recent, to determine the sun's distance. We shall thus learn how one difficulty after another has been overcome in approximating to the solution of this important but difficult problem. Those who have no knowledge of the fundamental principles on which the solution of this problem is based can have but a faint conception of the reliance to be placed on the astronomer's determination of this very important astronomical unit.

In order to find the distance of the sun from the earth, we must, in general, know the numerical value of his *parallax*. Parallax may be defined to be the apparent change of place of an object in consequence of being viewed from different points not in the same straight line with that object. These are the methods of finding the distance of the sun from the earth without finding the parallax directly; we shall mention each in its proper place.

Cleomedes offered the following argument to prove that the sun is *larger* than it appears to be, and, consequently, that his distance must be considerable. He said that when the sun is rising behind a mountain the edges of his disc are often, at the same time, seen on the opposite sides of the mountain; and he inferred that the sun, which appears no more than a foot in diameter, must in reality be larger than the mountain.

Aristarchus, who flourished about 230 years B. C., proposed a method for determining the distance of the sun by comparing his distance with that of the moon, and, consequently, finding it without knowing the solar parallax. If we could tell exactly when the moon's disc is dichotomized, or half enlightened, we should then know that the triangle formed by lines connecting the centres of the earth, sun, and moon, would be right-angled at the moon; and as the sun and moon are then frequently both above the horizon, the angular distance between them can be measured, and thus the three angles of the triangle will become known and the relation of the sides will be known, and hence the ratio of the sun's distance to that of the moon will also be known. As the distance of the moon is pretty accurately known, the distance of the sun can be found. This is the first method of finding the sun's distance without a knowledge of his parallax. Aristarchus attempted to put it into practice. He found the angular distance between the sun and the moon equal to 87°, or the angle at the centre of the sun equal to 3°. This makes the distance of the sun nineteen times as great as that of the moon.* This we now know to be far from correct, but it must have assisted materially in enabling the ancients to form a conception of the approximate magnitude of the universe. The great difficulty with the method of Aristarchus consisted in determining exactly when the moon's disc was dichotomized, and in

* The Origin and Progress of Astronomy, by John Narrien, F. R. A. S., pp. 206–207.

measuring the angular distance between the sun and moon with such instruments as he possessed. Instead of the angle at the sun being 3°, as found by Aristarchus, we now know it to be no more than 8′ or 9′.

Although the modern astronomer could approximate much more nearly to the relative distances of the sun and moon by this method, yet he would meet with too many obstacles in the way of bringing it practically into use to make it valuable in these days of exact determination. In consequence of the roughness of the lunar surface, which is brought out as soon as it is examined with a telescope of moderate power, the line which divides the dark from the illuminated part becomes so broken that it would be with no little difficulty that the time could be determined when it exactly bisects the lunar disc. Again, the unequal refraction to which the sun and moon are subject when they are both above the horizon renders the exact determination of the angular distance of the sun from the moon a matter of considerable difficulty.

Succeeding philosophers, by employing the method of Aristarchus and making more exact measurements, arrived at much more approximate results. Pliny informs us that Posidonius found the distance of the sun and moon from the earth to be respectively 500,000,000 and 2,000,000 stadia, which determination makes the distance of the sun 250 times that of the moon — a result far from the truth, but a great step towards an exact determination. It is thought, however, that this result was brought out only by a fortunate compensation of errors.

The Arabian astronomers have given numbers expressing the distance of the sun from the earth, but these seem to be derived from theory rather than from direct measurement. Alfraganus makes the distance of the sun equal to 610 diameters of the earth; and Ibn Junis increased it to 883 diameters.* These numbers, although far from being correct, served to convey more accurate ideas of the magnitude of the physical universe.

Copernicus adopted a value of the sun's distance corresponding to 571 diameters of the earth. A distance nearly the same was adopted by other astronomers that lived about his time or a little later. Tycho Brahé, the great Danish astronomer, by his accurate observations, laid the foundation for more exact knowledge respecting the sun's distance.

* Narrien's Origin and Progress of Astronomy, p. 307.

While Kepler was engaged in his celebrated researches on the planet Mars, and by means of which he discovered two of the well-known laws of physical astronomy, which bear his name, he took the opportunity to institute a searching scrutiny into the value of the solar parallax by reducing in the most careful way the numerous observations of Tycho Brahé. The conclusion to which he finally arrived was that the solar parallax did not exceed one minute of arc. This value of the sun's parallax makes his distance only the one-seventh of what it is now known to be. In 1609, in his "New Astronomy, or Commentaries on the Motions of Mars," he regarded it difficult to assign limits to the solar parallax nearer than 0° 4′ 55″ and 0° 1′ 45″, corresponding to a distance of 350 and 1,000 diameters of the earth. "In his Ephemerides for 1617 and 1617, he supposed the parallax to be 2′ 29″, according to Tycho Brahé, who deduced it from observations of the moon. Peter Crüger, Kepler's intimate friend, upbraided him for removing the sun 'to such a huge distance,' which would destroy the value of all Tycho's tables, after he had himself adopted the Tychonian value in the Ephemeris a few years before; but Kepler replied that he had studied the subject with care, and did not hesitate to reduce Tycho's parallax by 1′ 40″, or two-thirds of its whole amount."* Kepler finally adopted a value of the sun's distance equal to 1,800 diameters of the earth, corresponding to a parallax of 49″. This parallax is still five-and-a-half times too great.

In 1647 Godfrey Wendelin, a Belgian astronomer, deduced a parallax from morning and evening observations of the moon equal to 15″ at the outside. This corresponds to a distance of 6,870 diameters of the earth. He fixed, as the most probable number, 7,328 diameters. In 1665 Ricciolus thought the above value of the sun's distance too great, and fixed upon a value of the solar parallax between 28″ and 30″, and concluded that neither of these values could be more than a few seconds of arc from the truth.

The next attempt to determine the solar parallax was made by Cassini and Richer. The former resolved to attack the problem indirectly by finding the parallax of the planet Mars. When Mars is in opposition he

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* Gould's Treatise on the Solar Parallax, U. S. Naval Ast. Expedition, p. lxi; and Grant's Hist. Phys Ast., p. 211.

is much nearer the earth than the sun; and by finding the parallax, and thence the distance of Mars, we can arrive at the distance of the sun from the earth by means of Kepler's third law. In consequence of the great eccentricity of the orbit of Mars, his distance from the earth at different oppositions is very various, as may be seen by the following table. If the earth's distance from the sun be called unity, the distance of Mars from the earth will be at the opposition in—

1860,	about July 21	=	0.38
1862,	" October 1	=	0.39
1869,	" February 13	=	0.68
1871,	" March 22	=	0.64
1877,	" September 3	=	0.37

We thus see that the distance of Mars at one opposition may be little more than half of what it is at another.*

The French Academy sent M. Richer, in 1672, to Cayenne, in South America, to make observations on Mars, then in opposition, while Cassini, Picard, and Roemer made observations upon the planet at Paris and Brion. "The planet had been compared, both at Cayenne and Paris, with *Aquarius* ♒, but Cassini did not succeed in obtaining any good value, farther than deducing an upper limit of 9″, if the observations were to be trusted. In 1684, however, Cassini published a memoir revising his computations from the materials, and from correspondent observations, in 1672, September 5th, 9th, and 24th, deduced as the equatorial horizontal parallax of Mars, 25⅓″, = 3,″ corresponding to a solar parallax of 9″. 5 = 1,″ or a distance from the earth of 21,600 terrestrial semi-diameters, and with a possible error of 2,000 or 3,000 semi-diameters. From these values he inferred the true diameter of the sun to be just one hundred times that of the earth.†

We have now given an account of the first set of observations that gave the observers a value of the parallax which we may call approximate, since we know it to be embraced within the limits of the probable error of the result.

If the planet Mars or any other celestial body be viewed when it rises, and also when it sets, it will not be seen in the same direction, even if the body and the earth

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* See Smithsonian Report for 1859, p. 295.
† Gould, U. S. N. Ast. Ex., p. lxiii.

were to remain stationary in their orbits during the interval between rising and setting, since the observer will be carried by the rotation of the earth over a space of many miles during the time that elapses between the former and the latter observation. In this way it can be seen that a parallax could be measured if the body be near enough to have a measurable parallax.

About the time when the observations mentioned above were made, Cassini, with Roemer and Sedileau, tried the method of parallaxes in right ascension; a method which he first suggested and which he employed to ascertain the distance of the great comet of 1680. As satisfactory observations cannot be made on a celestial body when near the horizon, it is necessary to make the required observations when the body is at some distance above it. Cassini's method was to take observations made on opposite sides of the meridian, and by comparing them to deduce a geocentric parallax, or a parallax as viewed from the centre of the earth. He was unable, however, to arrive at any satisfactory result, although he bestowed a great amount of labor on the investigation.

Professor Airy, the Astronomer Royal of England, recommends this method as not only worthy of a fair trial, but as the best of all methods for finding the parallax of Mars. It affords a longer base-line, which gives the parallactic angle "than the best which can be obtained by meridional combination of two observations. At Madras, in India, the angle to be measured would be about 44″. To this it is to be added that the method is attended with no expense whatever; that the observations, which are compared, are made with the same telescope and by the same observer or the same series of observers; that there is none of the tediousness, the wearying correspondence, or the doubt which is inseparable from observations requiring distant co-operation; and that the observer is supported by the feeling that his own unassisted observations will give a perfect system of means for deciding one of the most important questions in astronomy." *

Flamstead, who had been observing in England, compared his observations on Mars with those of Richer, and he fixed the upper limit of the parallax of Mars at 25″, so that the solar parallax could not exceed 10″, or the distance 21,000 terrestrial semi-diameters.

* Smithsonian Report for 1859, p. 296.

The transit of Mercury across the sun's disc in 1677, October 28th, was observed by Dr Halley at St. Helena, but the result was not satisfactory. Mercury is too near the sun to render his transit of any value in determining the solar parallax. The reason is that he is nearer the sun than he is to the earth.

In the year 1740 La Caille went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he made a large number of observations of the declination of Mars in opposition; and by comparing these with corresponding observations made in the northern hemisphere, extending through six weeks, he deduced 10".2 as the value of the solar parallax. In 1741 he repeated the investigation with about the same result. In 1751 he computed the mean of four correspondent observations on Venus at her inferior conjunction and deduced the value 10".38 as the equatorial, horizontal parallax of the sun; and he thought that 10".25 might be taken as a value of the solar parallax, not differing either way from the truth more than 0".25.

In 1760 Tobias Mayer tried a new method for determining the solar parallax; he did so by means of the lunar theory. In carrying the approximations in the lunar theory to the third order a term arises in the perturbations in the longitude whose argument simply depends on the angular distance between the sun and moon, and one of the factors of the coefficient of which is the ratio of the mean distance of the sun and moon from the earth.* This coefficient had up to that time been computed by employing a value of the solar parallax equal to 10".8. Mayer, by deriving the value of this coefficient from observation was enabled to deduce a value of the solar parallax equal to 7".8 and this he thought could not differ from the truth more than a twenty-fourth of its value. This is the second method of finding the distance of the sun without a previous knowledge of the solar parallax, the moon's distance being accurately known. Since Mayer's day other mathematicians have attained more accurate values of the solar parallax by this method than he had.†

James Gregory, a very celebrated English philosopher and mathematician, first pointed out the utility of the transits of Venus for finding the value of the solar parallax.‡ Although

* Airy's *Math. Tracts*, p. 57.
† *Théorie Analytique du Système du Monde.* For Pontécoulant, vol. iv, p. 606.
‡ Grant's Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 428.

Gregory was the first to show that the transits of Venus might be used to determine the sun's parallax, yet it was Dr. Edmund Halley who urged astronomers to make all necessary preparation to observe so important a phenomenon. Halley's earliest reference to the subject was in 1679. Subsequently he took up the subject again in the volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1694 and 1716. Gregory mentioned the subject as early as 1663. The ability with which Halley expounded the peculiar advantages of the transits of Venus, for determining the distance of the sun from the earth, had the effect to arouse the different governments of Europe to send expeditions to several parts of the world to observe the transits of 1761 and 1769.

If we imagine the planet Venus to pass between the earth and the sun, it will appear to traverse the disc of the latter in a straight line, and the position of this line on the solar disc will depend on the observer's place on the earth. If there were two observers, one situated as far north and the other situated as far south of the plane of the ecliptic as possible, and that they would observe the transit well, then the two lines along which the planet would appear to move would be separated from each other by a considerable distance; and by being able to determine this distance the astronomer could then calculate the solar parallax. The distance of Venus from the earth at the time of a transit is to the distance of Venus from the sun very nearly as 7 is to 18; and it will readily be seen that the distance between the observers (measured in a straight line) is to the distance between the lines of transit on the solar disc in the same ratio.

We thus see that the distance which has to be measured on the sun's disc, is more than two and a half times as great as the distance between the observers. This is one advantage of the transit of Venus for finding the solar parallax. The angle formed at the centre of the planet by the two lines reaching from that point to the two observers is her parallax. This parallax, then, will be about two-and-a-half times as great as the corresponding one of the sun. We thus see that if there was an error of one second of arc in measuring the parallax of Venus, it would effect the value of the solar parallax to the amount of but two-fifths of a second of arc. Besides this advantage, the parallax of Venus can be measured more accurately by observing the beginning and duration of the transit than by measuring the

parallax directly, other things being equal. This shows that many things conspire to render the transits of Venus very important phenomena for determining the solar parallax. As soon as the distance of Venus from the earth is made known that of the sun from the earth results at once by means of Kepler's third law.

A sufficient time before the transit of June the 6th, 1761, several European governments despatched astronomers to suitable situations in different parts of the earth to observe it. The English sent Dr. Maskelyne to St. Helena; and Mason and Dixon (who subsequently measured an arc of the meridian in this country) were destined for Sumatra; but, fortunately for astronomy, a want of time induced them to stop at the Cape of Good Hope, which proved to be a much more desirable situation. The French Academy sent Pingré to Rodrigues, in the Indian Ocean. Another French astronomer (Chappé) was sent by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences to Tobolsk, in Siberia; and a Russian astronomer, (Rumowski) to Selinghinsk, near Lake Baikal, on the Mongolian frontier. Besides these, all the observatories in Europe were put in requisition, and observations were made at several missionary stations in Southern and Eastern Asia.

The various observations were published and the solar parallax computed, but the results were anything else than harmonious. The value of the parallax deduced varies from 8″.33 to 10″.10. In short, the transit of 1761 did not add much to our knowledge of the astronomical unit. We believe that the only American observation on this transit was made by professor John Winthrop, of Harvard University. For the purpose of finding a favorable station he repaired to St. John's, New Brunswick. His observations were published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society* of London for 1764.

The failure of the transit of 1761 to add much to our knowledge of the solar parallax without doubt possessed some advantage, for it stimulated astronomers to make greater exertions to observe the transit of 1769 with the greatest possible accuracy; and, besides, it was known that more than a century must pass before another such opportunity would present itself. In other respects the transit of 1769 was more favorable for determining the solar parallax than its immediate predecessor. The best stations were occupied, and "both ingress and egress were visible at numerous and widely remote points, which was not the

case in 1761. Finally, an eclipse of the sun followed close after the transit, affording an excellent opportunity for fixing the longitude of the places of observation."

Every exertion was put forward by the votaries of astronomy to obtain accurate results; and well has the late M. Encke said: "Whatever may be the future judgment as to the actual issue, posterity will never be able to reproach either the astronomers or the governments of that period with having neglected to call sufficiently careful attention to the more important points, or with having failed to further and support scientific efforts with sufficient readiness."

The transit of 1769 took place on the 3rd of June, and a sufficient time previous to it the different governments of Europe sent observers to the most eligible points to observe it. The famous expedition of Captain Cook to the South Sea was for that purpose, when the transit was observed by Mr. Green, the astronomer, Captain Cook, and Dr. Solander, the botanist to the expedition. Wales and Dymond were sent to Hudson's Bay; Mason and Dixon observed in Ireland; and an expedition under the direction of Mr. Call was sent to Madras.

The French Academy sent Pingré to St. Domingo and the Abbé Chappe to California. Chappe died there in August following, but his observations were preserved by one of his assistants and sent to Paris. The St. Petersburg Academy sent astronomers to three different stations in Lapland—to one on the banks of the Lena, to another on the shores of the Caspian, and to several in the interior of Asia.

The King of Denmark sent M. Hell, Professor of Astronomy in Vienna, to Wardhus, at the northern extremity of Norway. Sauman observed in Finland. In this country the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, under the lead of the learned Dr. Rittenhouse, who had charge of the stations at Norriston; Dr. Ewing of the one in Philadelphia; and Mr. Biddle of one near Cape Henlopen. The day was fine and good observations were taken.

The solar parallax was deduced from the published observations by different computers, who obtained different results, differing, however, much less from one another than from the transit of 1761. Planmann found 8″.43 as the value of the equatorial horizontal parallax of the sun; Lalande; 8″.50; Smith, 8″.605; Lexell, 8″.68; Maskelyne, 8″.723, Pingré, 8″.81; Hornsby, 8″.78; and Euler, 8″.82. In 1808

Ferrer subjected the observations to a new discussion, and obtained the result 8″.615; and again, in 1815, to a very thorough discussion, which was posthumously published in 1832, from which he found for the value of the parallax 8″.577 = 0″.3. The highest authority, however, and the one now followed, is the discussion of the late Professor Encke, of Berlin. In 1822 he published a volume containing a review and thorough discussion of the observations of the transit of 1761, June 6th, deducing the final value 8″.4905=0″.607. In 1824 he published a second volume containing a similar critical examination and discussion of the observations of the transit of 1769, June the 3rd. In this volume he makes a certain correction disregarded in the first volume, and finally obtains as the value of the equatorial horizontal parallax of the sun the following values:

From the transit of 1761..... 8″.5309 — 0″.0623
From the transit of 1769..... 1″.6030 — 0″.0460
From the two together..... 8″.5776 — 0″.0370

The station at Wardhus, or Wardo Island, in the Arctic Ocean, at the northeastern extremity of Norway, was a very important one for the observation of the transit of 1769, and to this place, as has already been mentioned, Hell was sent. Numerous circumstances tended to throw suspicion on his published observations. Without stopping to detail everything that was afterwards discovered, suffice it to say that, in 1834, Prof. Littron, of Vienna, learned that some of the papers of Hell were in the possession of an Austrian gentleman. With a desire to obtain some clue to the Wardhus observations, Prof. Littron asked permission to consult them. This was not only granted, but all of Hell's MSS. were presented to the Vienna Observatory. Prof. Littron found among them Hell's astronomical note-book for the days June the 2d–4th, 1769. He found that the record of the original observations of the transit had been erased. He was only able to find two observations, one of ingress and the other of egress, upon which reliance appears warrantable. Hell substituted other figures, derived from calculation, for the original record. After obtaining these facts, Encke recomputed the solar parallax and obtained the final result from both transits, equal to 8″.57116 — 0″.0370, and this is the value now employed. It gives the mean distance of the sun from the earth 95,-

360,000 — 412,000 miles; or the probable error is less than half a million of miles.

In 1824, Burg, following the footsteps of Mayer, deduced a value of the solar parallax from the Lunar Theory equal to 8″.62. In the same manner La Place obtained 8″.61; Pontécoulant, 8″.63; Lubboch, 8″.84 and 8″.81; Hansen, 8″.88; Leverrier, 8″.95.

As the reader will see, the results derived from all the methods mentioned give a somewhat uncertain value to the solar parallax, and the need of a more exact determination of this important element was for some time felt. The next transit of Venus will not take place till the year 1874, and it was thought advisable to try some other method by means of which the adopted value might either be confirmed or corrected. To effect this Dr. Gerling, of the Marburg University, proposed to make observations on the planet Venus about the period of her stationary points and retrograde motion, in opposite hemispheres (northern and southern) and nearly under the same meridian.* Dr. Gerling wrote to Lieut. J. M. Gilliss in 1847, explaining his method and urging him to undertake observations for this purpose. After much correspondence, and two years spent in preparation, Prof. Gilliss finally set sail on the 16th August, 1849, of for the western coast of South America. A detailed account of the origin of the expedition, and many other things connected with it, will be found in the Introduction to the volume referred to, at the foot of page 16. After an absence of thirty-nine months, Prof. Gilliss reached home, having made the necessary observations, together with many others not having a direct bearing on the determination of the solar parallax. The mass of observations was placed in the hands of Dr. B. A. Gould, a young but able astronomer and mathematician; and he treated the subject in a most thorough manner, subjecting the whole series to a rigid scrutiny. From this discussion he deduced, as the value of the *equatorial horizontal parallax* of the sun, 8″.5, a value a little less than that deduced by Encke from the transits of Venus, and corresponding to a distance from the earth of 96,160,000 statute miles.

The opposition of Mars in 1862 being favorable for the determination of his parallax,† Captain Gilliss determined

* See vol. iii, p. iii, of the U. S. N. Ast. Exp. to Chili in South America.
† See page 6.

to take the advantage of that circumstance, and invited the directors of different observatories to co-operate with him in making observations during the months of September and October of that year on his position. These observations give for the sun's parallax the value 8″.8415, a result corresponding very nearly with that deduced by Subboch from the Lunar Theory. The error is supposed not to exceed one-tenth of a second of arc. This parallax corresponds to a distance of 92,400,000 miles. Experiments on the velocity of light made by M. Foucault give a parallax equal to 8″.86; and similar experiments by M. Fizeau give 8″.52.*

The mean height of the barometer is connected with the velocity of the earth's rotation, and with its velocity in its orbit, and hence with the distance of the sun. As yet, this method can only give a rough approximation to the distance of the sun, but it is valuable as affording the means, when the necessary observations accumulate, of corroborating the results of other methods. Pliny Earle Chase finds by this the mean distance of the sun to be about 91,000,000 miles.† This is the third method of finding the sun's distance without a knowledge of the parallax.

We thus see that several different methods give very nearly the same value of the sun's equatorial, horizontal parallax, and all future observations must be directed to the reduction of the small probable error which now exists in the most accurate determination of the sun's distance.

The next transit of Venus will take place in 1874, followed by another in 1882. All civilized nations will doubtless vie with each other in making accurate observations on so important a phenomenon; and, although the late late Professor Encke said that nothing but the utmost accuracy in the observations can compensate for the unfavorable circumstances of the transits as compared with that of 1769, yet we expect a more exact determination than any previous. Of the next two transits that of 1882 will be the most favorable one for the determination of the sun's parallax.

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* Silliman's Journal, vol. xxxvi (1869), p. 171.
† *Ibid.* vol. xxxvii, p. 411.

ART. VIII.—1. *Annual Reports of Insurance Companies for* 1866. New York, Hartford, Boston, and Philadelphia.

2. *Report on the Condition of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company*, Albany: February, 1867.

In the original prospectus to our journal issued more than seven years ago, we promised our readers and friends that we would "fearlessly discuss every subject in which the public had an interest, and expose charlatanism and fraud in whatever forms they presented themselves." In accordance with this promise we gave that attention to insurance which we thought its importance claimed. We were, however, in no hurry to obtrude our views on the public; we had issued nine quarterly numbers before we uttered one word on the subject. In the meantime we exposed various systems of imposition, and criticised whatever seemed reprehensible to us in the working of several institutions, public and private. We did not thus postpone the consideration of Insurance for more than two years because we thought it less important to the public than the other subjects which we had discussed before it, but because it required more investigation and reflection. We were not the less impressed with the advisableness of this hesitancy from the fact that years previously we had made a careful study of the theory of insurance, although we have never been connected directly or indirectly with any company, in Europe or America.

Our first article on insurance, published in September number, 1862, was entitled "Quackery of Insurance Companies." We had the pleasure of seeing this copied by the newspapers in all parts of the country; at the same time we were subjected to the greatest abuse by the insurance papers which derived their chief means of subsistence from the very parties whose *modus operandi* we exposed. Not content with this the latter had attacks on us inserted in the form of advertisements in such of the morning papers as they could not bribe to lend them their editorial columns for that purpose. As a specimen of these advertisements our readers will perhaps, remember one which appeared in the "Daily Times" of this city a few days after the publication of the number containing the article alluded to. All this, however, did us much more good than harm, for the more our article was read by intelligent men the better it was liked, although many thought that we must have been mistaken in some particulars. None thanked us more warmly than the officers of insurance companies that were, and still are, honestly disposed. These, one and all, offered us every facility in their power to investigate the subject, and expressed their regret that such an exposure had not been made years earlier.

In this article we did not designate any company as fraudulent,* but this was not necessary in order to excite the ire of a large number who, from their writhings, showed but too plainly that the cap fitted them. We confess it surprised us not a little to find that among those who evinced most indignation towards us for our "impertinence" was the President of the Sun Mutual Marine. When we went to him, as we did to other underwriters, to seek facts and statistics for our second article, he acted much more like a bully in an ale-house, than like a gentleman engaged in a respectable and honest business. Nor did we shrink from saying so at the time. Neither his boasted millions, nor his threats, deterred us from giving our impressions of himself and his company. Up to this time we had not concerned ourselves in any manner about one or the other; we knew no more about Mr. Grinnell, personally, than we did about the king of Ashantee, and we knew as little about "the Sun Mutual" as we did about the privy council of that despot. But feeling satisfied that there must be something wrong, we resolved to learn what we could and give the results to the public. What success we had will best appear from an extract or two. We take the following passage from our second article entitled "Insurance Quackery and its Organs."

"While he had been waiting to see the president, a messenger came to announce that a vessel insured by the company had been partly or wholly wrecked. If our memory does not fail us, the ship mentioned was the *Planter*. At once the president had it that she was a bad vessel; that she was not seaworthy—in short, everything was wrong with her! The captain, too, must have neglected his duty. Who was he? What other vessels had he commanded? or who had recommended him? &c. When our friend saw how he was treated he ventured to remark that he was surprised that the president of a company *professing to have so large a capital* could have induced him to occupy his time by calling on three different occasions, and then refuse to keep his word, because he did not get what he wanted cheaper than anybody else. 'I confess,' said he, 'that if I were insured by your company, I should have some fear in the event of the money falling due; for I am inclined to think that those who would quibble and "back out" for a matter of twenty or thirty dollars would be apt to give some trouble in case of twenty or thirty *thousand* dollars. If I am not right,' added he, 'then the remarks I have just heard in regard to the wrecked ship are somewhat inexplicable.' These may not have been the exact words used; but they are substantially the same. It struck us, who witnessed the scene, that if one of our most distinguished gladiators had been the president, and that his 'office' had been an oyster saloon in the Bowery, he could hardly have made a more prompt exhibition of his fighting propensities. He took care to confine himself to menaces and gestures, however, although our friend afforded him ample time to give vent to his fury before he turned on his heel to leave, wondering whether he could believe his eyes or his memory, that he was really in an insurance office in Wall street, and not in one of those places in our back streets where it is said one is liable to be knocked down any moment for attempting to express any opinion which happens to be distasteful to the master of the establishment or its patrons.

"After having witnessed such an exhibition as this, we were naturally curi-

* The only company we mentioned at all was the New York Life, which we regarded then, as we do now, a model. Because we did so we were accused of having been bribed; although we have never received and never asked a cent for it.

ous to know who are the trustees of a company whose president feels it incumbent upon him to vindicate its honor and redeem his own word by a demonstration of this kind. We had only to turn to any of the insurance organs in order to be enlightened on this point. Nor have we failed to do so; and among the names which the public *are to regard as a tower of strength* are the following: Louis Lorut, Joseph Foulke, Jr., Peter Poirier, William Oothout, Henry A. Coit, Oliver State, Jr., John A. Iselin, Drake Mills, Ernest Caylus, Elias Ponvert, &c."

In the same article we suggested to all concerned that "the *Moon* Mutual" would be a much more appropriate title for the corporation referred to than "the Sun Mutual." Many told us that we must be mistaken; that the Sun was the oldest and soundest company in America, &c. All we chose to say in reply was that time would prove whether we were right or not. Just one year after (March, 1864) we alluded to the condition of the same company, in another article on Insurance, and added the following observations:

"This would not be the case, we are assured, were it not that the President of the solar corporation is too much occupied in politics, and too anxious to be a prominent member of various societies to find much time for the business of underwriting. Even when at his post he is somewhat querulous and slightly rude. This also may have something to do with *those spots on the sun which have grown so large lately that they may be seen almost with the naked eye*, while all the light which in connection with the eclipsing bodies alluded to, they allow us to enjoy may be readily mistaken for *moonshine*."

It will be admitted that this was plain enough; and it could not be denied at the time, much less can it now, that it was true. These, however, were not the only warnings we gave the public during the past five years, in reference to "the Sun Mutual;" yet, when a part of the truth came out at the beginning of the present year—when it could no longer be concealed—many who pretend to surpass all others in their knowledge of insurance were overwhelmed with astonishment. But this did not save the large number of dupes who had fancied themselves enriched by the "scrip" of the "Sun Mutual." Most of our readers remember the meetings held by those scrip-holders with the view of coming to some conclusion as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. From a report of one of these meetings, given in the "New York Herald" of February 3, we take the following passage, which will give some idea of the views generally entertained of the Sun Mutual and its president by those who were best acquainted with both:

"A gentleman said it struck him that the last speaker was present as a representative of the Sun Insurance Company and of the stockholders. This was a meeting of scrip-holders only, whose interests were at stake. It was simply proposed by the resolution of the committee to request Mr. Barnes to investigate the case, and no harm ought possibly to result from that.

"Another gentleman said that the company had stated in December, when they called for more capital, that they had not $250,000 but $800,000. He knew a person who had subscribed $250,000, on the strength of that assertion.

"A voice.—I subscribed $10,000 on the statement of Mr. Grinnell that there was $800,000 which must be used before the new stock could be touched.

"A second voice.—I subscribed $5,000 on similar representations.

"A third voice.—And I subscribed $25,000 in the same way.

"A gentleman said he was a scrip-holder and held no stock; but he was unwilling that, for the sake of getting a few dollars, the security of the Sun Company should be endangered. The failure of that institution would be perilous to the interests of the commercial men of New York.

"A gentleman then began to speak against the resolution, but was soon interrupted by a cry from the middle of the audience, 'We don't want any policy-holders here. This is a scrip-holders' meeting.'

"A gentleman said he was both a stockholder and a scrip-holder, and he was in favor of stopping the company, because he had no confidence in their statements. (Loud cries of 'Question, question.') He believed it would be a great benefit to the community to have a company like this, which had proved itself unworthy of confidence, wound up. He wanted to get his money back, and so long as he got that, he did not care whose interests were prejudiced. (Loud applause.)"

The phrase, now become so trite, "this establishment does not advertise in the 'Herald'" does not apply here; for that journal was peculiarly favored by the Sun at this very time, Mr. Grinnell inserting in it daily nearly a whole column until it was seen that it was no use. The matter was then referred to the State Superintendent of the insurance department. It does not appear that Mr. Barnes had ever suspected that there was anything wrong with the Sun Mutual; on the contrary, he seems to have regarded it as a flourishing and excellent institution. It is not strange, therefore, that he is rather benevolently disposed towards it now; were he otherwise, might not his vigilance be called into question? We have often spoken of the superintendent in the language of approbation; we have also criticised some of his actions, treating him in each case simply as we thought he deserved. In the present instance we can regard his "Examination into the condition of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company" only as what is vulgarly called a white-washing operation; although the most he can say in its favor is that it may be permitted to live another while. Referring to the "assets," he concludes his report with the following words: "I hereby find them to be sufficient to justify its continuance in business in the city of New York as a Mutual Marine Insurance Company, *with an additional cash capital of five hundred thousand dollars.*"

This, after all, is not very much; although we are assured that Mr. Barnes is a great friend of Mr. Grinnell's, and that the latter does not thank him because he (Mr. G.) has so much to do with Albany affairs; has so much influence on the politicians who occasionally meet there; but whether this has had anything to do with the tender-hearted, friendly tone of the report, or not, we cannot undertake to say. Be the fact as it may, the uperintendent announces that he has made the "examination" "at the request of the President of the company, and after several conferences with a Committee representing a considerable proportion of the scrip-holders." Who would not be lenient under such circumstances? and accordingly Mr. Barnes is of opinion that it would be a great pity ("a public calamity") to let the Sun die! At the same time his own statements,

tenderly as they are made, go far to prove the contrary. Thus, among the items given as "assets" by the Sun he notes the following:

Balance of a claim against the United States Government,	$40,907 09
Claim for losses, &c., against the Columbian Insurance Company	188,515 92
Claims against the British Government for damages by privateers:	
Alabama	87,841 66
Florida	128,804 00
Shenandoah	88,809 00
Total	$484,877 58

Need we say that three-fourths of this money might almost as well have been entered against the real moon and called "assets." But all the comment Mr. Barnes has to make on these "claims" is the following: "The superintendent would reduce the estimated value of these claims to $50,000"—that is, nearly to one-tenth their pretended value; but if he reduced them to one-fiftieth he would be much nearer the truth. But assuming that Mr. Barnes is right in his estimate, does not even this show that the company has been guilty of false representations? It may, however, be a pity to let the Sun die, as the superintendent says. At all events its dissolution would afford us no gratification. If the public continue to confide in it, that is their own affair; perhaps it will pursue the right course after this; still we must beg leave to persist in regarding it as the *Moon* Mutual; although one of the most experienced and accomplished underwriters in New York has urged the objection to this title, that it is popularly supposed there is a *man* in the moon, whereas if there had been a man in the company under consideration neither Mr. Barnes nor anybody else would have had to beg for its life.

Before we take leave of this branch of the subject, we will take occasion to remark that if our Superintendent had proposed as many questions to the Sun, Metropolitan, etc., during the last four years as he has lately proposed in one "blank form" to our Life companies, he might not have had as intricate and "painful" an examination to make now, as that alluded to above. To us it seems very absurd to overwhelm companies like the New York Life, Equitable, Knickerbocker, New England Mutual, Connecticut Mutual, etc., with interrogatories, while the rotten concerns are allowed to impose on the public from year to year. Be it remembered that those questions are not only needlessly offensive in many instances, but involve the company who have to answer them in considerable expense.

There is not one of the other companies which are in a predicament somewhat similar to that of the Sun which we did not warn the public against several years ago, and on different occasions since. It is now, we believe, more than four years since the President of the Metropolitan (Fire and Marine) wrote us a long letter informing us how sadly ignorant

we were of Insurance matters. It was impossible a mere editor could be otherwise, he told us, as we had served no apprenticeship to the business. But what placed our ignorance beyond doubt in his mind was, that we regarded the Mercantile Mutual (Marine) and the Security (Fire and Marine) as much safer companies than the Metropolitan. Notwithstanding our utter lack of insurance knowledge, however, the gentleman alluded to favored us with a portion of his patronage, assuring us that it would be greatly increased under certain conditions; but as we still failed to see that the Metropolitan was equal—much less superior—to either of the other companies mentioned, we were given up as hopelessly stupid and the patronage was withdrawn. Yet time has proved quite as clearly, as in the case of the Sun that we were right, and that if those who charged us with ignorance were not ignorant or stupid themselves, they were guilty of a more reprehensible fault—that of knowingly and wilfully deceiving the public.

One reason why Life Insurance is a much more successful business than either Fire or Marine Insurance is, that, in general, those engaged in the former are more intelligent than those engaged in the latter. It is true that none understand their business better than the officers of the Mercantile Mutual, the Security, the Washington, the Ætna of Hartford, and some two or three other companies.* These would be regarded anywhere gentlemen as well as men of intelligence; and, accordingly, whatever losses they may sustain, they will at least retain sufficient to deal fairly with their patrons. The Security has always been more intelligently managed than its namesake of the Life department, and it has been more successful in proportion; and none who know its new Secretary and President need be informed that it was never better managed, even under the auspices of the justly lamented and excellent Mr. Walker, than it is now. If the Washington Fire (not Marine) be compared with the Washington Life a similar admission must be made in favor of the former, who have sufficient proof that knowledge is power, and that it is favorable to good taste, in the fact that it needs no drygoods or grocery merchants to recommend it to the public, but has abundant assets to meet its liabilities.

Still greater will be the contrast if we compare either the Mercantile Mutual or the Hartford Ætna to the Guardian Life, although the latter boasts a "doctor" among its officers and several politicians among its directors. Several other instances could be added in which the preponderance in intelligence, brains, and honesty, is decidedly in favor of the fire and marine

* The Hope has done quite well during the year, its gain having exceeded its losses by $56,413. Thus Mr. Reese fully vindicates his character as a shrewd underwriter, for it must be remembered that he has never had the advantage of a large capital. But one who pays $186,773 losses in one year without whining must be entitled to credit.

The Putuam of Hartford has also furnished satisfactory evidence that it is intelligently and judiciously managed. After having paid quite its share of losses for 1866 in proportion to its $500,000 cash capital, we see it had a surplus of more than half a million to commence the new year with.

branches. All are but exceptions, however; for one fire or marine company that can lay claim to this character, there are at least ten whose officers are much better qualified for the grocery or provision business than for the profession of underwriting. The first two companies that occur to us to illustrate this are the New England Mutual Life and the New England Fire; but who need ask a more striking contrast? That this does not occur because the principal office of one is at the Modern Athens, the capital of New England, whereas that of the other is at the small inland town of Hartford, is easily proved, since there are no better companies anywhere, either fire or life, than there are at this modest, unpretending little place—a fact which we will take occasion to illustrate by statistics before we close. We do not suppose that the officers of the New England Fire, more than those of the New England Mutual Life, are disposed to cheat those who deal with them. What constitutes the chief difference between them is that the latter have about ten times as much knowledge, general and particular, as the former. It seems to be pretty generally understood that the ratio of integrity between the two is nearly, if not quite, the same as that of the knowledge. This, however, we cannot vouch for further than to say that it is highly probable, according to the law of cause and effect which appertains in such cases. Be this as it may, we thank the officers of the New England Fire, in passing, for having fulfilled one of our predictions made nearly five years ago; for, in our first article on "Insurance Quackery," we made the following observation: "In time they (the quacks) will undertake to insure anything; they will revive speculations still more ruinous and ludicrous than those of the South Sea bubbles, when the companies of our English cousins used to undertake to insure female virtue, engaging to pay a handsome sum in case the chastity of the insured lady should suffer any serious detriment. Among the different kinds of insurance which we mentioned on the authority of Francis—author of "Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: a Chronicle of Life Insurance"—was an "Insurance office for horses dying natural deaths, stolen or disabled, Crown Tavern, Smithfield," and which was advertised as follows:

> "You that keep horses to preserve your ease
> And pads to please your wives and mistresses,
> Insure their lives; and if they die we'll make
> Full satisfaction, or *be bound to break.*"

It will be seen from this that, far from being a new idea, the Horse Insurance Company, established by the functionaries of the New England Life, may boast of a prototype which existed, though only for a short time, about two hundred years ago. The new institution may prove entirely successful, however, for about half the intelligence necessary to insure houses and other kinds of property is sufficient to insure horses; besides, there are a great many who would rather lose the insurance on a

horse than go to law about it, for the reason that the lawyers might cost them more than the original price of the animal.

But leaving horses and donkeys out of the question, we need not have gone beyond Hartford for a complete illustration of our theory. If the Security Fire and Marine of New York is vastly superior to the Security Life of the same city, the Phœnix Mutual Life of Hartford is quite as much superior to the Phœnix Fire of the same city, and for the same reason. We might present many other contrasts, but we think we have presented sufficient to justify us in the opinion that, after all, want of intelligence and of ability has more to do with the failure of so many of our fire and marine companies than any unusual amount of fires or other disasters. We know that many will dissent from this at first sight, but a little reflection will convince them that they ought to pause before doing so.

Be it remembered that at worst only some of the houses and vessels that are insured will even be destroyed or injured in the manner provided against. According to M. Ampère, of the French Academy, not more than nine per cent., on an average, render it necessary for the Insurance Companies to pay.* But let us suppose that this eminent mathematician is wrong; that twenty, twenty-five, nay, fifty per cent., render the companies liable; still, half would be safe. But what man or woman will escape death? Is there a single policy issued by a life company which, if the conditions of it are only fulfilled by the party holding it, will not, sooner or later, oblige the company to pay a large sum? Thus, suppose that every house in New York and every ship in our harbor are insured; let us suppose, also, that the life of every owner is insured. Even if a general conflagration took place some or both of the houses and ships would be saved; whereas there is not a single one of their owners, let him be rich or poor, young or old, to whom death is not certain, and for whom, accordingly, the insurance company will not have to pay. Whence, then, all this whining on the part of Fire companies? Why not look around and see that among Fire companies, at home as well as abroad, are some of the wealthiest corporations in the world? How did these get their riches? Do not their riches increase from year to year? But let us ask another question or two. How is it that, with two or three exceptions, it is only the third, fourth, and fifth-rate companies that make an outcry about their losses, and ask, with trembling voice, what is to happen next? There is not one of those that do so who would not be miserable at heart under any circumstances. If the life underwriters meet in convention, it is not to whine; but rather to laugh at some of the mountebanks which creep in amongst them, as amongst

* See his *Considérations sur la théorie mathématiq du jeu*, p. 27. See also De Montmort's *Essai d'analyse sur les jeux de hazard*, p. 128.

others; remembering that the wisest kings and emperors were never so profoundly occupied with state affairs, but they could amuse themselves for an hour or so with the speeches of the court fool.

It is now time that we should note some particulars, judging the tree by its fruit. The first annual report that has reached us this year, as on former occasions, is that of the New England Mutual Life; and, as usual, it is a thoughtful, cheerful, and encouraging document. The first information we receive from it is that "The year just closed presents as much greater increase of business than any of its predecessors, both in the number of policies issued and in the amounts thereby insured." Equally characteristic and interesting is the following:

"The whole number of policies issued and paid for from November 30, 1863, to November 30, 1866, is 8,798, which is in excess of the number issued during the preceding eight years. The number issued in 1866 is nearly double that of the preceding year, and is greater than the combined number of 1864 and 1865. The amount of claims paid upon one hundred and six policies, during the year, is $314,400, while in 1865 the amount paid was $324,028 upon one hundred and thirteen policies. The number of policies outstanding on the books of the company is 12,296, and the amount insured $38,270,130. The accumulation for the year ending November 30, 1866, after paying claims and expenses and providing for claims not yet due, is $1,145,889.78. The net assets at this date are $4,753,875.91."

Many of our life underwriters would do well to read the whole report of the New England Mutual, for it contains many suggestions which would be useful to them if they only knew how to profit by them. Thus, for example, what will the gentlemen of the United States Life, the North America, the Guardian, and the Washington say to the following?—

"The growth of life insurance in this country has brought with it some evils which are to be deplored. One is a *misrepresentation* by which innocent persons are lured into companies through the medium of *glaring statements* of large dividends, etc., without having given the subject that attention which its importance demands. Applicants have been made to believe, by plausible statements of parties whose sole aim is to obtain a commission, that in an exceedingly short space of time no further premium would be required, and consequently their policies would be self-sustaining." p. 15.

We think the Mutual Life, too, would do well to take the hint; if it will not, however, the public ought to take it on its part; for, notwithstanding the adage to the contrary, figures do lie most egregiously sometimes. Besides, we have had some recent illustrations of the fact that it is not those who boast most either of their millions of assets or their antiquity that have most vitality. Neither the Equitable, the New York, the Knickerbocker, nor the Manhattan, claims any miraculous power for its policies, or pretends that there ought to be no other company but itself. We believe that no officer belonging to any of the four finds it necessary to have himself proclaimed as the President, Vice-President, or Secretary, of any pious body for the purpose of showing that the widow and the orphan may rely upon him at the critical moment. But if we come to

examine the number of suits instituted against the fire companies mentioned for non-payment of widows' and orphans' claims we shall, perhaps, be surprised at the difference between sending the Bible to the heathen off in Africa or Thibet and doing one's duty nearer home.

As we have given some illustrations of this on former occasions, it will be sufficient to show now that the four companies alluded to do not seem to thrive anything the worse for paying all just claims without any suit. Thus the Equitable has accumulated a fund of over three millions in seven years, increasing its annual income from year to year to such an extent that it is now over $2,000,000. Nearly half of this was added during 1866, when it insured by new policies thirty-two millions ($32,000,000). Still larger is the pile of the New York, though no company in Europe or America, of its age, has been more successful than the Equitable. The assets of the New York are now over seven millions ($7,009,092). This, it will be admitted is a handsome remainder after paying nearly half a million ($480,197.33) for losses by death during the year. Add to these items its 7,296 new policies, insuring $22,784,308, and its scrip dividend of fifty per cent. and what is the clear inference?

Yet neither company casts the Knickerbocker into the shade. The latter issued 5,450 policies in 1866, insuring thereby $17,000,000. This exibits an increase over the former year of 2,918, the increase in amount insured being $9,621,550. Only two or three years ago the total assets of the Knickerbocker were less than half a million; they are now more than a million and a half. It is now insuring members of societies at a reduced rate; also army and navy officers without extra premium, while in either case the insured may travel and reside in any civilized part of the country without additional charge. It is hardly to be wondered at then that it is now averaging 40 policies a day, having issued 1,500 from the first of January last to the close of February.

The record of the Manhattan is not quite so brilliant; at the same time, it exhibits remarkable progress. Had its present officers had the management of it from the beginning, even the companies just retired could hardly have surpassed it. A fact or two which we are about to state would go far to prove this by themselves; during the past year it issued 3,717 policies, insuring $13,000,450 and receiving in cash $1,710,000, thus adding to its assets $100,000.

Each of these companies recognizes the principle that knowledge is power; although all do not do so alike, or to the same extent. Until lately the Manhattan seemed to have some doubts on the subject, but within the last year all scepticism has ceased; hence the increase in assets, income, etc., indicated above. In short there is not one of our underwriters who has improved more than Mr. Wemple. It would do one good to see the old gentlemen serving the junior members of the institution at the lunch table, as we saw him once. Again and again did he

rise from the table, taking a cup of coffee to one, a limb of a turkey to another, or a piece of lobster to another, etc. We mention this little incident partly because it seemed to us highly interesting in itself, and partly because it is characteristic of the man; and it has been the more deeply impressed on our mind by another incident brought to our attention on the same occasion. Mr. Wemple related to us that he was struck with the intelligent and respectable appearance of a lady who called at the office to sell a book. After purchasing a copy he asked whether she would not like to interest herself in life insurance. She replied regretfully that her husband had long been most anxious to have his life insured, but that she persistently prevented him, having a vague notion that it might cause his death. He died, without being insured, about a year ago, leaving her two children, and thus it was that she was obliged to peddle books for a scanty support, whereas, had she encouraged, instead of preventing, him she might have been worth $10,000 to-day.

None but an educated person can obtain even a clerkship in the office of the New York Life. In this respect, as well as in many others, Mr. Franklin acts on the precepts of the great American philosopher, his namesake. Thus, for example, one of the assistant secretaries is Col. Staar, a graduate of Oxford University, and the author of an interesting book on Cuba. Then the talent and ability of the Equitable are familiar to all. One officer had long been the President of a State Senate; his colleague is quite a young man; but a veteran as an underwriter. He is thoroughly educated, and is characterised by an off-handed, graceful generosity, worthy of the ancient ducal house of which he is a descendant. In order to illustrate the estimation in which this company holds knowledge and ability, it is sufficient to say that it has secured the services, as its Secretary, of the head of one of the most eminent law firms in New York, namely, James W. Alexander, formerly of the firm of Alexander & Green, Wall streets.

Reasons equally satisfactory can be shown for the success of the Knickerbocker. Even those who would become its agents must be educated men. Wherever Mr. Lyman meets a man of talent who understands insurance he spares no expense to secure, at least, as much of his services as he needs. Thus, he has recently added to his well-trained corps Dr. H. Lassing, who appropriately occupies the position of Manager of Agencies at the company's principal office; and the Actuary of the company is the Hon. Elizur Wright, late Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts.

We have already remarked that neither in New York nor any other place are there better Life Companies than in Hartford. The Ætna possesses all the strength and stability of its Fire namesake; and those who know the latter would require no more substantial guarantee. The number of policies issued by the Ætna Life in 1866 exceeds 14,000; the amount of cash received during the same period was $3,555,836.70.

This enables it to add nearly two millions and a half to its assets, which amount now to the handsome pile of $4,401,833.86. What is, perhaps, better than all, the cash is in judicious, faithful hands.

One of the oldest Life Companies in the country is the Connecticut Mutual, whose principal office is in the same city; nor has any company gained strength or inspired confidence more steadily as its experience increased. Otherwise its accumulated assets would not now have amounted to $18,000,000, nor would it have secured an annual income of $6,500,000.

We confess we should much rather have this and the prestige which accompanies it than the boasted twenty millions of the Mutual Life of New York, together with its ostentatious marble palace, &c. Most assuredly we would prefer to have a policy for $10,000 from Mr. Phelps than from Mr. Winston; although we have never had the pleasure of seeing the former gentleman; whereas we see the latter almost daily, and have more than once heard him deliver a very loud speech in favor of sending Bibles and tracts to the heathen.

We may here remark, that we have more than once seen the Mutual Benefit also, compared to the Connecticut Mutual; but we are not prepared at the present moment to form any opinion of the justice or injustice of the comparison. While awaiting the facts and figures suffice it to say that the Vice-President of the Mutual Benefit has the reputation of being nearly as pious and "prayerful" as Mr. Winston. It may be as good a company as the Connecticut (for we have considerable confidence in the intelligence and good sense of Mr. Grover); but we are convinced that it is not better.

But there are yet to be mentioned one or two Hartford companies whose policies are as sure, when fully due, as bank checks. This is eminently true of the Phœnix Mutual, which has recently adopted several new rules that embrace all the best features in life insurance. The directors have declared every policy non-forfeiting; they also give the holders of endowment policies peculiar advantages. That they can afford to do so may be seen from the fact that the assets of the company now amount to a million and a half, its income for the past year having approximated pretty closely to a million ($848,607.71). We have no recent statistics before us which would enable us to form an opinion of the present condition of the Traveller's, but we have good reason to believe that it still continues to serve both the public and itself quite as much as any company of its age.

Here an interesting question occurs—How is it that there are so many flourishing Life companies in Hartford while there is scarcely one in Philadelphia? Is it not because those who undertake the business in the former city are qualified for it, while those who undertake it in the latter

are not? We do not institute the comparison for the purpose of depreciating the "Quaker City," which in many respects deserves to be ranked with the most enlightened cities in the world. We only speak of its underwriters; that these are inferior in intelligence to those of Hartford is beyond dispute. First, their education is vastly inferior; still more inferior is their knowlege of insurance.

Perhaps they need not feel hurt at this, however, as with one or two exceptions, the underwriters of the Modern Athens are no better than they. We frankly admit that if there is a single first-class underwriter in Boston, either Life or Fire, always excepting those belonging to the New England Mutual Life, we are not aware of the fact. Not but educated men abound in Boston; there is no lack of such; the difficulty is that they happen to prefer other pursuits.

The same is the case in Philadelphia; the fraternity has got such a dubious name—there are so many ex-grocers and ex-provision dealers amongst them, that the right class keep aloof. Hence it is that so many of the Quaker City companies bring ruin on themselves and others. In Hartford, upon the other hand, insurance is regarded as a profession and one of the most honorable; accordingly men of the highest education, talent and political and social influence engage in it. We may be permitted to express our regret, in passing, that one member of the fraternity is about to withdraw for the purpose of engaging in a more active mode of life—we mean the accomplished Vice-President of the Phœnix Mutual Life—a gentleman whose agreeable manners and amiable disposition have endeared him, not only to his colleagues, but to a wide circle of friends.

Notwithstanding the remarkable progress made in Insurance, we repeat that the public cannot be too earnestly cautioned against having too much confidence in a certain class of new companies. By this we mean no reflection on Hartford companies more than others; indeed, there are two of the new Hartford companies which we regard as very likely to succeed; we mean the Connecticut General and the Continental; although we possess no statistics which would enable us to form any definite opinion of either. If the former will only emulate the course of the Connecticut Mutual it will not be long before it takes rank among our first companies.

Speaking of the Continental reminds us that we have a new institution of the same name in New York, one, too, which is no mere experiment, but whose success is not doubted by any intelligent person who knows its officers; not to mention its directors, several of whom are among our most prominent merchants, and shrewdest business men. Everybody in New York knows our late assistant-postmaster, Mr. J. P. Rogers, the gentleman who really performed the duties of New York post-master for years, and who gave more universal satisfaction than any one who had previously occupied that important and onerous position. Some time ago Mr.

Rogers retired from the Post-office and aided in establishing the present company, of which, with peculiar fitness, he is now the Secretary. It affords us pleasure to add that he already exhibits an encouraging record. Thus, the company issued its first policy on the 10th of May last; and up to the close of last month it issued 1,832, insuring the handsome total of $5,241,400—its receipts during the same brief period amounting to $310,044. We have not had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Justus Lawrence, the President of the Continental, personally, but those for whose opinion we have the highest respect rank him in the first class of Life underwriters. His experience has been ample; having been connected for many years with the Manhattan; and it is he who, in his capacity of Vice-President, has been instrumental in giving the North America whatever influence it possesses among the intelligent portion of the public.

The Globe Mutual Life of New York continues to exhibit remarkable progress. It has now issued many more policies, and done a much larger business, than one of the most successful companies in the world had at the same age—we mean the Equitable. Is not its prospect, then, a brilliant one if it will only equal that sterling institution five years hence? In this case, be it remembered, it would have an income of two millions, and a surplus fund of three millions. Already its assets amount to nearly a million ($789,248.62) after having paid losses for the year to the amount of $94.338.30.

We fear the Universal, which commenced operations about the same time does not do so well with its two vice-presidents; although we believe it no longer insures people laboring under consumption, inflammation of the brain, and those various other maladies against which it was originally intended to afford protection. Its distinguished officers find that after all Winston's theories of probabilities are slightly defective, we believe they have discovered that those of Freeman and Bloss of the Globe are much safer and more philosophical in the long run. Accordingly only "first-class healthy lives" will be insured by the Universal in future; that is, it has ceased to be Universal!

Now, if we could only make so free as to give the learned and accomplished underwriters who conduct it a word of advice, we would tell them that the best thing they could do would be to amalgamate with the gentlemen of the National Life. This would give them control of handsome assets at once; nearly, if not quite, $208,000; nor would either Mr. Jones, or Mr. Halsey, ask them to return to their old plan of insuring patients in the last stage of disease; nay, they might proclaim in as large type as they wished, that "none but persons sound in wind and limb need apply." But we see that Mr. Raymond, of the "Daily Times," is one of the directors of the National; and he is rather shrewd and wide awake to be caught with "Mutual" chaff.

NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION.

Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language. By M. Schele de Vere, LL. D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia. 12mo., pp. 365. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

We have taken up this volume with a disposition to do full justice to its merits; for the courtesies which we experienced during a tour in the South, while visiting its principal educational institutions, strongly prepossessed us in favor of the Southern professors as a body. We had the pleasure of meeting amongst them men of high attainments and culture from almost every country in Europe, as well as from New England and our Middle States; although none impressed us more favorably either as educators or gentlemen than native Southerners. Of no part of the South have we more agreeable reminiscences than of Old Virginia; we regret, therefore, that we cannot speak of Professor de Vere's book in the language of approbation. It has so much disappointed us that even after we had the trouble of carefully examining it we would have laid it aside rather than make unpleasant criticisms, but the interest which we take in education precludes us from conniving at what is calculated to retard its progress so far as it exercises any influence.

Our author is much too flippant—too ready to deny the existence of certain things for no better reason than that he has not extended his researches sufficiently far to become acquainted with them. Because he has examined about a dozen of the English poets from Chaucer to Milton and about as many more English prose writers, he regards himself as competent to decide *ex cathedra*, not only on the characteristics of what he calls the Anglo-Saxon, but also on those of about a score of other languages, ancient and modern. It is true that he may have examined works in each of these, too, but we do not see the least evidence of the fact; we think that if he had he would have been much more careful in his statements, and done more credit to himself as a public instructor; that his style would not have been so bombastic as it is; in a word, we think he would have written the language which he praises so highly much more grammatically than he does.

No respectable English author speaks of the English language as "the Anglo-Saxon," but several have condemned the habit of doing so on the part of a certain class, as the result of a vulgar, clannish spirit. Johnson, Addison, Hume, Clarendon, Burke, Smollet, Goldsmith, Coleridge, and Macaulay, speak of our language as "the English," not the Anglo-Saxon. And have not our own greatest thinkers, whether authors or orators, pursued the same course? Surely our language was as much Anglo-

Saxon in the time of Franklin, Henry, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, as it is now; but all those distinguished men were content to call it English. Even the most ignorant of the people of England do not consider themselves Anglo-Saxons, but Englishmen; and if they are not Anglo-Saxons, surely still less are we who are the most heterogeneous of all nations. We very properly call ourselves Americans; then if we must change the title of our language, let us call it the American. There would be some sense in this, but there is really no sense, but a good deal of puerility, in calling it Anglo-Saxon.

This, however, is one of the smallest faults of Professor De Vere. We mention it first, only because it gives an idea of the extent, or rather want of extent, of our author's information. Boys at school may be excused for indulging in exaggerated praise of everything they happen to like. This is a characteristic of youth, but it is one which it is the duty of the Professor to check as much as possible. We may ask, does our author do so when he tells us in the very first sentence of his book that "our great and noble language has yet spread farthest over the globe and *now rules the world without a rival.*" In proof of this we are informed that "more than fifty millions speak it, as their native and only tongue." If the number of millions who speak it is to be regarded as a criterion of its excellence, what shall we say of the Chinese, which, according to the most recent estimates, is spoken by three hundred and ninety millions (390,000,000).

We have the same sort of information on every subject. The Professor tells us, among other things that will be new to most of our readers that "our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had as *artistic a fabric* of cases for their nouns as Greek grammarian ever recorded" (p. 172). But only a few lines further down in the same page the following observation occurs: "It seems unfortunate enough that we should in our day, and in a living, actively thriving idiom, yet resort to the *quaint artifices and the almost childish language of the ancients, who knew no grammar.*" It is only moderns like Professor De Vere who know grammar. This we are reminded of not once, but several times; but one instance more will be sufficient. We are gravely informed, at page 68, that "the Greeks knew no grammar at all prior to the Alexandrian age."

After some other statements of a similar character, our author asks the very logical question: "How, then, could our poor, ignorant Saxons have one of their own?" It is almost superfluous to remind anyone acquainted with the classic languages that there were Greek grammarians as early as the time of Hesiod, not to mention that of Homer. No scholar who has ever read the Homeric poems has any doubt as to the grammatical knowledge of the author.* Beck tells us that the Greeks, instead

*Vide Schöll. Lit. Gr.; also Koch's Comment. de Rei Criticæ Epochis, &c.

of paying no attention to grammar, "made the study of the national language as the main scope of literary exertion."* Eschenburg, another learned German philologist remarks that "in the system of mental training, or education, *one of the first parts was grammar.* Although," he adds, "this had reference solely to their native tongue, it was as yet a study comprehending much more than is now usually understood. *The art of speaking and writing correctly, which was made a primary thing in the Greek system,* was termed Γραμματιστική, and the teacher Γραμματιστής.†"

We have evidence of the same fact in the writings of both Plato‡ and Aristotle.§ Has not the latter deduced his celebrated Laws from the Homeric poems? Then, on the part of the Romans, who, according to our author, were equally ignorant of grammar, we have the testimony of Quintilian, *passim.* There is no subject on which that excellent author is more explicit and emphatic than on the utility of grammar.‖

From the fact that Prof. De Vere speaks so confidently of the grammatical ignorance of the ancients it might be inferred that his own language is a model of grammatical accuracy; but it is so much the reverse that we hope that when he finds such expressions in the compositions of his students, as he frequently uses, he does not hesitate to expunge them. In his very first page he has the following sentence after one of those quotations from the poets which he has always at hand to settle disputed points: "The prophecy *has come true;* and whenever on this wide earth *men* may meet in the *merchant's busy marts,* or on the prairies and pampas of America, amid the nomadic tribes of Asia, or *in the mysterious heart of the land of Ham,* ice-bound in polar regions, or becalmed under the tropics—everywhere *they* may hear words familiar to their ear and dear to their heart."

Our author charges the classic Greeks and Romans with using 'childish language;' but what sort of language is this? We know many children who can speak much more lucidly and more grammatically. Not one member of the sentence we have quoted is correct. It is bad "Anglo-Saxon" to say "the prophecy has come true." Are there any other "marts" than "merchants'?" Are there lawyer's marts, physician's marts, or clergymen's marts? As well say "a soldier's cannon." Passing over "the mysterious heart of the land of Ham" in the same sentence, we come to inquire, who are the favored people that "may hear everywhere

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* Comment. de literis et auctoribus Græc. atque Latin.

† Archæology of Greek Literature; Part IV, p. 338.

‡ See dialogue between Socrates, Philebus and Protarchus. Plato's Works, vol. iv., p. 20.

§ "But purity in speaking our language," says the Stagirite, "is the foundation of all style, &c. Aristotle's *Rhetoric,* vol. iii., chap. iv.

‖ Primus in eo, qui legendi scribendique adeptus erit facultatem, grammaticis, est locus. Nec refert, de Græco aut de Latino loquar; quanquam Græcem esse priorem placet. Lib. I., c. iv. See also Lib. IX. 1, 4; X., 1, 52, 54, &c.

words familiar to their ear and dear to their hearts?" The answer is "men." If there be no men but those who speak the Anglo-Saxon, then this part of the sentence is intelligible; otherwise we confess it passes our comprehension. Page 28 happens to open to us, and we find in it such grammar as, "and *from there* into Wales, &c." Turning over three or four pages more we read as follows: "The King and his followers, the courts of justice, the haughty barons and the insolent soldiers—*they* all spoke Latin-French" (p. 33). Elsewhere our author speaks of the dissemination of training (p. 46), as if training were a thing one could sow (*semino*) like seed (*semen*). In our own country the "almost universal training" thus disseminated is producing some wonderful results. "Here," says our author, "*even the masses* have learned to understand, or *at least instinctively to feel, the meaning* of words like *extempore, sine qua non, status in quo, vice versa*, &c., &c." (p. 46).

It must be admitted that "masses" who "feel the meaning" of Latin words by instinct are very clever; their instinct must be nearly as fully developed as their reason. Be this as it may, we would suggest to our author that he would do well to revise his "Studies in English" before another edition is called for; but we think he would do better if he got some discreet friend to aid him. He must not think that he awakens any prejudice in us by praising the "Anglo-Saxon" language; it is our mother-tongue as well as his, though we call it a different name. We yield to none in our admiration of its many good qualities; but this is no reason why we should declare it superior to all other dialects ancient and modern, and think "*it would certainly be the best fitted for universal adoption*," "were it not obscured by its *whimsically antiquated orthography*" (p. 67).

A Pictorial History of the United States, with notices of other portions of America, North and South. By S. G. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's Tales." 12mo., pp. 516. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co., 1867.

No school history has more agreeably surprised us than this, although we have examined a pretty large number on both sides of the Atlantic within the last twenty years. The author has not merely managed to compress into it an incredible amount of information; he has omitted no important incident or fact which transpired in this country from the landing of Columbus to the beginning of the present year. The narratives of events and the comments upon them; the descriptions of particular scenes and memorable places, and the personal sketches of those who have in any manner, directly or indirectly, distinguished themselves in connection with the New World, are all necessarily brief; but so graphic and lucid as to present no difficulty to the young student while impressing him with a lively, enlightened interest in the story of his country—a result is greatly facilitated by the pictorial illustrations, which include por-

traits of all historical personages from Christopher Columbus to President Johnson, together with maps, battle scenes, etc., etc.

We have narratives of all our wars in this edition, including our last —just sufficient particulars being given to induce the intelligent reader to extend his researches; for it will be used as a hand-book in the family library as well as a text-book in schools and academies. It is rendered all the more worthy of this general appreciation from the decidedly liberal, cosmopolitan spirit which everywhere pervades it. Far from pandering to the prejudices of any sect, party, or clique, its tendency is to show that we should all be tolerant of each other's opinions, and that, if we act differently, we shall sooner or later render ourselves odious or ridiculous. In illustration of this characteristic of the work we refer to the account, in Chapter LI, on "Religious Persecution in New England." There is no enlightened New Englander who would not blush for his fanatical ancestors on reading this. It reminds us that the Puritans learned no lesson of tolerance or humanity from their own experience in having been forced by persecution to abandon their country forever and seek new homes beyond the Atlantic, in a place that was literally a wilderness; but no sooner found themselves settled in America than they began to practise a still more absurd and cruel persecution themselves. At the head of this chapter is a cut, which ludicrously enough represents a Quaker trial; and we are told in the text that "the penalty of bringing a Quaker into the province was one hundred pounds sterling, and the Quaker himself was to *receive twenty lashes*, and be sentenced to hard labor."

This, it will be admitted, was rather rough treatment; but we quote another remark or two: "Still worse than even this afterward happened. In 1657 it was decreed that Quakers coming into the province *should have their tongues bored with a hot iron* and be banished." (p. 116.) It was not in Massachusetts or New England alone that laws of this kind were enacted in colonial times. The volume before us records the fact that, "in 1700 the Assembly of New York passed an act against 'Jesuits and Popish priests,' which was followed by a similar law in Massachusetts the same year. These were accordingly compelled to leave those provinces." It need hardly be remarked that it was the Puritans who did the intolerant work in both cases. The chapter on persecution concludes with the following judicious remark: "It required many years of experience and reflection, even in America, to make the people see the folly of persecution on account of religious opinions." We trust that there will never again be anything of the kind; and books of this kind are well calculated to prevent it.

No State has made so much progress in enlightenment as Massachusetts, and it is pleasant to add that precisely in proportion as her schools and colleges have improved has the spirit of intolerance and

persecution diminished among her people. If it be not yet entirely extinct, we are bound to remember that no system of education, however excellent, has ever yet succeeded in enlightening all having an opportunity of enjoying its advantages. At the present day the majority of the people of Massachusetts are intelligent; hence it is that there is no longer any persecution. Had the contrary been the case, the enlightened portion, however liberal and tolerant, could not have prevented it any more than the sages and philosophers of Athens, aided by their numerous disciples and students, could have prevented the execution of Socrates and Phocian, and the banishment of Themistocles, Plato, Aristotle, and many other illustrious men.

Another commendable feature in the volume before us is, that it makes no invidious comparisons between different races or nationalities, but treats all branches of the great Caucasian family alike. No effort is made to impress on the youthful mind the theory, at once vulgar, erroneous, and pernicious, that the Anglo-Saxon is superior to all others. Instead of exciting discord and strife in this manner among a people so heterogeneous as ours, the "Pictorial History of the United States" does justice to the good qualities of each race, treating all who have distinguished themselves in the service of their Republic, not as English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, &c., but as men to whom the gratitude of the nation is due, and who, whatever may be their race, deserve to be ranked with the noblest of mankind.

The negro is treated with the same intelligent regard for the lessons of experience. No attempt is made to depreciate his characteristics, nor yet to inspire him with a feeling of self-importance, which could only tend to injure his prospects and embitter his life, although the temptation to the latter is very strong at the present day. Nor is the subject of slavery passed over; but it is not made the pretext of either abusing or eulogizing any people; in other words, it is treated in an historical, not in a partisan, spirit. We are reminded in a note that "the practice of holding human beings as slaves appears to have existed from the earliest ages;" that "it existed among the Jews even before the time of Moses;" also among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans.

It is well that our youths should be made aware that no particular odium should attach to the recent slaveholders of the South more than to any other people, since the greatest and most refined nations of the ancient and modern world have maintained slavery as an institution—not alone negro slavery, but also that of whites conquered in battle. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been needless; now, however, when the negro has, all of a sudden, become so very dear to a certain class, it may be added that if some mulattoes of a tolerably white skin have been sold into slavery, as we are so often informed, some of the noblest of the Caucasian race have been sold in a similar manner, including even the divine Plato.

None are more glad than we that slavery is abolished; we have never regarded it in any better light than a misfortune in which the slaveholding state fully participated by the injury inflicted on its civilization. At the same time, we have never thought that any slaveholding people should be blamed for it more than another, except so far as their treatment of their slaves was more cruel; and we believe it is universally admitted that, except in rare instances, none have been so indulgent to their negro slaves as the people of our Southern States. But had it ueen otherwise, it would have been bad policy to continue to reproach them for it. And the same remark applies with equal force to the late rebellion, which is treated in a similar spirit in the "Pictorial History of the United States." None can question the loyalty of the author; but it is the most loyal who are most conciliatory and least disposed to vengeance in such circumstances, when sensible men. Even despots find it their own interest to grant general amnesties to those who have sought to overthrow their government. We have shown more than once in these pages that this is the course advised by the most eminent writers on the law of nations; we have shown that there are no worse enemies to a nation, whatever may be their intentions, than those who excite strife and discord between the different parties who compose it, whether on account of politics, religion, or difference of race. We have urged, upon the other hand, that there can be no true restoration of the Union until all who have influence on the public mind exercise that influence in favor of mutual forgiveness and good will between North and South.

There can be no better medium for this than a school history which is likely to be generally adopted as such both in the South and North; and thus it is that we have taken these pains with the volume before us. We have never agreed with those who think that a school-book should be dismissed with a few brief remarks; we think, on the contrary, that there are few novels, or even poems, which claim so much attention, since the instruction we receive at school, especially what we are taught in the history of our own country, has an enduring influence on our feelings, whether for good or evil.

The value of the present enlarged edition is much enhanced by its copious index and pronouncing dictionary of proper names. Its annotations also form an excellent feature; as is often the case in the best works, these foot-notes often contain more important and more interesting information than the text. The questions for examination are comparatively few; this we regard as a decided improvement in view of the fact that most school-books of the present day are overburdened with questions not one-third of which are either appropriate or useful. In general they bewilder the student rather than aid him. In the present volume only such questions are given as seem necessary to impress the more important facts in the text more fully on the mind than a mere perusal, however careful,

would be likely to accomplish. It is needless to recommend to our readers a text-book of this character; its intrinsic merits are a sufficient recommendation to all intelligent parents and teachers.

Physiology and the Laws of Health. For the use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By EDWARD JARVIS, M. D. 12mo., pp. 427. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1866.

Our academies and colleges should feel highly complimented by having a work of this character prepared for their use; if not, the author must think that they are easily satisfied with a text book. Be this as it may, his work has no just claim to be considered a treatise on physiology. What it is in reality might be inferred from the preface, which commences thus: "Every human being is *appointed* to take *the charge* of his own body. He *must* supply its wants, *direct its powers, regulate its actions*, and thus sustain his life. This responsibility for the care of health *takes precedence* of all others, and requires *the earliest attention to prepare to meet it.* Before any one can have any use for other knowledge he must know how to live."

Perhaps the Doctor could tell us what time this appointment is made, or how is the charge taken? If "every human being" *must* do all that is said in the second sentence, then he needs no learned or unlearned doctor to instruct him. But can any man "direct" the "powers" or "regulate" the "actions" of his body? We think not, and we will assign a reason or two for our opinion. None will deny that the circulation of the blood is one of the "actions" of the body; but who is so wise or so learned that he can always regulate his own circulation? There are various secretions formed in our bodies for different purposes; but which of us can "regulate" them? Which of us can "direct the powers" of our lungs, heart, or even stomach? Nay, is it true of the body, even, that every human being must supply its wants? Is it not notorious, alas! that there are many who *cannot* and, therefore, *must* not? But the most absurd remark in the passage we have quoted is the last: "Before any one can have any use for other knowledge he must know how to live." This theory might suit the work before us very well. If the student were ignorant of everything else, then he might learn from Jarvis's "Physiology" how to live—that is, as the vegetables do. But does it not require some knowledge even to read and understand Dr. Jarvis? Would he say that there is no use for such?

The two or three sentences which we have thus transcribed from the preface give a very good idea, brief as they are, of what we may expect in the body of the work. We do not mean, however, that it contains nothing useful or worthy of attention, for this would be neither correct nor just. What we do mean is that it is unfit to be used in any respectable school as a text-book, not to mention either an academy or college, for the reason that it simply consists of extracts taken from different

"popular" works, relating chiefly to food and its digestion, exercise and rest, respiration, &c.; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that it is compiled from such publications.

Now, be it observed that we would not have it thrown aside on this account. Nor would we advise any one not to buy it. On the contrary, we would recommend it to those parents in the country who have not the opportunity or the means to have their children properly instructed in physiology. Such would find many useful hints in it and derive benefit from its perusal. But it lacks that systematic arrangement, appropriateness of expression, and accuracy of statement which are essential to a text-book. The compiler is too fond of illustrating his theories by tedious stories, which are rather suggestive of the quacks who have always wonderful cures to relate as an encouragement to others to take "a few bottles more." Thus, "A young man at Waltham, Massachusetts, was very feeble, but not sick," &c. (p. 289). He walked more than a thousand miles in forty-two days, and this cured him. The first day three miles fatigued him, and the last day he felt sufficient energy to visit his young friends in the neighborhood after having walked forty miles. (p. 290.) Does not this show that the "movement cure" is no humbug? Again, we have an account of a student who preferred to study rather than play about. Although nothing remarkable happened to him for several years, the day of retribution came at last, and how awfully he did suffer, according to our author! None have more confidence than we in proper exercise as a means of preserving or improving the health. But we have no confidence in sensational stories, but think they are out of place in text-books.

Dr. Jarvis gives no index to his "Physiology;" but in lieu thereof we have twenty-eight small type pages of "questions." Not a few of these are curious, such, for example, as "How long may we safely eat?" "Who will not err in his diet?" "What is one proof of Divine benevolence and wisdom?" "What question is still discussed?" "What is the general belief in regard to diet?" &c. But enough. We have no personal knowledge of the author. We wish to do him no ill. We condemn his Physiology as a text-book simply because it is one of the worst we have ever examined and because there is no need to use such while really good works are to be had quite as cheap as this.

A Grammar of the Latin Language for the use of Schools, with *Exercises and Vocabularies*. By WILLIAM BINGHAM, A. M., Superintendent of the Bingham School. 12mo, pp. 338. Philadelphia: E. H. BUTLER & Co: 1867.

WE are much pleased with this work, and we think that any intelligent teacher who examines it as carefully as we have done will be similarly impressed by its merits. It first attracted our attention as being in

strict accordance with the system of teaching Latin which we have frequently recommended in these pages. The great fault of the Latin grammars generally used in our colleges as well as high schools, at the present day, is that they treat that majestic and noble tongue as if it were one of the occult sciences; they give the students nothing but "rules and exceptions;" no specimens of the language to familiarize them with its form and structure, and encourage them to persevere in its study. Thus, they are expected to commit to memory an enormous amount of dry details *about* Latin before any real effort is made to show them what Latin is.

Even in natural history, no description of an animal, however graphic, will give us so clear an idea of his color, size, general outline, and strength, as an ocular examination of him. Supposing we agree with those who, not content with calling the Latin a dead language, call it a fossil, what naturalist is so learned and skilful as to be able to determine the precise species to which the fossil of an animal belongs if he is only presented with some small fragments of bone—no vertebra, no femur, no tibia, no complete section of the skull? A few Latin words here and there, conjugated or declined, can give the student as little idea of the language of Cicero and Virgil as a few splinters from the extremities of the bones of the mastodon can give of the form and strength of that ancient animal.

In those European countries in which Latin is best taught and known this principle is generally recognized by those who compile Latin grammars; accordingly, most of them not only give extracts from Latin authors as specimens; they also give a large proportion of the rules in Latin, so as to render it necessary that the student habituate himself to the use of the language. So far as we have seen, this has not been attempted hitherto in this country. The nearest approach to it is made by Professor Bingham in the work now before us; and we may add that it is perhaps the nearest approach to it which is yet called for, or which would be justified by the extent to which the language is studied amongst us. We think this will be admitted by intelligent professors when we remark that in the volume before us, Latin extracts from the classic authors, together with vocabularies, are presented to the student at the end of every series of rules, alternating with passages in English to be translated into Latin; each simple and brief at the beginning and becoming somewhat difficult and elaborate in proportion as the rules are learned and the general principles of the language become familiar. Thus, the synthetical and analytical processes are happily combined by Professor Bingham.

We do not mean that the system is new; indeed, it is an old system in Europe with the best teachers; and, what is more, no system has succeeded so well. The credit due to the author of the present volume is

that of introducing it into this country in a manner that must recommend it to all who are capable of appreciating the difference between a wilderness of rules and exceptions, and a judicious combination of rules, exceptions, and practical illustrations. Indeed, the only fault we have to find with "Bingham's Latin Grammar" is that it has no alphabetical index. It is true that its table of contents is both copious and admirably arranged. We also do the author the justice to admit that we know teachers eminent for their success who are of opinion that a full alphabetical index to an elementary text-book has a tendency to produce indolent habits. Be this as it may, if Prof. Bingham has not furnished an index, he has given in its stead what has cost him much more labor than a complete index would have cost—namely, a Latin-English and an English-Latin vocabulary. This occupies forty-four pages, double column, and small type—the whole characterized by remarkable accuracy. The work has several other features which it would afford us pleasure to point out were we not limited just now in time and space; but we think that the characteristics which we have indicated fully justify us in recommending the work as one which will prove a desideratum both to teacher and student.

TRAVELS.

New America. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. 12mo., pp. 495. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1867.

THE gentlemen who reprint this work are always ready to help themselves to any foreign book which they think will pay without paying anything for it save the cost of publication, while none give less encouragement to American authors. Accordingly we sometimes find their imprint on a good foreign work, but very rarely on a good American work, because, in general, the author of the latter has to be paid a decent price, whereas the Messrs. Lippincott want to get everything "cheap." The difficulty is that in searching the foreign market for something taking, their judgment which is rather defective at best, is apt to fail them. This has been the case in the present instance.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon writes in very respectable English. He is undoubtedly an educated, intelligent man; but nevertheless his "New America" is an exceedingly dull book. Although originally published in England, it is evident that it was chiefly intended for American readers. His countrymen can hardly blame Mr. Dixon for this, since they did not appreciate his former productions. He wrote his "Holy Land" and "William Penn," and John Bull persistently refused to read either. What less could our author do, then, than to eulogise "New America?" Did not Tacitus do something similar to "spite" the Romans? He travelled into Germany and portrayed the ancient Germans as a model people in every

respect, except that they were not yet quite so refined or temperate as they might be. The startled Romans immediately betook themselves to the perusal of the historian's previous works. Perhaps the present performance will have a similar effect. Be this as it may, certain it is that we were never praised before as we are by Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Instead of the rude, vulgar, half-witted people without either decency or honesty, we used to be only a few brief years ago, we are now refined, high-minded, conscientious, &c., &c.; in short, we are worthy of the great Anglo-Saxon people from whom we have sprung; nay, we are Anglo-Saxons of the pure breed, and this is the only thing that will, or rather may, save us from the domination of the blacks, which would be inevitable in a very short time did we belong to any less noble race!

As we are, even our vices have redeeming features—at least those of the genuine Anglo-Saxon type. This is true, for example, of Mormonism; and, accordingly, our author rather admires itself and its prophets and prophetesses. It seems that Brigham Young has been grossly misrepresented. What if he has a score or two of wives and as many concubines as he cares for; he is, nevertheless, an honest, conscientious man, and the tendency of his system seems salutary upon the whole. Spiritualism, negroism, and even the excrescence which so many of ourselves regard as a blemish on our civilization—are treated by our author in the same *couleur de rose* style.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Dixon wants to remind us that we are not quite equal, in some important respects, to the great people "at home;" but he would not say so himself for the world; he only gives the opinion of some Bostonian, New Yorker, or Philadelphian, whose perception and taste are in advance of those of his neighbors. Of course, we cannot be offended at what one of ourselves thinks of us, even though he depreciates our ladies, because they have not as large bosoms as their English grandmothers, or have certain other faults.

Some will question whether this course is proper or manly. Many will ask, if a critic sees faults, why not point them out openly and criticise them? And it must be remembered that it is as a critic Mr. Dixon wishes to be known; although the *Athenæum*, of which he is the editor, has become rather eulogistic than critical under his auspices. But taking "New America" as it is, who will say that it will do us as much good as any of the books that have openly criticised us, not excepting Dickens's "American Notes." Indiscriminate eulogies on nations never answer any useful purpose, except as a lesson to future eulogists. Take, for example, the book which of all others mostly resembles this, namely, Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories;" what good has it accomplished anywhere? Of all the author's productions it has been the least read; even those whom it praised most thought she was rather unprofitably employed in writing it; and Mrs. Stowe has far more talent, and is a much more acute observer than Mr. Dixon.

We will give a specimen or two of the sort of information which the world receives in the volume before us. In mourning over the vice that prevails in New York—which like almost every place in New America, is highly praised—our author kindly says that although we are more vicious than the denizens of any other city, we should hardly be blamed for it, since it is caused by the disparity of the sexes; that is, we have not women enough to furnish wives for all the men who want to marry. This will be news to our census commissioners, who tell us that far from being in the minority, the women of our large cities are more numerous than the men; and had they made any different report, daily observation would have satisfied any intelligent person that it was erroneous. But let our author speak for himself:

"Think what this large excess of men over women entails, in the way of trial, on American society—think what a state that country must be in which counts up in its fields, in its cities, seven hundred and thirty thousand unmarried men!

"Bear in mind that these crowds of prosperous fellows are not bachelors by choice, selfish dogs, woman-haters, men useless to themselves and to the world in which they live. They are average young men, busy and pushing; fellows who would rather fall into love than into sin; who would be fond of their wives and proud of their children if society would only provide them with lawful mates. What are they now? An army of monks without the defense of a religious vow. These seven hundred and thirty-thousand bachelors have never promised to be chaste; many of them, it may be feared, regard the tenth commandment as little more than a paper law. You say to them in effect, 'You are not to pluck these flowers, not to trample on these borders, if you please.' Suppose that they will not please? How is the unwedded youth to be hindered from coveting his neighbor's wife? You know what Naples is, what Munich is. You have seen the condition of Liverpool, Cadiz, Antwerp, Livorno; of every city, of every port, in which there is a floating population of single men; but in which of these cities do you find any approach to New York, in the show of open and triumphant vice?"

"Men who know New York far worse than myself, assure me that in depth and darkness of iniquity, neither Paris in its private haunts, nor London in its open streets, can hold a candle to it. Paris may be subtler, London may be grosser, in its vices; but for largeness of depravity, for domineering insolence of sin, for rowdy callousness to censure, they tell me the Atlantic city finds no rival on the earth."—pp. 266 and 267.

This, to be sure, is a gloomy picture, but we are graciously excused for being so much more vicious than others, because women are so scarce among us! Singularly enough, all our "isms" are produced by the same cause. Because our ladies are so few they must be engaged in all kinds of naughty tricks. An ordinary philosopher would view the subject in the opposite light; that is, he would infer from the vagaries alluded to that the ladies had nothing better to do—no husbands to please, consequently no babies to take care of, no pies to make, &c. But Mr. Hepworth Dixon knows better than this.

"On the other side, this demand for mates who can never be supplied, not in one place only, but in every place alike, affects the female mind with a variety of plagues; driving your sister into a thousand restless agita-

tions about her rights and powers; into debating woman's era in history, woman's place in creation, woman's mission in the family; into public hysteria, into table-rapping, into anti-wedlock societies, into theories about free love, natural marriage, and artistic maternity; into anti-offspring resolutions, into sectarian polygamy, into free trade of the affections, into community of wives. Some part of this wild disturbance of the female mind, it may be urged, is due to the freedom and prosperity which women find in America as compared against what they enjoy in Europe; but this freedom, this prosperity, are in some degree, at least, the consequences of that disparity in numbers which makes the hand of every young girl in the United States a positive prize."—p. 268.

What a handsome compliment is here paid to the ladies! May they not now regard themselves as having a *carte blanche* to do—what they like? Whatever unhandsome thing they may do, it is evidently not their fault, but their misfortune, because there is not enough of them to keep quiet! Accordingly our author would not say a word against them. He will only put the lash into the hands of "a bluff yankee," somewhat bedaubing it before he does so. First we are told, on the authority of an American that "the American lady has made no American home;" this of course he does not believe; but he proceeds to give the opinions of others, as follows:

"What do you say, now, to our ladies?" said to me a bluff Yankee, as we sat last night under the veranda, here in the hotel at Saratoga. "Charming," of course, I answered, "pale, delicate, bewitching; dashing, too, and radiant." "Hoo!" cried he, putting up his hands; "they are just not worth a d——. They can't walk, they can't ride, they can't nurse." "Ah, you have no wife," said I, in a soothing tone. "A wife!" he shouted; "I should kill her." "With kindness?" "Ugh!" he answered; "with a poker. Look at these chits here, dawdling by the fountain. What are they doing now? what have they done all day? Fed and dressed. They have changed their clothes three times, and had their hair washed, combed, and curled three times. That is their life. Have they been out for a walk, for a ride? Have they read a book? have they sewn a seam? Not a bit of it. How do your ladies spend their time? They put on good boots, they tuck up their skirts, and hark away through the country lanes. I was in Hampshire once; my host was a duke; his wife was out before breakfast, with clogs on her feet and roses on her cheeks; she rode to the hunt, she walked to the copse; a ditch would not frighten her, a hedge would not turn her back. Why, our women, poor, pale——." "Come," I said, "they are very lovely." "Ugh!" said the saucy fellow, "they have no bone, no fibre, no juice; they have only nerves; but what can you expect? They eat pearlash for bread; they drink ice-water for wine; they wear tight stays, thin shoes, and barrel skirts. Such things are not fit to live, and, thank God, in a hundred years not one of their descendants will be left alive."—pp. 269 and 270.

How conveniently Mr. Dixon meets with "a bluff Yankee" who thinks so much of the women of England and so little of his own countrywomen! Of course "he had got an inkling of the truth"—"there must be lack of vital power," &c. But there is a class of American women which has pleased our author quite well; more than once he becomes quite enthusiastic in his admiration of the Mormon women. Thus, in speaking of one, he says: "The most famous, perhaps, of these

ladies is Eliza Snow, the poetess, a lady universally respected for her fine character, universally applauded for her fine talents."—(p. 205.)

In short, our author thinks as highly of the Mormons, male and female, as he does of the blacks, and it will be seen in due time that the latter are a great people in his estimation. Now, let it be remembered, what is the chief cause of vice in New York, according to Mr. Dixon—that we are vicious because we have not women enough. We do not attend to our business on this account, and the worst consequences follow as natural results. With admirable consistency he presents us the other side of the picture in Utah: "They (the Mormons) live and thrive, and men who live by their own labor, thrive by their own enterprise, cannot be altogether mad. Their streets are clean, their houses bright, their gardens fruitful. Peace reigns in their cities. Harlots and drunkards are unknown there. They keep open more common schools than any other sect in the United States" (p. 171). What an excellent people! who would not like to live amongst them? But is it not remarkable that while this disparity of the sexes produces such deplorable results in New York and Philadelphia, especially the former, its effects in Utah are so favorable?

A paucity of men, it seems, does no injury to a country, but rather good, provided that each individual has from four to ten wives. "But granted," says our author, "that by either good or evil means they could get the women into their church, it is idle to deny that the possession of *such a treasure* gives them enormous powers of increase. One man may be the father of a hundred children. One woman can hardly be the mother of a score!" (p. 211.) Thus, in New York, where women are so scarce, they occupy themselves with all kinds of vagaries, whereas in Utah, where they are so abundant in proportion to the other sex, they have time for nothing but rearing children, &c. We are bound to believe, therefore, that a hundred women with a hundred husbands have more time to run about, deliver lectures, make tables turn, discuss free love and "artistic maternity," than if they had only twenty or even a dozen husbands between them!

There is neither liar, hypocrite, nor rogue to be seen among the Mormons (p. 208); and, accordingly, they are very much like the English, as, indeed, are all good or great people. Brigham himself is quite a respectable personage. Ergo, his type is to be found "at home," and so is that of his wife for a similar reason, as may be seen from the following description:

"We saw Brigham Young for the first time in his private box. A large head, broad, fair face, with blue eyes, light-brown hair, good nose and merry mouth; a man plainly dressed, in black coat and pantaloons, white waistcoat and cravat, gold studs and sleeve-links, English in build and looks,—but English of the middle class and of a provincial town: such was the Mormon prophet, pope, and king, as we first saw him in the theatre among his people. A lady, one of his wives, whom we afterwards came

to know as Amelia, sat with him in the box; she, too, was dressed in a quiet English style; and now and then she eyed the audience from behind her curtain, through an opera glass, as English ladies are apt to do at home. She was pretty, and appeared to us then rather pensive and poetical."—p. 146.

In short, our author likes the Mormons so well, that he devotes eighteen chapters to them—a considerable proportion of his book; but much more could have been put into one chapter by a graphic, terse pen than he gives altogether; and if he has noted anything that will be new even in England, or which the English public as well as ourselves have not been familiar with for years, it has escaped our attention, always excepting such "facts" as those we have noted.

If the black were only an Anglo-Saxon, he would be equal to the Mormon, at least in elevation of character. "The fact is," we are told, "the negro is the coming man" (p. 467). It is added that he is already "courted, flattered, cajoled," and reasons which are substantial, if true, are assigned for the fact (*Ib*). Our author mentions several qualities which he tells us fit the negro for a very high form of civil life. "Some negroes," he adds, "are rich and learned, practice at the bar, preach from the pulpit, strut upon the stage" (p. 468). In proof of the justice of his estimate he gives us an account of a conversation he had with a negro of his acquaintance, with whom he went about Richmond to see the negro schools. Since the negroes are such bright, brave, excellent people as they are described by Mr. Dixon, it is not strange that so many Northerners have so long been of opinion that the white Southerners would be improved by intermarriage with the blacks, though the fact will be new to many of our readers. But let us hear our author:

"Many good people in the North had begun to think it would be well for these pale and bilious shadows of the South, to marry their sons and daughters to such highly-gifted and emotional creatures, with a view to restoring the strength and thickening the fibre of their race. When the war broke out, this feeling spread; as it raged and stormed, this feeling deepened: and now, when the war is over, and the South lies prostrate, there is a party in New England, counting women in its ranks, who would be glad, if they could find a way, to marry the whole white population, living south of Richmond, to the blacks. Again and again I have heard men, grave of face and clean of life, declare in public, and to sympathizing hearers, that a marriage of white and black would improve the paler stock."—p. 466.

We feel that we have occupied far too much space and time with "New America;" which, let us regard it in any light we may, is a decided failure. Whatever may be the faults of our English cousins, no genuine Englishman is without more or less of that quality which he himself, happily enough, calls "pluck." If he entertains adverse opinions of any country or people, he says so honestly and fearlessly, and does not seek to father them on "a bluff Yankee" or anybody else. In short, neither the sneaking insinuation nor the fulsome toadyism of this book is British in any sense.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Calvary—Virginina. Tragedies. By LAUGHTON OSBORN. 12mo., pp. 200, New York: Doolady. 1857.

In general Mr. Doolady exhibits considerable judgment in his selections; it is but seldom that we have had any serious fault to find with his publications. Nor does the one now before us form an exception; although we do not think that Laughton Osborn will ever occupy a high rank among tragic writers. He may succeed in other departments of literature, but we can assure him in all kindness that tragedy is not his forte; nor is poetry in any form. After making full allowance for the disadvantages under which he has labored in treating the subjects he has chosen, we see nothing to justify us in the opinion that he would have succeeded under more favorable circumstances.

The incidents which he has attempted to dramatise in "Calvary" are at once too familiar and too mysterious. Even Milton has failed in his "Paradise Regained." The life and death of Christ are so fully detailed in the New Testament that it would require a genius of a high order to invest the subject with that air of novelty which is essential to the drama. This is admirably illustrated in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, although not a drama in the strict sense of the term. There is no intelligent person who has read that truly sublime poem who has not observed a vast difference between the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso;* but a still greater difference between the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, the latter being greatly inferior to either of the former.

The reason is obvious enough; while neither sacred nor profane history has much to say on what passes in purgatory or hell, each is quite copious on what relates to paradise considered as the happiness derived by man from the death of Christ.

If, however, it be urged that paradise is not familiar, being *extra terram*, the same claim cannot be made for Calvary. That the events which took place at Calvary were in the highest degree tragic is beyond dispute; but, as already observed, all the incidents and circumstances that led to it are so fully described that but little room is left for the exercise of the fancy. Were it otherwise, we think there would still be some objection to the exhibition of Jesus, the Archangels, Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene Simon Peter, &c., on the stage, at least in the style in which it is done in Laughton Osborn's "Calvary."

Milton was content to commence his Paradise Lost with what took place on our own sphere—"man's first disobedience," &c. Homer soared no higher at the outset than the wrath of Achilles. Nor has Virgil attempted a different course. But our present author lays his first scene in heaven, and his first speakers are Raphael and Michael, who have a

chorus of angels, though, in sooth, rather a discordant one. In Scene III. Jesus, Mary and Martha appear, the *locus* being "A room in the dwelling of Jesus' Mother." If the dialogue which takes place between the Saviour of mankind and his Mother had been intended for a burlesque it could hardly have seemed to us more profane. But we cheerfully do the author the justice to believe that he means well throughout. Mary addresses Jesus, "O my darling!" and tells him that what He says is to happen makes her "blood curdle." In another part of the same dialogue she is made to say:

> "I am thy mother, Jesus, and my heart
> Warms to thee now as when I first beheld thee
> After my weary travail," &c.—(p. 9.)

When Martha enters Mary appeals to her, as if she had more influence on Jesus than herself, thus:

> "Kneel with me, Martha! *He has love for thee.*
> Tell him he kills me! Tell him!—"

The first scene of the second act is laid in hell, and the interlocutors are Lucifer and Beelzebub, who have a chorus of evil spirits which differs very slightly, if anything, from the chorus of angels, except that the former is, perhaps, a little more lugubrious than the latter. Next come Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalene. Judas speaks quite idiomatically. "Ugh!" he says, "and the lamp looks dying." She replies: "Be not displeas'd, dear Judas." (p. 15.) Further on in the same dialogue she addresses him:

> "That starv'd look worries me; and, oh! the chill
> Of this unwholesome lodging!"—(p. 15.)

We have not yet got beyond the second act; and the tragedy extends to five acts, occupying seventy-four pages. Under these circumstances we think our readers will excuse us if we cannot proceed any farther in this direction.

Virginina is a better effort than "Calvary," but we are very much afraid that it will not succeed as a tragedy. The Romans, male and female, are made to express themselves considerably more like New Yorkers than is in strict accordance with the truth of history. The following is a pretty favorable specimen:

> *Icil.*—"I am Icilius, and should the people
> The sole legitimate source of sovereign rule,
> For that they are the many, and their thews
> Strain to heave up, to prop and keep sustain'd
> The edifice whose chambers ye but fill."—(p. 103.)

Fernando Wood could hardly have expressed himself more democratically or more patriotically than this when a candidate for Governor of the State. We cheerfully admit, however, that there are some good passages in Virginina, but we hope we shall be excused if we prefer to let the reader discover them for himself.

Before we conclude we beg to give the author one word of advice, which we trust he will accept in the same friendly, benevolent spirit in which it is offered. He announces to us on one of the fly-leaves of this volume that the two pieces we have just glanced at "are the first of a series of *nineteen*, which, with the exception of two, are now completed and ready for the press." This is followed by the titles of ten tragedies and seven comedies! We have no doubt that Mr. Osborn is as much at home in comedy as he is in tragedy; nay, we think he is more successful in exciting laughter even when he does not mean to do so, than he is in drawing forth tears when most tragically inclined. At the same time, we would advise him to withhold his "Silver Head" and "Double Deceit" (comedies) until the people are much more predisposed to laughter than they are at present, and have more time and money to spare.

1. *Snow Flakes: A Chapter from the Book of Nature.* 4to, pp. 146.

2. *Frank's Search for Sea Shells.* 24mo., pp. 352.
Boston: American Tract Society.

These two volumes deserve to stand side by side in the most select family library. Each is devoted to a particular series of the beauties of nature; and it is difficult to decide to which we should give the preference for the just admiration it excites for the works of the Creator, even in what we are wont to regard as their simplest forms. A snow flake is a beautiful object to look upon under any circumstances; but it is only when viewed with the [microscope that it reveals to us those chaste and elegant outlines in which Nature surpasses the highest perfection of art.

In the first volume, at the head of these remarks, there are several finely executed engravings, which represent a large variety of snow-crystals sketched at different times during the last century by navigators and scientific men. The specimens thus given are taken principally from those described by Dr. Nettis, Captain Scoresby, and Mr. James Glaisher, of Lewisham, England—gentlemen whose skill and accuracy in this curious department of science have secured for them a European fame, which is now extended, by this tasteful and attractive volume, to the New World.

The plates, which are really worth the price of the whole volume, are each accompanied by appropriate passages in poetry and prose, selected from various authors who have written more or less on the beauties of the snow. Among these selections is a fine poem from the Dublin University Magazine, entitled "The Spirit of the Snow," which many of our readers will remember; but it is one of those happy effusions replete with beauty, grace and melody which have an enduring freshness for the lover of

poetry. Other gems of similar water are Longfellow's "Winter," Whittier's "Pass of the Sierra," Bryant's "Snow Shower," and Eliza Cook's "Time of Snow." It always affords us sincere pleasure to examine a book of this kind; and we are satisfied that there is no intelligent person to whom we recommend it who will not feel disposed to thank us for doing so.

The transition from the Snow Flakes to the Sea Shells presents an agreeable contrast. In the one as well as in the other we see the hand of the same all-wise Artificer. Beautiful beyond description as the snow-crystals are, they are not more so than many of the shells which are found on the seashore and on the banks of large rivers. None but those who have paid some attention to conchology can fully appreciate this fact, or form any approximate idea of the pains taken by the Creator in at once adorning and protecting creatures which, were they not thus distinguished, would often seem unworthy of the least attention. Apart from the curious and interesting information which this little volume contains it is admirably calculated to dispose the youthful mind to study and reflection; and yet it is by no means what is understood by the phrase "child's book." Except the experienced naturalist or conchologist, there is no one so old or so learned but that he can pass an agreeable hour in comparing the descriptions in "Frank's Search" with the pictorial illustrations. The table of contents is well arranged, and the study of the volume is still more facilitated by an alphabetical pronouncing index.

1. *Gracie's Mission. A Tale of Norway.* By HELEN WALL PIERSON, author of "Bertha," "Edith Vaughan," &c. 16mo., pp. 255.

2. *Bessie at Stony Lonesome; or, Charlie's Mission.* By the author of "Margarethe and Waldemar." 18mo., pp. 316.

3. *Auntie's Christmas Trees. The Child's Gift-book for the Holidays.* 18mo., pp. 308. New York: Gen. Prot. Epis. S. S. Union. 1867.

It would be a superfluous task to analyze books like these; were there anything profound or complex in their construction, they would be unsuitable for the purpose for which they are designed—namely, the instruction and amusement of children. A curiously woven plot, requiring an effort of the understanding to unravel, would be a positive defect in such books; elaborate portraitures of character would be equally needless. All that is required in writing for the young is to embody good principles and useful lessons in simple but attractive language.

There may be an excess of wisdom in such books; as for philosophy, it

would be out of place. Those who would succeed in making lasting impressions on the young by means of books must, above all things, aim at simplicity in language; but this alone will not do; there must be vivacity and sprightliness. The most thoughtful child is repelled by a lugubrious style; he may listen to a dry sermon without falling asleep, but he cannot be induced to read it; if an effort is made to force him the probability is that he will take a dislike to all books.

The writers of these three volumes seem to understand all this; for they speak to the little ones, not like philosophers, or learned people, but they assume for the occasion the language and mode of thought of the children themselves, only taking care to be more correct, and more suggestive in each. Those addressed in "Grace's Mission" are not mere children; accordingly the story is constructed with more art than that of either of the other two; there is also more delineation of character, and the young reader is made to depend more on his own understanding—he has to reflect and understand more, yet by no means so much as in a novel, or in a didactic work intended for adults or even for those who are not expected to possess more than ordinary intelligence. We do not mention this as a defect; on the contrary, we regard it as a merit, since we should address all whom we would instruct in a language which is familiar to them.

On the same principle we like the two smaller books. "Bessie at Stony Lonesome" is designed for a younger class than "Grace's Mission," and it is simpler in proportion. The author is already agreeably known in connection with "Margarethe and Waldemar;" but we think the present volume will prove still more popular. In no other which we have examined for some time are the precepts of religion and morality clothed in a more attractive garb.

Although "Auntie's Christmas Trees" is intended for the holidays, it may be read with profit at any season. In none of the three do we find anything sectarian; indeed, it is characteristic of this Society to be well disposed and conciliatory toward all Christian sects; that commendable spirit pervades all its publications.

The Sabbath at Home: an Illustrated Religious Magazine for the Family. March, 1867. Boston: American Tract Society.

Judging by the numbers we have seen, the title of this monthly describes its character without any affectation or exaggeration. The number before us contains sixty-five neatly printed double-column pages of reading matter, embracing a considerable variety of pieces in prose and poetry which

are at once entertaining and instructive. Indeed, we do not think that any intelligent person who took up the present number of "The Sabbath at Home" and examined it carefully—not omitting to glance at its pictorial illustrations in passing—would have any hesitancy, let his theological views be what they might, in presenting it to his family as a source of useful knowledge and harmless amusement which, from its simplicity of language as well as cheapness, is within the reach of all.

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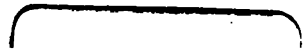
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